This Day is published, 11 Mar. 1780

(Price 3s. 6d.)

LOVE and MADNESS.

A Story too true. In a Series of Letters between Parties, whose Names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known, or less lamented.

Governor. Who did the bloody Deed?
Oroonoko. The Deed was mine.
Bloody I know it is; and I expect
Your Laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your Hands,
The Hands of Justice.

Oroonoko.

N. B. The original of the last Letter from CHATTERTON (the supposed Author of Rowley's Poems) and the original Letter from CHATTERTON's Sister, communicated in the Course of this Correspondence, are deposited in the Hands of the Publisher.

4. NO 61

This Day is published, 15 Mar. 1780

(Price 3s. 6d.)

LOVE and MADNESS.

A Story too true. In a Series of Letters between Parties, whose Names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known, or less lamented.

Governor. Who did the bloody Deed?
Oroonoko. The Deed was mine.
Bloody I know it is; and I expect
Your Laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your Hands,
The Hands of Justice.

Oroonoko.

4. NO 61

Printed for G. Kearsly, No. 46, Fleet-street.

A NEW EDITION,

But with as little Injustice as possible to the Purchasers of the first. The Corrections are principally of the Press; the Additions are only two or three Notes, and a fuller Table of Contents.

This Day is published, Pub. Adv. 19 Apr. 1780

(Price 3s. 6d.)

LOVE and MADNESS.

A Story too true. In a Series of Letters between Parties, whose Names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known, or less lamented.

Printed for G. Kearsly, No. 46, Fleet-street; and R. Faulder, New Bond-street.

4. NO 61

N. B. The Original of the last Letter from Chatterton (the supposed Author of Rowley's Poems) and the original Letter from Chatterton's Sister, communicated in the Course of this Correspondence, are deposited in the Hands of the Publisher.

A freſh Inſtance of Love and Madneſs happened at Enfield, Middleſex, on Saturday laſt:—A young Couple of that Place had been aſked in Church, but ere the Ceremony could be performed, the Woman changed her Mind, and refuſed to complete the holy Ceremony. Oft did the Lover entreat, but in vain. On Saturday laſt, he went, and formally demanded Marriage, which was as formally refuſed. The unfortunate Man, in a Fit of Frenzy, took a Piſtol from his Pocket, and exclaiming, "If you will not have me, the Devil ſhall," diſcharged the Contents into his Head, and died on the Spot. 24 Mar. 1787

Hereford, April 26. On Wedneſday laſt, the 18th, at the great Seſſions, holden in Cowbridge, for the County of Glamorgan, William Owen and Cornelius Gorton, were found guilty of Murder.

The Caſe of William Owen was an extraordinary one; in its Circumſtances very much reſembling that of Mr. Hackman and Miſs Ray. It was underſtood that he had paid his Addreſſes to Mary Harris, the Deceaſed, and had been well received; but that owing to the Interference of his Friends, they had afterwards been diſcontinued, and all Connexion between the Parties was broken off: So ſtrong, however, was his Attachment, that he was obliged to renew the Courtſhip; but ſuch was her Reſentment of his former Conduct, in deſerting her at the Inſtance of his Relations, that ſhe perſiſted in declining any further Communication with him; the Conſequence of which was, that in a fatal Moment, the Exceſs of his Paſſion, and the Fury of Diſappointment, precipitated him upon this Act of Deſperation. It was in Proof, that the Deceaſed was Servant to Mr. Hill, a Gentleman concerned in the Iron-Works at Merthyr-Tydfil; that ſhe was ſeen about Nine in the Evening of the 1ſt inſt. talking with the Priſoner before the Kitchen Window of Mr. Cockſlent, Iron-Maſter there, and next Door Neighbour to Mr. Hill; that in the Kitchen a Converſation was heard in a Tone of Voice that indicated ſome Diſpute or Difference; that a Woman's Voice was heard crying out very loud; that the Deceaſed almoſt inſtantly came into the Kitchen, ſtreaming with Blood from her Neck, fell into the Arms of Mr. Cockſlent's Gardener, and in Half an Hour expired. She appeared to have received a Stab in the Neck two Inches deep, with a ſharp-pointed Knife. He was found guilty principally upon his own Confeſſion, which was (upon being aſked whether he had abuſed her more than this unlucky Blow) "I did not touch her any more than that unhappy Blow: I loved her in my Heart, and I am willing to die for her Sake."—When apprehended by Mr. Cockſlent, he ſaid, "You need not hold me, I was not going to run away." He earneſtly requeſted to ſee the Body, and has, ſince his Conviction, entreated to be buried in the ſame Grave with the Deceaſed. 1787

On Saturday, a Clergyman was charged, on the oath of Mrs. Bottomley, of St. George's Fields, with firing a piſtol, with intent to kill her. She ſtated, that the priſoner was formerly in habits of intimacy with her, but being averſe to his ſubſequent conduct, ſhe forbid his viſits. At this time ſhe lived at the houſe of a Mr. Hetford: during the abſence of this Gentleman he was ſeen loitering about the houſe: at length he gained admiſſion, aſked her if there was any male perſon in the houſe; and being anſwered in the negative he compoſedly took from his pocket a piſtol, ſaying he would be another Hackman (who ſhot Miſs Ray, coming out of the Playhouſe, more than twenty years ſince), and immediately fired it off, the contents of which entered a board within two feet of her; that he immediately ſhewed great concern for what he had done, and then went away. She then procured a warrant in July laſt; after that he was conſtantly watching for her, and at one time, when ſhe was looking out of a window, he exclaimed, he would "ſhoot her carroty head off." That he had hired people to watch for her at all hours, night and day, which was corroborated by Sarah Harlow, a friend of her's, who lived in the houſe. The officer with much difficulty ſecured him, and got the piſtols from him.—The priſoner made a very weak defence. He was fully committed for trial. He is a very good looking man, and about 35 years of age. Mrs. Bottomley is an elegant handſome woman. Aug. 23-1800 4 NO 61

POETRY.

TO A LADY,

WITH A BOOK CALLED LOVE AND MADNESS.

OLD ſpleen-fraught batchelors, whoſe ſigh,
Whoſe vow, whoſe wiſh, was ne'er requited,
Sneer at the ſtricken youth, and cry,
That Love and Madneſs are united.

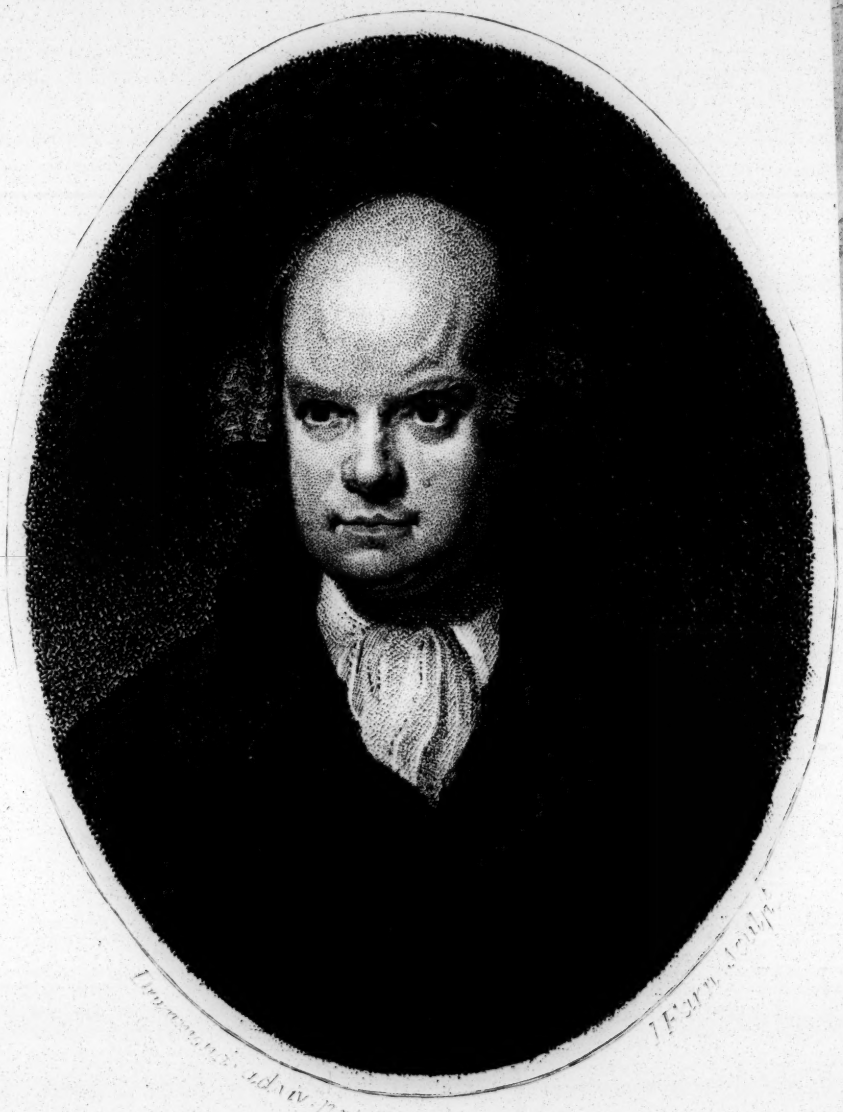
Beyond the force of hey-day paſſion,
Affection's warmth we Reaſon deem;
Still feel Love's genial inclination
Improv'd and mellow'd to eſteem.

Confeſs we then, in ſober ſadneſs,
—Our conduct ſhall the teſt approve—
That we are not in love with Madneſs;
Neither are we mad with Love.

19 May 1789

BRITISH
4 NOV 61
MUSEUM

European Magazine.



HERBERT CROFT, L.L.B

Published by J. Sewell, Cornhill, March 1, 1794.

54 Conduit street
K. H. M.

LOVE and MADNESS.

A Story too True: in a

SERIES OF LETTERS

Between Parties, whose Names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known, or less lamented.

Governor. "Who did the bloody deed?
Oroonoko. "The deed was mine,
"Bloody I know it is, and I expect
"Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
"I do resign myself into your hands,
"The hands of Justice."

OROONOKO.

A New Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, at No. 46, near Serjeants Inn, Fleet Street; and R. FAULDER, in New Bond Street.

1780.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

Letter		Page
1.	MR. H. to Miſs —. *Huntingdon, Dec.* 4, 1775. On drinking—he will not forget their appointment.	1
2.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon, Dec.* 6. Declares he will take no advantage of her confeſſion that ſhe loves him—offers to ſhare his little fortunes with her; but, if love conquers gratitude, proteſts that ſhe ſhall pronounce the victory and the prize.	3
3.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Huntingdon, Dec.* 7. —— After ſome ſtruggle ſhe declares the victory and the prize, and appoints the next day for the latter.	5
4.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Huntingdon, the ſame date.* Refuſes to accept the prize, heavenly as it is, under the roof of his hoſt and her benefactor—apology for female frailty—"Celia's picture."	7
5.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon, Dec.* 8. In conſequence of ſomething which had paſt between them, he formally releaſes her from a ſolemn promiſe which ſhe had made him of bliſs on that day.	11
6.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Hinchinbrook,* 10 *Dec.* Complains of the kindneſs of his letters and his conduct; of his offering to ſell out of the army, and to marry her—"Auld Robin Gray"—begs to ſee him the next day.	12

7. Mr.

Letter		Page
7.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Huntingdon*, 13 *Dec.* On epiſtolary prefaces—gratitude for the prize he received yeſterday—no ſuch word as *ſatiety.*	14
8.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon*, 24 *Dec.* Gratitude for the bliſs—"The birth of the roſe."	15
9.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Hinchinbrook*, *Chriſtmas Day.* Suſpicions of *Omiah*—cannot meet him to-day—wiſhes his delicacy would permit his viſiting at *Hinchinbrook* as uſual—ſends her picture.	18
10.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Huntingdon*, 28 *Dec.* Thanks her for condeſcending to remove his groundleſs cauſe of jealouſy—lines on her picture.	20
11.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon*, 1 *Jan.* 76 On the new year—the ſoldier, whom ſhe deſired him to beg off, was not puniſhed.	22
12.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon*, 8 *Feb.* After having been weather-bound three weeks by the ſnow at *Hinchinbrook*—uneaſy at the recollection of the return he made to Lord S—'s hoſpitality.	23
13.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon*, 16 *Feb.* Praiſes her perſon and underſtanding, and her talents for muſic—ſpeaks of his ungovernable paſſions—ſends her *Oſſian*, and "*Logan*'s Speech to Lord *Dunmore*."	24
14.	The Same to the Same. *Huntingdon*, 22 *Feb.* On nature and ſublimity in deſcription—on *Robinſon Cruſoe*, *Faldoni* and *Tereſa Meunier*—*Jerningham*'s poem on their ſtory ridiculed—begs ſhe will not forget to-morrow.	29
15.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Hinchinbrook*, 23 *Feb.* Alarmed at his not keeping the appointment—ſad dreams laſt night—thought he and Lord S— killed each other in a duel.	35
16.	The Same to the Same. *Hinchinbrook*, 24 *Feb.* Lord S— is called to town by buſineſs—ſhe goes up alone, and promiſes to ſtop a night	36

on

Letter		Page
	on the road—propoſes to take a hint from the Duke of C. and Lady G. at *St. Albans*.	
17.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Huntingdon*, 26 *Feb.* Impatient for her journey—lines on her birth-day—has ſent his ſervant off to prepare things where ſhe is to ſtop.	38
18.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Hinchinbrook*, 27 *Feb.* His ſchemes are planned in vain—it is ſettled ſhe goes up poſt, and goes through in a day.	39
19.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Hockerill*, 1 *March.* Does not thank her for contriving to ſtop at *Hockerill*, becauſe ſhe enjoined him not; and the purity of his affection will not ſuffer him—reminds her of a key ſhe promiſed him to the Admiralty, but declares Lord S—'s roof ſhall never more be inſulted with their joys—a ſong.	41
20.	The Same to the Same. *Cannon Coffee-Ho.* 17 *Mar.* Proteſts ſolemnly that what he had juſt told her about marrying her, came from the bottom of his heart—never ſhall be in his ſenſes till ſhe conſents—will never more ſuffer her to make him happy, till ſhe ſuffers him to make her his wife.	44
21.	The Same to the Same. *The ſame date.* Inſiſts upon her explaining what ſhe meant juſt now by an *inſuperable* reaſon for not marrying him.	44
22.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Admiralty, the ſame day.* Fate ſtands between them—they are doomed to be wretched—why cannot they imitate *Faldoni* and *Tereſa*?—ſhe could die with pleaſure by his hand—her *inſuperable* reaſon is the circumſtance of her debts—ſhe ſwears ſhe will never marry him while ſhe owes a ſhilling—thanks him for determining to drop all particular intercourſe till their marriage—begs him to tear himſelf away, and join his regiment in *Ireland*.	49

23. Mr.

Letter		Page
23.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Cannon Coffee-Houſe*, 17 *Mar.* He will endeavour to take her cruel advice, and join his regiment.	50
24.	Miſs — to Mr. H. *Admiralty*, 19 *March.* Begs him not to write, nor ſee her ſo often—intreats him, on the bended knees of love, to go.	51
25.	Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Ireland*, 26 *March.* Love and tenderneſs on their cruel ſeparation.	52
26.	The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 8 *April.* On their ſituation, and a word of the *Iriſh*.	54
27.	The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 20 *April.* On the wealth of poets—a poem "on the Love of our Country."	56
28.	The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 3 *May.* Written with an affectation of good ſpirits—returns a bank-note ſhe had ſent him—anecdote of Miſs *Catley*.	62
29.	The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 29 *May.* Refuſes to let her go upon the ſtage for their ſupport—*Boardingham* murdered by his wife and her paramour, at *Flambrough*—pedigree of the word *bumper*.	65
30.	The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 18 *June.* Prophecy of *Ireland*—the author of *Junius*—character of Mrs. ****, and of her huſband, who can do every thing but loſe at cards—letter from Lord *Gower*, recommending *Samuel Johnſon* to *Swift*.	67
31.	Miſs —— to Mr. H. *England*, 25 *June.* Lively reproof of jealouſy for what his laſt ſaid of Mrs. ****.	72
32.	Mr. H. to Miſs ——. *Ireland*, 1 *July.* Love and tenderneſs—begs her to ſend him "Werther."	73
33.	Miſs ——— to Mr. H. *England*, 20 *Aug.* Uneaſy, diſtreſſed, at not hearing for ſo long a time—apprehenſive that he may have ſeen "Werther" (which ſhe begs him never to read)	74

Letter — Page

read) and may have followed the horrid example—a diſtracted addreſs to any perſon into whoſe hands her letter may fall.

34. Mr. H. to Miſs ———. *Ireland*, 10 *Sept.* 76
His late ſilence occaſioned by illneſs—anecdote of a letter in the 71ſt. number of the Spectator.

35. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 15 *Sept.* 78
Character of Mr. *****—*Iriſh* robbery—anecdote of *Iriſh* hiſtory.

36. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 18 *Sept.* 83
Story of *Count Alberti*—poetical ridicule of an aſtrological father.

37. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 26 *Jan.* 1777. 90
Lord *Harcourt* quits his vice-royalty—as an anſwer to her reproofs for the tenderneſs of his letters, ſends her a letter to Lady *Marlborough* from her royal miſtreſs.

38. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 6 *Feb.* 93
Extraordinary will of *Jane Dixon*, a Scotch ſuicide.

39. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 27 *March.* 96
A beautiful *French* poem.

40. The Same to the Same. *Ireland*, 20 *April.* 98
In anſwer to one that does not appear, by which he learnt ſhe is very ill—anecdote of the death of the *Iriſh* Chief Juſtice, Sir *William Yorke*—determined to go to *England*, in conſequence of her illneſs, though for that purpoſe he ſhould be obliged to ſell out.

41. The Same to the Same. *Cannon Coffee-Ho.* 4 *May.* 100
Diſtracted that he cannot gain admittance at the Admiralty, in conſequence of her dangerous illneſs.

42. Miſs ———'s maid to Mr. H. *Admiralty*, 4 *May* 101
Written from Miſs ———'s mouth—ſhe is given over, and dying.

43. Miſs

Letter Page
43. Miſs —— (finiſhed by her maid) to Mr H. *The ſame date, 5 o' lock.* —— —— 101
Her diſorder has taken a ſudden turn for the better
44. Mr. H. to Miſs —. *Canon Coffee-Ho. 27 June, 5 o'clock* —— —— 102
The day on which Dr. *Dodd* ſuffered—he was preſent—obſervations thereon—almoſt broke his chaſte reſolutions of *forbearance* in their firſt interview after her late recovery—defends his ſelling out of the army—propoſes to take orders.
45. The Same to the Same. 7 *July.* 110
Abſolutely forbids her keeping her appointment with Mrs. *Yates*, about going on the ſtage.
46. The Same to the Same. *Croydon*, 20 *Sept.* 110
Some curious ſubjects for painting.
47. The Same to the Same. 5 *Feb.* 1778. 114
Fought a duel in the morning.
48. The Same to the Same. ——*ſtreet*, 2 *March.* 117
Reflections on *Ceppi*'s ſhooting Mrs. *Knightly* —the *purity* of Miſs —'s hands from bribes.
49. The Same to the Same. *Hockerill*, 5 *Sept.* 121
Reflections on the forbearance to which he has adhered for almoſt two years—on *Empſon*'s ſhooting Lord *Spencer*'s maid.
50. The Same to the Same. —*ſtreet*, 28 *Jan.* 1779. 124
It appears he has taken orders—juſt returned from his parſonage-houſe in *Norfolk*.
51. The Same to the Same. ——*ſtreet*, 7 *Feb.* 125
Complies with her affectionate requeſt about *Chatterton*—his hiſtory—letter from *Chatterton*'s ſiſter about him. 142
Original poems of *Chatterton* 149
His original letters to his Mother and Siſter 168
Further obſervations on *Chatterton*, tending to prove

Letter		Page
	prove he indiſputably wrote all *Rowley*'s poems	188
52.	The Same to the Same. *At Sea*, 20 *Feb.* Deceives her at firſt with a letter written by the Duke of *Cumberland* to Lady *Groſvenor*—aſſures her he ſhall never be happy till they are married—ſends her "The Moans of the Foreſt after the Battle of Flodden Field."	244
53.	The Same to the Same. 24 *Feb.* *Chatterton*'s ſuiciſm, in conſequence of the wear and tear of his mind—ſtrange effects of the ſame cauſe mentioned by *Tiſſot*—the ſingular ſelf-deſtruction of *Smith* and his Wife in 1739—yet this crime ſhould not be called an *Angliciſm*—a more ſingular *French* anecdote.	253
54.	The Same to the Same. 1 *March.* See their ways before them—in a month, or ſix weeks at furtheſt, marriage will make them happy—his parſonage-houſe he has ordered to be ſet in readineſs.	262
55.	Mr. H. to *Charles* —— Eſq; 20 *March.* Indiſputable grounds for jealouſy of Miſs—.	263
56.	The Same to the Same. 6 *April.* Still ſtronger grounds—is reſolved on ſuicide—lines written by ſome one under ſuch a reſolution.	264
57.	Mr. H. to Mr. B. 7 *April.* Reſolved on ſuicide—commends Miſs — to his care.	271
58.	Mr. H. to *Charles* —— Eſq; *Tothillfields*, 8 *Apr.* Has murdered her, and not himſelf—begs him to bring ſome poiſon, ſuch as is ſtrong enough.	272
59.	The Same to the Same. 9 *April.* Come to himſelf—no more thoughts of ſuicide—will upon no account make any attempts on his life.	273

60. The

Letter		Page
60.	The Same to the Same. *Newgate*, 14 *April* Will not uſe arguments to ſave his life—the ſpeech he means to deliver at his trial—ſome account of the commiſſion of his crime.	274
61.	Lord S. (as it ſeems) to Mr. H. 17 *April*, Offers to uſe intereſt, that, notwithſtanding he is found guilty, he may not ſuffer.	277
62.	Mr. H. in anſwer. *The condemned cell, ſame day.* Thanks for, but refuſal of, the offer—begs his kindneſs to her dear infants, and his pardon for her and for himſelf.	278
63.	Mr. H. to *Charles* —— Eſq; 17 *April*, &c. Contents of looſe papers (written between Saturday-night and Monday the day of his execution), put together as one letter.	279
64.	The Same to the Same. *Tyburn.* Written with a pencil juſt before his execution—he dies a Chriſtian, and penitent, and every thing his friend can wiſh him.	291
65.	*Charles* —— Eſq; to Gen.— 20 *Auguſt*, 1779. Some account of the foregoing letters—H.'s ideas of his unpardonable criminality in determining to deſtroy himſelf.	292

4 NO 61

It is not neceſſary to ſay any thing more by way of PREFACE, than to deſire the Reader, who feels an Inclination to cenſure any of theſe LETTERS, will recollect the Perſons by and to whom, and the Situations in which, they were written.

4 NO 61

——— I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down ought in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd, not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but, being wrought,
Impatient in th' extream: of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe: of one, whoſe eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

LOVE AND MADNESS, &c.

LETTER I.

To Miſs ——.

Huntingdon, Dec. 4, 1774.

Dear M.

TEN thouſand thanks for your billet by my corporal Trim yeſterday. The fellow ſeemed happy to have been the bearer of it, becauſe he ſaw it made *me* happy. He will be as good a ſoldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare ſay. And Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know. Whichever he ſerve, you may command him of courſe, without a com-

pliment; for Venus, I need not tell *you*, is the mother of Cupid, and miſtreſs of Mars.

At preſent the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus—In plain Engliſh, the drum tells me dinner is ready; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting; nay, we get up by the beat of it, and it every night ſends, or ought to ſend us, to bed and to ſleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy—indeed, the thoughts of you would prevent the latter. But, the next diſgrace to refuſing a challenge, is refuſing a toaſt. The merit of a jolly fellow and of a ſpunge is much about the ſame. For my part, no glaſs of any liquor taſtes as it ſhould to me, but when I kiſs my M. on the rim.

Adieu—Whatever hard ſervice I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine ſhall make me let drop or forget my appointment with you to-morrow. We certainly were not ſeen yeſterday, for reaſons I will give you.

Though you ſhould perſiſt in never being mine,

ever, ever

your's.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon, Dec. 6, 1775.

My deareſt M.

NO—I will not take advantage of the ſweet, reluctant, amorous confeſſion which your candour gave me yeſterday. If to make me happy be to make my M. otherwiſe; then, happineſs, I'll none of thee.

And yet I *could* argue. Suppoſe he *has* bred you up——Suppoſe you *do* owe your numerous accompliſhments, under genius, to him——are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horſe that he has bred up ſhould refuſe to carry him? Suppoſe you therefore *are* his property——Will the fidelity of ſo many years weigh nothing in the ſcale of gratitude?

Years——why, can obligations (ſuppoſe they had *not* been repaid an hundred fold) do away the unnatural diſparity of years? Can they bid five and fifty ſtand ſtill (the leaſt that you could aſk), and wait for five and twenty? Many women have the ſame obligations (if indeed there be many of the *ſame* accompliſhments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if,

indeed, it be an obligation) of exiſtence. The diſparity of years is ſometimes even leſs.—— But, muſt they therefore take their fathers to their boſoms? Muſt the jeſſamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no ſtranger. Will you ſhare them with me? And you ſhall honeſtly tell his Lordſhip that gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him, till love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Gracious Heaven that you *would* pay them!

But, did I not ſay I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas, could only ſhew at preſent the *affection* of a father.

M. weigh us in the ſcales. If gratitude outbalance love—ſo.

If you command it, I ſwear by love, I'll join my regiment to-morrow.

If love prevail, and inſiſt upon his dues; you ſhall declare the victory and the prize. I *will* take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by ſurprize. *Sleep upon it*, before you return your anſwer. Trim ſhall make the old excuſe to-morrow. And, thank Heaven! to-night you ſleep alone.

Why,

Why did you ſing that ſweet ſong yeſterday, though I ſo preſſed you? Thoſe words and your voice, were too much.

No words can ſay how much I am your's.

LETTER III.

To Mr. ———.

H.
Dec. 7, 1775.

My dear H.

Here has been a ſad piece of work ever ſince I received your's yeſterday. But, don't be alarmed —We are not diſcovered to the prophane. Our tender tale is only known to—(whom does your fear ſuggeſt?)—to love and gratitude, my H. And they ought both, for twenty reaſons, to be *your* friends, I am ſure.

They have been trying your cauſe, ever ſince the departure of honeſt Trim yeſterday. Love, though in my opinion not ſo blind, is as good a juſtice, as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter ſtoutly—my head on his Lordſhip's ſide of the queſtion, my heart on your's. At laſt they ſeemed to ſay, as if the oath of allegiance, which I had taken to gratitude, at a time when, heaven knows, I had never heard of love, ſhould be void, and I ſhould be at full liberty to devote myſelf, body

and ſoul, to—But call on me to-morrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final judgment. This I will tell you now—love ſent you the tendereſt wiſhes, and gratitude ſaid I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yeſterday.

Yet—oh, my H. think not meanly of me ever for this——Do not you turn advocate againſt me. ——Iwill not pain you——'tis impoſſible you ever ſhould.

Come then to-morrow—and ſurely Omiah will not murder love! Yet I thought the other day he caught our eyes converſing. Eyes ſpeak a language all can underſtand.——But, is a child of nature to nip in the bud that favourite paſſion which his mother Nature planted, and ſtill tends? —What will Oberea and her coterie ſay to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll blackball you, depend on it.

What would Rouſſeau ſay to it, my H.?

You ſhall tell me to-morrow. I will not write another word; leſt conſcience, who is juſt now looking over my left ſhoulder, ſhould ſnatch my pen, and ſcratch out *to-morrow*.

LETTER IV.

To Miſs ——.

Huntingdon, Dec. 7, 1775.

My deareſt ſoul,

I hope to heaven Trim will be able to get this to you to-night!—— Not I only, but my whole future life, ſhall thank you for the dear ſheet of paper I have juſt received. Bleſſings, bleſſings— But I could write and exclaim, and offer up vows and prayers, till the happy hour arrives.

Yet, hear me, M. If I have thus far deſerved your love, I will deſerve it ſtill. As a proof I have not hitherto preſſed you for any thing conſcience diſapproves, you ſhall not do to-morrow what conſcience diſapproves. You ſhall not make me happy (oh, how ſupremely bleſt!) under the roof of your benefactor and my hoſt. It were not honourable. Our love, the inexorable tyrant of our hearts, claims his ſacrifice; but does not bid us inſult his Lordſhip's walls with it. How civilly did he invite me to H. in October laſt, though an unknown recruiting officer! How politely himſelf firſt introduced me to himſelf! Often has the recollection made me ſtruggle with

my

my paſſion. Still it ſhall reſtrain it on this ſide honour.

So far from triumphing or exulting, Heaven knows——if Lord S. indeed love you, if indeed it be aught beſide the natural preference which age gives to youth——Heaven knows how much I pity him. Yet, as I have either ſaid or written before, it is only the pity I ſhould feel for a father whoſe affections were unfortunately and unnaturally fixed upon his own daughter.

Were I your ſeducer, M. and not your lover, I ſhould not write thus—nor ſhould I have talked or acted or written as I have. Tell it not in Gath, nor publiſh it in the ſtreets of Aſkalon, leſt the Philiſtines ſhould be upon me. I ſhould be drummed out of my regiment for a traitor to intrigue. And can you really imagine I think ſo meanly of your ſex! Surely you cannot imagine I think ſo meanly of you. Why, then, the concluſion of your laſt letter but one? A word thereon.

Take men and women in the lump, the villainy of thoſe and the weakneſs of theſe——I maintain it to be leſs wonderful that an hundred or ſo ſhould fall in the world, than that even one ſhould ſtand. Is it ſtrange the ſerpent conquered Eve? The devil againſt a woman is fearful odds.

He

He has conquered men, womens' conquerors; he has made even angels fall.

Oh, then, ye parents, be merciful in your wrath. Join not the baſe betrayers of your children—drive not your children to the bottom of the precipice, becauſe the villains have driven them half way down, where (ſee, ſee!) many have ſtopped themſelves from falling further by catching hold of ſome ſtraggling virtue or another which decks the ſteep-down rock. Oh, do not force their weak hands from their hold—their laſt, laſt hold! The deſcent from crime to crime is natural, perpendicular, headlong enough, of itſelf—do not increaſe it.

"Can women, then, no way but backward fall"?

Shall I aſk your pardon for all this, M.? No, there is no occaſion, you ſay.

But to-morrow—for *to-morrow* led me out of my ſtrait path, over this fearful precipice, where I, for my part, trembled every ſtep I took, leſt I ſhould topple down headlong. Glad am I to be once more on *plain* ground again with my M.!

To-morrow, about eleven, I'll be with you—but, let me find you in your riding dreſs, and your mare ready. I have laid a plan, to which neither honour nor delicacy (and I always conſult both before I propoſe any thing to *you*) can make the leaſt

leaſt objection. This once, truſt to me—I'll explain all to-morrow. Pray be ready, in your *riding-dreſs!* Need I add, in that you know I think becomes you moſt? No—Love would have whiſpered that.

Love ſhall be of our party—He ſhall not ſuffer the cold to approach you—he ſhall ſpread his wings over your boſom—he ſhall neſtle in your dear arms—he ſhall——

When will to-morrow come? What torturing dreams muſt I not bear to-night!

I ſend you ſome lines which I picked up ſomewhere—I forget where. But I don't think them much amiſs.

CELIA's PICTURE.

To paint my Celia, I'd deviſe
Two ſummer ſuns, in place of eyes;
Two lunar orbs ſhould then be laid
Upon the boſom of the maid;
Bright Berenice's auburn hair
Should, where it ought, adorn my fair;
Nay all the ſigns in Heaven ſhould prove
But tokens of my wondrous love.
All, did I ſay? Yes, all, ſave one——
Her yielding waiſt ſhould want a Zone.

LETTER V.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
8 Dec. 1775.

Then I releaſe my deareſt ſoul from her promiſe about to-day. If you do not ſee that all which *he* can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love; I have done, and will for ever have done. I would purchaſe my happineſs at any price but at the expence of your's.

Look over my letters, think over my conduct, conſult your own heart, and read theſe two long letters of your writing, which I return you. Then, tell me whether we love or not. And—if we love (as witneſs both our hearts)—ſhall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the heavenly prize that's only due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and muſt he poſſeſs the caſket? Shall I have your ſoul, and ſhall he have your hand, your eyes, your boſom, your lips, your—

Gracious God of Love! I can neither write, nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

your own, own

LETER VI.

To M. H——.

H. 10 Dec. 75.

Your two letters of the day before yeſterday, and what you ſaid to me yeſterday in my dreſſing-room, have drove me mad. To offer to ſell out, and take the other ſtep to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how ſuch tenderneſs diſtracts me. As to marrying me, that you ſhould not do upon any account. Shall the man I value be pointed at and hooted for ſelling himſelf to a Lord, for a Commiſſion or ſome ſuch thing, to marry his caſt miſtreſs? My ſoul is above my ſituation.—Beſides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H. of what may be only perhaps (excuſe me) a youthful paſſion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you *may* love me as ſincerely as I—

But I will tranſcribe you a ſong which I don't believe you ever heard me ſing, though it's my favourite. It is ſaid to be an old Scotch ballad ——nor is it generally known that Lady A. L. wrote it. Since we have underſtood each other, I have never ſung it before you, becauſe it is ſo deſcriptive of our ſituation ——how much more ſo ſince your cruelly kind propoſal of yeſterday! I wept, like an infant, over it this morning.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The ſheep were in the fold, and the cows were all at home,
And all the weary world to reſt was gone,
When the woes of my heart brought the tear in mine e'e,
While my good man lay ſound by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me well, and he ſought me for his bride,
He had but a crown, he had no more beſide;
To make the crown a pound, young Jamie went to ſea,
And the crown, and the pound, they were both for me.

He had na been gone but a year and a day,
When my father broke his arm, and our cow was ſtole away;
When my mother ſhe fell ſick, and my Jamie at the ſea,
And auld Robin Gray came wooing to me.

My father could na work, and my mother cou'd na ſpin,
I toiled night and day, but their bread I could na win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them both, and, with tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their ſakes, oh! marry me."

My heart it ſaid no, and I wiſh'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew ſore, and his ſhip it prov'd a wreck;
His ſhip prov'd a wreck: ah! why did not Jenny dee?
Why was ſhe left to cry——"Ah, woe is me!"

My father argu'd ſore; though my mother did na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was fit to break;
So old Robin got my hand – but my heart was in the ſea,
——And now Robin Gray is good man to me.

I had na been a wife but of weeks only four,
When ſitting right mournfully out at my door,
I ſaw my Jamie's ghoſt, for I could na think 'twas he,
Till he ſaid, " Jenny, I'm come home to marry thee."

Sore did we weep, and little did we ſay,
We took but one kiſs—and we tore ourſelves away;
I wiſh I was dead, but I am not like to dee,
And, Oh! I am young to cry—" Ah, woe is me!"

I gang like a ghoſt, and I do not care to ſpin,
I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a ſin;
I muſt e'en do my beſt a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.

My poor eyes will only ſuffer me to add, for God's ſake, let me ſee my *Jamie* to-morrow. Your name alſo is Jamie.

LETTER VII.

To Miſs ——.

Huntingdon,
13 Dec. 75.

My life and ſoul!

But I will never more uſe any preface of this ſort—and I beg you will not. A correſpondence begins with dear, then my dear, deareſt, my deareſt, and ſo on, 'till, at laſt, panting language toils after us in vain.

No

No language can explain my feelings. Oh M. yeſterday, yeſterday! Language, thou lieſt—there is no ſuch word as *ſatiety*, poſitively no ſuch word.——Oh, thou beyond my warmeſt dreams bewitching! what charms! what—

But words would poorly paint our joys. When, when?—yet *you* ſhall order, govern every thing. Only, remember I am *ſure* of thoſe we truſt.

Are you now convinced that Heaven made us for each other? By that Heaven, by the paradiſe of your dear arms, I will be only your's!

Have I written ſenſe? I know not what I write. This ſcrap of paper ('tis all I can find) will hold a line or two more. I muſt fill it up to ſay that, whatever evils envious fate deſign me; after thoſe few hours of yeſterday, I never will complain nor murmur.

Misfortune, I defy thee now.—M. loves me, and H.'s ſoul has its content moſt abſolute. No other joy like this ſucceeds in unknown fate.

LETTER VIII.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
24 Dec. 1775.

Talk not to me of the new year. I am a new man. I'll be ſworn to it I am not the ſame iden-

tical J. H. that I was three months ago. You have created me——yes, I know what I ſay—created me anew.

As to thanking you for the bliſs I taſte with you—to attempt it would be idle. What thanks can expreſs the Heaven of Heavens—

But I will obey you in not giving ſuch a looſe to my pen as I gave the day before yeſterday. That letter, and the verſes it contained, which were certainly too highly coloured, pray commit to the flames. Yet, pray too, as I begged you yeſterday, do not imagine I thought leſs chaſtely of you becauſe I wrote them. By Heaven, I believe your mind as chaſte as the ſnow which, while I write, is driving againſt my window. You know not *what* I think of you. One time perhaps you may.

The lines I repeated to you this morning I ſend you. Upon my honour they are not mine. I think of them quite as you do. Surely an additional merit in them is, that to the uninitiated, in whom they might perhaps raiſe improper ideas, they are *totally unintelligible*.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE*.

When Venus (ſo her poet ſung)
Firſt from the bed of Ocean ſprung,
All dropping wet, all glowing fair;
Diſtilling ſweets her amber hair;
As coral red her pulpy lips;
Full as the ſwelling ſurge her hips;
As full her boſom, heaving ſtrong,
Like wave propelling wave along;
Thick ſet her teeth in even rows,
White as the foam frc. which ſhe roſe—
Thus breathing ſweets, with untried charms,
Mars ſeiz'd her in his ardent arms,
And, ſtretch'd beneath the verdant gloom,
Compreſs'd her virgin, yielding bloom.
Trickling from Love's delicious wound,
Some ſanguine drops bedew'd the ground;
And, where the living crimſon ſpreads,
Young peeping roſes rear their heads.
Their bluſhes thence—but the ſoft gale,
The dews ambroſial they exhale,
Their ſweets, her plaintive ſighs beſtow,
As deep ſhe feels the potent foe,
While ſtill the thorns and ſweets declare
How mixt her pains and tranſports were.

* The followers of the fallacious *Mohammed* are ſaid to believe that the firſt roſe ſprung out of a drop of his ſweat.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———.

H.

Chriſtmas-day, 75

My old friend the Corporal looked as if he had been tarred and feathered yeſterday, when he arrived with your *dear* billet. Omiah took up the ſugar-caſter, when he ſaw him through the parlour window, and p[illegible]dered a freſh ſlice of pudding, by way of *painting* the ſnowy corporal. Omiah's ſimplicity is certainly very diverting, but I ſhould like him better, and take more pains with him, if I did not think he ſuſpected ſomething. The other day, I am ſure he came to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land. Thank Heaven, our caution prevented him.

But, why do I call your billet *dear*, when it contained ſuch poetry? Yet, to confeſs the truth, it *did* charm me. And I know not, whether, as you ſay, thoſe, to whom it could do any harm, could poſſibly underſtand it. For *uninitiated* means, I believe, not yet admitted into the myſteries—thoſe who have not yet taken the veil; or, *I* ſhould rather ſay, thoſe who have not yet thrown off the veil. Why was I not permitted

by my deſtiny to keep on mine, till my H. my *Mars ſeiz'd me in his ardent arms?* How gladly to *his* arms would I have given up my very ſoul!

Cruel fortune, that it can't be ſo to-day! But we forgot, when we fixed on to-day, that it would be Chriſtmas-day. I muſt do penance at a moſt *unpleaſant* dinner, as indeed is every meal and every ſcene when you are abſent—and that, without the conſolation of having firſt enjoyed your company. To-morrow, however, at the uſual time and place.

Your diſcontinuing your viſits here, ſince the firſt day of our happineſs, gratifies the delicacy of us both. Yet, may it not, my H. raiſe ſuſpicions elſewhere? Your agreeable qualities were too conſpicuous not to make you miſſed. Yet, *you* are the beſt judge.

My poor, innocent, helpleſs babes! Were it not on your account, your mother would not *act* the part ſhe does.—What is Mrs. Yates's ſuſtaining a character well for *one* evening? Is it ſo trying as to play a part, and a baſe one too, morning, noon, and night?—*Night!* But I will not make my H. uneaſy.

At leaſt, allow that I have written you a long ſcrawl. Behold, I have ſent you a tolerable good ſubſtitute for myſelf. It is reckoned very like. I

need

need not beg you not to ſhow it. Only remember, the painter's M. is not to rob your own M. of a certain quantity of things called and known by the name of kiſſes, which I humbly conceive to be her due, though ſhe has been diſappointed of them to day.

So, having nothing further to add at preſent, and the poſt being juſt going out, I remain, with all truth, Dear Sir,

your moſt humble ſervant,

M.

There's a pretty concluſion for you. Am I not a good girl? I ſhall become a moſt elegant correſpondent in time, I ſee. This paragraph is the poſtſcript, you know—and ſhould therefore have been introduced by a well-flouriſhed P. S. the Sir Clement Cottrel upon theſe occaſions.

LETTER X.

To Miſs ——.

Huntingdon,
28 Dec. 75.

Your condeſcenſion in removing my moſt *groundleſs* cauſe of jealouſy yeſterday, was more than I deſerved. How I expoſed myſelf by my violence

violence with you! But, I tell you, my paſſions are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no Othello, yet am I

" One, not eaſily jealous; but, being wrought,
" Perplex'd in th' extream;"

And that God knows how I love you, worſhip you, idolize you.

How *could* I think you particular to ſuch a thing as B? You ſaid you forgave me to-day, and I hope you did. Let me have it again from your own dear lips to-morrow, inſtead of the next day. Every thing ſhall be ready—and the guitar, which I wrote for, is come down, and I'll bring the ſong, and you ſhall ſing it, and play it, and I'll beg you to forgive me, and you ſhall forgive me, and,—five hundred ands beſides.

Why, I would be jealous of this ſheet of paper, if you kiſſed it with too much raptu e.

What a fool!—No, my M. rather ſay—what a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It *is* like. Accept this proof that I have examined it.

'Tis true, creative man, thine art can teach
The living picture every thing but ſpeech!—
True, thou haſt drawn her, as ſhe is, all fair—
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!

Full

Full well I know the ſmile upon that face—
Full well I know thoſe features' every grace!
But what is this—my M.'s mortal part—
There *is* a ſubject beggars all thine art:
Paint but her *mind*, by Heav'n! and thou ſhalt be,
Shalt be my more than pagan deity.—
Nature may poſſibly have caſt, of *old*,
Some other beauty in as fair a mould—
But all in vain you'll ſearch the world to find
Another beauty with ſo fair a mind.

LETTER XI.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
1 Jan. 1776.

Leſt I ſhould not ſee you this morning, I will ſcribble this before I mount honeſt Crop; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of it be happy to my M. May—but don't you know there's not a wiſh of bliſs I do not wiſh you?

A *new* year—I like not this word. There may be new lovers.—I lie—there may not. M. will never change her H. I am ſure ſhe'll never change him for a truer lover.

A new

A new year—76. Where ſhall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In miſery or bliſs, in life or death, in heaven or hell—wherever *you* are, there may H. be alſo!

The ſoldier whom you deſired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactreſs.—Diſcipline muſt be kept up in our way; but I am ſure you will do me the juſtice to believe I am no otherwiſe a friend to it.

LETTER XII.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon, Feb. 8, 1776.

Since the thaw ſent me from H. the day before yeſterday, I have written four times to you, and believe verily I ſhall write four and forty times to you in the next four days. The bliſs I have enjoyed with you theſe three weeks has increaſed, not diminiſhed, my affection. Three weeks and more in the ſame houſe with my M.!—'Twas more than I deſerved. And yet, to be obliged to reſign you every night to another!—By theſe eyes, by your ſtill dearer eyes, I don't think I ſlept three hours during the whole three weeks. Yet, yet, *'twas* bliſs. How lucky, that I was preſſed to ſtay at H. the night the ſnow ſet in! Would

it

it had ſnowed till doomſday! But, then, you muſt have been *his* every night till doomſday. Now, my happy time may come.

Though I had not ſtrength to reſiſt when under the ſame roof with you, ever ſince we parted, the recollection that it was *his* roof has made me miſerable. Whimſical, that he ſhould bid *you* preſs me, when I at firſt refuſed his ſollicitation.—Is H. guilty of a breach of hoſpitality?

I muſt not queſtion—I muſt not think, I muſt not write.—But, we will meet, as we fixed.

Does Robin Gray ſuſpect?——Suſpect! And is H. a ſubject for ſuſpicion?

LETTER XIII.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
16 Feb. 1776.

Every time I ſee you I diſcover ſome new charm, ſome new accompliſhment. Before Heaven, there was not a tittle of flattery in what I told you yeſterday. Nothing *can* be flattery which I ſay of you, for no invention, no poetry, no any thing can come up to what I *think* of you.

One of our Kings ſaid of the citizens of his good city of London, that when he conſidered

their

their riches, he was in admiration at their underſtandings—when he conſidered their underſtandings, he was in admiration at their riches. Juſt ſo do I with regard to your perſon and your mind, but for a different reaſon.—Nature was in one of her extravagant moods whe ſhe put you together. She might have made two captivating women out of you——by my ſoul, half a dozen! Your turn for muſic, and excellence in it, would be a ſufficient ſtock of charms for the moſt diſagreeable woman to ſet up with in life. Muſic has charms to do things moſt incredible, muſic—

Now ſhall I, with the good-humoured, digreſſive pen of our favourite Montaigne in his entertaining Eſſays, begin with love, and end with a treatiſe upon the Gamut.

Yet to talk of muſic, is to talk of you. M. and muſic are the ſame. What is muſic *without* you? And harmony has tuned your mind, your perſon, your every look, and word, and action.

Obſerve—when I write to you I never pretend to write ſenſe. I have no head; you have made me all heart, from top to bottom. Senſe--why, I am out of my ſenſes, and have been theſe ſix weeks. Were it poſſible my ſcrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you, I ſhould be

called a madman. I certainly am either curſt or bleſt (I know not which) with paſſions wild as the torrent's roar. Notwithſtanding I take this ſimile from water, the element, out of which I am formed, is fire. Swift had water in his brain: I have a burning coal of fire: your hand can light it up to rapture, rage, or madneſs. Men, real men, have never been wild enough for my admiration: it has wandered into the ideal world of fancy. Othello (but he ſhould have put *himſelf* to death in his wife's ſight, *not* his wife), Zanga, are *my* heroes. Milk-and-water paſſions are like ſentimental comedy. Give me (you ſee, how, like your friend Montaigne, I ſtrip myſelf of my ſkin, and ſhew you all my veins and arteries, even the playing of my heart)——give *me*, I ſay, tragedy, affecting tragedy, in the world, as well as in the theatre.——I would maſſacre all mankind ſooner than loſe you.——

———This is mere madneſs;
And thus, awhile, the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are diſcloſed,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Inconſiſtent being! While I am ranting thus about tragedy, and blood, and murder—behold, I am as weak as a woman. My tears flow at but the idea

idea of loſing you. Yes, they don't drop only; they pour; I ſob, like a child. Is this Othello, is this Zanga? We know not what we are, nor what we may become.

This I know, that I am and ever will be, your's and only your's.

I ſend you Oſſian. You will ſee what a favourite he is with me, by ſome drawings, and pieces of (what your partiality will call) poetry, which accompany the bard of other times. Should you quit this world before me, which fate forbid, often ſhall I hear your ſpirit (if I can be weak enough to ſurvive you) calling me from the low-ſailing cloud of night.—They abuſe Macpherſon for calling them tranſlations. If he alone be the author of them, why does he not ſay ſo, and claim the prize of fame? I proteſt *I* would. They who do not refuſe their admiration to the compoſitions, ſtill think themſelves juſtified to abuſe Macpherſon, for pretending *not* to be the author of what they ſtill admire. Is not this ſtrange?

As we could not meet this morning (how long muſt our meetings depend on others, and not on ourſelves?) I was determined, you ſee, to have a long converſation with you.

Pray ſeal, in future, with better wax, and more care. Something colder than one of my kiſſes might have thawed the ſeal of yeſterday. But I

will not talk of *thawing*. Had the froſt and ſnow continued, I had ſtill been with you at H.

The remainder of this (my ſecond ſheet of paper, obſerve) ſhall be filled with what I think a valuable curioſity. The officer, whom you ſaw with me on Sunday, is lately come from America. He gave it me, and aſſures me it is original. It will explain itſelf. Would I might be in your dear, little, enchanted dreſſing-room, while you read it!

The Speech of a Shawaneſe Chief, to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man to-day, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the laſt long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious, in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that thoſe of mine own country pointed at me as they paſſed by, and ſaid, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to live with you. But the injuries of one among you, did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Creſſop, the laſt ſpring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of Logan, ſparing neither women nor children. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature.

This

This called on me for revenge. I have ſought it. I have killed many. Revenge has been fully glutted.

"For my country—I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, harbour not the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to ſave his life.

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

LETTER XIV.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
22 Feb. 1776.

How ſilly we were, both of us, not to recollect your favourite Jenny? and did not Jamie think of her either?

——"Though my mother did na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face, till my heart was fit to break."

Was not this exactly the inſtance we wanted?

Something more has occurred to me on the ſame ſubject. Rather than not write to you, or than write to you as *deſcriptively* as recollection ſometimes tempts me, I know you would have me write nonſenſe.

In Hervey's "Meditations" are two paſſages as fine as they are ſimple and natural.

"A beam or two finds its way through the "grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer from the "nails of the coffins."—"Should the haggard "ſkeleton lift a clattering hand—."—In the latter, I know not whether the epithet *haggard* might not be ſpared.

Governor Holwell, in the account of the ſufferings at the black hole at Calcutta, when he ſpeaks of the length of time he ſupported nature by catching the drops, occaſioned by the heat, which fell from his head and face, adds theſe words—"You cannot imagine how unhappy I was when any one of them eſcaped my tongue!" What a ſcene! The happineſs, the exiſtence of a fellow creature, dependent upon being able to catch a drop of his own ſweat! Shakeſpear's fancy could not have invented, nor ever did invent, any thing more ſublime; for this is nature, and nature itſelf is ſublimity.—People write *upon* a particular ſituation, they do not put themſelves *in* the ſituation. We only ſee the writer, ſitting in his ſtudy, and working up a ſtory to amuſe or to frighten; not the identical Tom Jones, not Macbeth himſelf.

Can you become the very being you deſcribe?

Can you look round, and mark only that which ſtrikes in your new character, and forget all which ſtruck in your own? Can you bid your comfortable ſtudy, be the priſon of innocence or the houſe of mourning? Can you transform your garret of indigence into the palace of pleaſure? If you cannot, you had better clean ſhoes, than endeavour by writings to intereſt the imagination. We cannot even bear to ſee an author only peeping over the top of every page, to obſerve how we like him. The player I would call a corporal actor, the writer a mental actor. Garrick would in vain have put his face and his body in all the ſituations of Lear, if Shakeſpeare had not before put his mind in them all. In a thouſand inſtances, we have nothing to do but to copy nature, if we can only get her to ſit to our pencil. And yet—how few of the moſt eminent maſters are happy enough to hit off her difficult face exactly!

Every perſon of taſte would have been certain that Mr. Holwell was one of the ſufferers in the black hole, only from the ſhort paſſage I have noticed.

Robinſon Cruſoe now—what nature! It affects us throughout, exactly in the way you mentioned.

But, ſhall I finiſh my diſſertation? Come—as writing

writing to you gives me ſo much pleaſure, and as I can't do any thing to you but write this morning——I know you'll excuſe me.

Did you ever hear to what Cruſoe owed his exiſtence? You remember Alexander Selkirk's ſtrange ſequeſtration at Juan Fernandez. It is mentioned, I believe, in Walter's account of Anſon's Voyage. When Captain Woodes Rogers met with him and brought him to England, he employed the famous Daniel de Foe to reviſe his papers. That fertile genius improved upon his materials, and compoſed the celebrated ſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe. The conſequence was that Selkirk, who ſoon after made his appearance in print, was conſidered as a baſtard of Cruſoe, with which ſpurious offspring the preſs too often teems. In De Foe, undoubtedly, this was not honeſt. Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way. I can eaſily conceive a writer making his own uſe of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been ſketched by the bold and haſty hand of fate. A moral may be added, by ſuch means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their juſt and proper lights; mankind may be amuſed (and amuſements ſometimes prevent crimes) or, if the ſtory be criminal, mankind may

may be bettered, through the channel of their curioſity. But, I would not be diſhoneſt, like De Foe; nor would I pain the breaſt of a ſingle individual connected with the ſtory.

To explain what I mean by a *criminal* ſtory.—Faldoni and Tereſa might have been prevented from making proſelytes, if they ever have made any, by working up their moſt affecting ſtory ſo as to take off the edge of the dangerous example. But not in the way Mr. Jerningham has done it; who tells us, not leſs intelligibly than pathetically,

> All-ruling love, the god of youth, poſſeſs'd
> Entire dominion of Faldoni's breaſt:
> An equal flame did ſympathy impart
> (A flame deſtructive) to Tereſa's heart:
> As on one ſtem two opening flowers reſpire,
> So grew their life (entwin'd) on one deſire.

Are you not charmed? Perhaps you never ſaw the poem. I have it here, and will bring it you as a curioſity. The melancholy tale will not take up three words, though Mr. J. has beſtowed upon it 335 melancholy lines. The cataſtrophe happened near Lyons in the month of June 1770. Two lovers (Faldoni and Tereſa Meunier) meeting with an invincible obſtacle to their union, determined to put

put an end to their exiſtence with piſtols. The place they choſe for the execution of their terrible project was a chapel that ſtood at a little diſtance from the houſe. They even decorated the altar for the occaſion. They paid a particular attention to their own dreſs. Tereſa was dreſſed in white, with roſe-coloured ribbands. The ſame coloured ribbands were tied to the piſtols. Each held the ribband that was faſtened to the other's trigger, which they drew at a certain ſignal.

Arria and Pætus (ſays Voltaire) ſet the example, but then it muſt be conſidered they were condemned to death by a tyrant. Whereas love was the only inventor and perpetrator of this deed.

Yet, while I talk of taking off the dangerous edge of their example, they have almoſt liſted me under their bloody banners.——

On looking over the ſermon I have written, I recollect a curious anecdote of Selkirk.

(By the bye, Wilkes, I ſuppoſe, would ſay that none but a Scotchman could have lived ſo many years upon a deſert iſland.)

He tamed a great number of kids for ſociety, and, with them and the numerous offſpring of two or three cats that had been left with him, he uſed often to dance.—From all which my inference

is

is this,—M. will not ſurely deprive herſelf of H.'s ſociety; but will let him find her *there* to-morrow. Eſpecially, ſince, in Mr. J.'s *expreſſive* language,

As on one ſtem two opening flowers reſpire,
So grow our lives (entwin'd) on one deſire.

LETTER XV.

To Mr. ——.

H. 23 Feb. 76.

Where was you this morning, my life? I ſhould have been froze to death I believe with the cold, if I had not been waiting for *you*. I am uneaſy, very uneaſy. What could prevent you? Your own appointment too. Why not write, if you could not come?——Then, I had a dream laſt night, a ſad dream, my H.

——"For thee I fear, my love;
"Such ghaſtly dreams laſt night ſurprized my ſoul."

You may reply, perhaps, with my favourite Iphis,

"Heed not theſe black illuſions of the night,
"The mockings of unquiet ſlumbers."

Alas, I cannot help it. I am a weak woman, not a ſoldier.

I thought

I thought you had a duel with a perſon whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only ſaw his ſword, I *heard* it paſs through my H.'s body. I ſaw you both die; and with you, love and gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for M.?——Not one!

You may call me fooliſh; but I am uneaſy, miſerable, wretched! Indeed, indeed I am. For God's ſake, let me hear from you.

LETTER XVI.

To the SAME.

H. 24. Feb. 76.

That buſineſs, as I told you it would, laſt night, obliges him to go to town. I am to follow, for the winter. Now, my H. for the royal black bob and the bit of chalk; or for any better ſcheme you'll plan. Let me know, to-morrow, where you think Lady G.'s ſcheme will be moſt practicable on the road, and there I'll take care to ſtop. I take my bible oath I won't deceive you, and more welcome ſhall you be to my longing arms than all the dukes or princes in Chriſtendom. If I am not happy for one whole night in my life, it will now be your fault.

Is

Is not this kind and thoughtful? Why did it never occur to you, ſo often as we have talked of my being obliged to leave this dear place? To me *moſt* dear, ſince it has been the ſcene of my acquaintance, my happineſs with H.

But, am I to leave behind me that deareſt H.? Surely your recruiting buſineſs muſt be nearly over now. You *muſt* go to town. Though things can't often be contrived at the A, they may—they *may?*—they *ſhall* happen elſewhere.

Fail not to-morrow—and do not laugh at me any more about my dream. If it was a proof of my weakneſs, it was a proof alſo of my love.

I wiſh the day on which I am to ſet out from hence could be conjured about a month further back or ſo. Now, you aſk *why?* Look in your laſt year's almanack. Was not the *ſhorteſt day* ſome where about that time? Come give me a kiſs for that, I am ſure I deſerve it.—Oh! fye Mr. H. not twenty. You are too generous in your payments. I muſt inſiſt upon returning you the overplus the next time we meet—that is to-morrow, you know.

LETTER XVII.

To Miſs ——.

Huntingdon, 26 Feb. 76.

Why will not the wiſhed-for day, or rather night, arrive? And here, I have not ſeen you ſince I know not when—not for two whole days.

But I wrote you a long letter yeſterday why it would be dangerous to meet; and all in rhyme. The beginning, I aſſure you, was not poetry, but truth——If the concluſion was coloured too highly, you muſt excuſe it. The pencil of love executed it, and the ſly rogue will indulge himſelf ſometimes. Let the time come, I'll convince you his pencil did not much exaggerate.

Juſt now I was thinking of your birth-day, about which I aſked you the other day. It's droll that your's and mine ſhould be ſo near together. And thus I obſerve thereon.

Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay:
And that the heavenly potters make
Some five or ſix a day.

No wonder, M. I and you
Don't quite deteſt each other;
Or that my ſoul is link'd to your's,
As if it were its brother:

For in one year we both were made,
Nay almoſt in one day——
So, ten to one, we both came from
One common heap of clay.

What? if I were not caſt in near
So fine a mold as you—
My heart (or rather, M. *your's*)
Is tender, fond, and true.

Corporal Trim ſets off to-day for our head quarters. My plan is laid ſo, that no diſcovery *can* take place. Gods, that two ſuch ſouls, as your's and mine, ſhould be obliged to deſcend to arts and plans! Were it not for your dear ſake, I'd ſcorn to do any thing I would not wiſh diſcovered,

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. ——

H. 21, Feb. 26.

All your plans are uſeleſs. The Corporal has made his forced march to no purpoſe. The fates

are unkind. It is determined I am to go up *poſt*. So, we cannot poſſibly be happy together, as we hoped to have been, had our own horſes drawn me up, in which caſe I muſt have ſlept upon the road. I am not clear old Robin Gray will not ſtay and attend me. Why cannot my Jamie? Cruel fortune! But in town we *will* be happy. When, again, ſhall I enjoy your dear ſociety; as I did during that, to me at leaſt, bleſſed ſnow? Nothing but my dear children could prevent our going with Cook to ſeek for happineſs in worlds unknown. There muſt be ſome corner of the globe where mutual affection is reſpected.

Don't forget to meet me. Scratch out *forget*. I know how much you think of me. Too much for your peace, nay for your health. Indeed my H. you don't look well. Pray be careful!

" Whatever wounds thy tender health,
" Will kill thy M.'s too."

Omiah is in good humour with me again.—— What kind of animal ſhould a naturaliſt expect from a native of Otaheite and a Huntingdonſhire dairy maid? If my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Omiah will give us a ſpecimen.—Will you bring me ſome book to-morrow to divert me, as I poſt it to town—that I may forget, if it be poſſible, I am poſting from you?

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Miſs ——.

Hockerill, 1 March, 76.

It is your ſtrict injunction that I do not offend you by ſuffering my pen to ſpeak of laſt night. I will not, my M. nor ſhould I, had you not injoined it. You once ſaid a nearer acquaintance would make me change my opinion of you. It has, I *have* changed my opinion. The more I know you, the more chaſtely I think of you. Notwithſtanding laſt night (what a night!), and our firſt too, I proteſt to God, I think of you with as much purity, as if we were going to be married.—You take my meaning, I am ſure; becauſe they are the thoughts I know you wiſh me to entertain of you.

You got to town ſafe, I hope. *One* letter may find me before I ſhall be able to leave Huntingdon, whither I return to-day; or, at leaſt, to Cambridge. I am a fool about Crop, you know. And I am now more tender of him, becauſe he has carried *you*.——How little did we think that morning we ſhould ever make each other ſo happy!

Don't forget to write, and don't forget the key,

againſt I come to town. As far as ſeeing you, I will uſe it ſometimes; but never for an opportunity to indulge our paſſion. That, poſitively, ſhall never again happen under *his* roof. How did we applaud each other for not ſuffering his walls at H. to be inſulted with the firſt ſcene of it! And how happy were we both, after we waked from our dream of bliſs, to think how often we had acted otherwiſe, during the time the ſnow ſhut me up at H.! a ſnow as dear to me, as to yourſelf.

My mind is torn, rent, with ten thouſand thoughts and reſolutions about you and about myſelf.

When we meet, which ſhall be as we fixed, I may perhaps mention *one* idea to you.

Pray let us contrive to be together ſome evening that your favourite Jephtha is performed.

Encloſed is a ſong, which came into my hands by an accident ſince we parted. Neither the words nor the muſic, I take it, will diſpleaſe you.

Adieu.

SONG.

SONG.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When love runs in bluſhes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a paſſion and pride
"In our ſex," ſhe replied,
"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;
"As an angel appear to each lover beſide,
"But ſtill be a woman to you."

LETTER XX.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs,
17 March, 76.

No further than this can I get from you, before I aſſure you that every word I ſaid juſt now came from the bottom of my heart. I never ſhall be happy, never ſhall be in my ſenſes, till you conſent to marry me. And notwithſtanding the dear night at Hockerill, and the other which your ingenuity procured me laſt week in D. ſtreet, I ſwear by the bliſs of bliſſes, I never will taſte it again till you are my wife.

LETTER XXI.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
17 March, 76.

Though you can hardly have read my laſt ſcrawl, I muſt peſter you with another. I had ordered ſome dinner; but I can neither eat, nor do any thing elſe. "Mad!"—I may be mad, for what I know. I am ſure I'm wretched.

For God's ſake, for my life and ſoul's ſake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at leaſt

to

to night to my lodgings, and ſay what is that *inſuperable* reaſon on which you dwelt ſo much. "Torture ſhall not force you to marry me." Did you not ſay ſo? Then you hate me; and what is life worth?

Suppoſe you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me! Damnation blot out that *if!*), and being adored by me—ſtill, do you not wish to relieve yourſelf and me from the damned parts we act? My ſoul was not formed for ſuch meanneſſes. To ſteal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie—Perdition! the thought of it makes me deſpiſe myſelf.

Your children—Lord S.—(If we have not been aſhamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conſcience all along by "He" and "His," and "Old Robin Gray?" Oh, how have we deſcended, M.!) Lord S. I ſay, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your ſweet little girl—I will be a father to her, as well as a huſband to you. Every farthing I have I will ſettle on you both. I will—God knows, and you ſhall find what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good God, what would I *not* do!

Write, write; I ſay write. By the living God I will have this *inſuperable reaſon* from you, or I will not believe you love me.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

To Mr. H——.

A. 17 March, 76.

And does my H. think I wanted ſuch a letter as this to finiſh my affliction? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you diſtreſs me.

And do you imagine I have *willingly* ſubmitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your ſake, to deſcend? What has been *your* part, from the beginning of the piece, to *mine?* I was obliged to act a part even to *you.* It was my buſineſs not to let you ſee how unhappy the artifices, to which I have ſubmitted, made me. And that they did embitter even our happieſt moments—

But fate ſtands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think ſome terrible cataſtrophe will come of our connexion. "Some dire event," as Storgè prophetically ſays in Jephtha, "hangs o'er our heads;——

"Some woful ſong we have to ſing.
"In miſery extreme.—O never, never
"Was my forboding mind diſtreſs'd before
"With ſuch inceſſant pangs!"

Oh,

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Tereſa! and that we might be happy together in ſome other world, where gold and ſilver are unknown! By your hand I could even die with pleaſure. I know I could.

" Inſuperable reaſon." Yes, my H. there is, and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love; that love which is now my religion. I have hardly any God but you. I almoſt offer up my prayers *to* you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, if you was to marry me, you would marry ſome hundred pounds worth of debts; and *that* you never ſhall do.

Do you remember a ſolemn oath you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H.? and how you told me afterwards it *muſt* be ſo, becauſe you had ſo ſolemnly ſworn it?

In the ſame ſolemn and dreadful words I ſwear that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a ſhilling in the world. Jephtha's vow is paſt.

What your letter ſays about my poor children made me weep; but it ſhall not make me change my reſolution.

It is a further reaſon why I ſhould not.—" If I " do not marry you, I do not love you!" Gra-

cious

cious powers of love! Does my H. ſay ſo? My *not* marrying you is the ſtrongeſt proof I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do *you* reſpect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even *you* will *ever* ſucceed.—Till I have ſome better portion than debts, I *never* will be your's.

Then what is to be done? you aſk. Why, I'll tell you, H. Your determination to drop all particular intercourſe till marriage has made us one, flatters me more than I can tell you, becauſe it ſhews me your opinion of me in the ſtrongeſt light; it almoſt reſtores me to my own good opinion. The copy of verſes you brought me on that ſubject, is ſuperior to any thing I ever read. They ſhall be thy M.'s morning prayer, and her evening ſong. While you are in Ireland——

Yes, my love, in Ireland. Be ruled by me. You ſhall immediately join your regiment there. You know it is your duty. In the mean time, ſomething may happen. Heaven will not deſert two faithful hearts that love like your's and mine. There are joys; there is happineſs in ſtore for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I ſaid juſt now) *while you are in Ireland*, I'll write to you *every* poſt, *twice* by *one* poſt, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiſs your picture, and

I'll

I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll kiſs it again, and then I'll weep again. And—

Can I give a ſtronger inſtance of my regard for you, or a ſtronger proof that you ought to take my advice, than my thus begging my only joy to leave me? I will not ſwear I ſhall ſurvive it; but, I beſeech you, go!

Fool that I am——I undo with one hand, all I do with the other. My tears, which drop between every word I write, prevent the effect of my reaſoning; which, I am ſure, is juſt.

Be a man, I ſay—you *are* an angel. Join your regiment; and, as ſure as I love you (nothing can be *more* ſure) I will recall you, from what will be baniſhment as much to me as to you, the firſt moment I can marry you with honour to myſelf, and happineſs to you.

But, I muſt not write thus.

Adieu!

Ill ſuits the voice of love, when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.

LETTER XXIII.

To Miſs ——.

Cannon coffee-houſe,
17 March, 1776.

And I will reſpect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At leaſt, I will think of it all to-night, for I am ſure I ſhall not ſleep, and will let you know the ſucceſs of my ſtruggle, for a ſtruggle it will be, to-morrow. I will wait for you at the ſame place in the Park, where I ſhall ſee you open the A. door. Should it rain—I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to ſee you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this, here; and I am glad I did. We are not in a condition to ſee each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you but have let me, I would have contrived ſome ſcheme about your debts. I *could* form a plan. My Goſport matters—my commiſſion——

Alas, you frown, and I muſt ſtop. Why would not fortune ſmile upon my two lottery tickets? Heaven knows I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in caſe of my ſudden death, "this is the property of Miſs —."

Miſs—." On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I ſtill reſerved?

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr. ——.

A. 19 March, 1776.

Why, why do you write to me ſo often? Why do you ſee me ſo often? When you acknowledge the neceſſity of complying with my advice.

You tell me, if I bid you, you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go.—I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The laſt was too, too much. I did not recover myſelf all day. And your goodneſs to my little white-headed boy———He made me burſt into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured gentleman, and producing your preſent.

Either ſtay, and let our affection diſcover and ruin us—or go.

On the bended knees of love I intreat you, H. my deareſt H. to go.

LETTER XXV.

To Miſs ——.

Ireland,
26 March, 1776.

Ireland—England—Good Heavens, that M. ſhould be in one part of the world, and her H. in another! Will not our deſtinies ſuffer us to breathe the ſame air? Mine will not, I moſt firmly believe, let me reſt, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus? Approbation! And is that the coin to paſs between *us?*

Yet, I will obey you further. I will reſtrain my pen as much as poſſible. I will ſcratch the word love out of my dictionary. I will forget—I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will* forget you, or any thing which belongs to you. But I will, as you wiſely adviſe, and kindly deſire me, as much as poſſible, write on other ſubjects. Every thing entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *Twiſſify*, and write Tours—or any thing but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I *muſt* be allowed to talk of love, of M.

And, when I *am* able, you muſt allow me to put in

in a word or two ſometimes for myſelf. To-day, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly ſo *I* am.

The truth is—— my heart is full; and though I thought, when I took up my pen, I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to ſay. Were I ſitting by your ſide now (oh that I were!) I ſhould only have power to recline my cheek upon your ſhoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own ſafety, but for your ſake, is the laſt of my conſiderations. Our paſſage was rather boiſterous, but not dangerous. Mrs. F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter I wrote juſt before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour; were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why did you cheat me ſo about that box? Had I known I ſhould find, upon opening it, that the things were for me, I would never have brought it. But that you knew. Was it kind, my M. to give me ſo many *daily* memorandums of you, when I was to be at ſuch a diſtance from you? Oh, yes, it was, it was, *moſt* kind. And that, and you, and all your thouſand and ten thouſand kindneſſes I never will forget. The purſe ſhall be my conſtant companion, the ſhirts

I'll wear by night, one of the handkerchiefs was obliged to uſe in drying my eyes as ſoon as I opened the box, the——

God, God, bleſs you in this world—that is, give you your H.—and grant you an eaſy paſſage to eternal bleſſings in a better world.

If you go before me, may the ſtroke be ſo inſtantaneous, that you may not have time to caſt one longing, lingering look on

H!

LETTER XXVI.

To the SAME.

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

Your's, dated April the firſt, would have diverted me, had I been ſome leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, becauſe I know with how much difficulty you ſtudy for any thing like wit or humour in the preſent ſituation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it, as he ought, will remember it, as he ought—Yet, with what a melancholy tenderneſs it concluded! *There* ſpoke your heart.

Your ſituation, when you wrote it, was ſomething like that of an actreſs, who ſhould be obliged

ged to play a part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by ſome real cataſtrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have ſaid ſomething like this in the long letter I have written you ſince. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you ſeal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or ſix words. Leave a ſpace for your ſeal. Suppoſe that ſhould be the part of your letter which tells me you ſtill love me. If the wax cover it, I ſee it not—I find no ſuch expreſſion in your letter—I grow diſtracted—and immediately ſet out for Charing Croſs to aſk you whether you do indeed ſtill love me.

In the hoſpitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curſe in their language, ſtrongly deſcriptive of it—"May the graſs grow at your door!"—The women, if I knew not you, I ſhould find ſenſible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to every thing, and to every perſon but you. If I write any more this morning, I ſhall certainly ſin againſt your commands.

Why do you ſay nothing of your dear children? I inſiſt upon it you buy my friend a taw, and two dozen of marbles; and place them to the account of

Your humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To the SAME.

Ireland, 20 April, 76.

Thanks for the two letters I received laſt week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of ſorrow.

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the preſs. It will not do. Few are they, who like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are juſt. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill, adviſes a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days, Chriſtie would knock Chatterton out of all chance in a week.—The Spaniards have a proverb, "He, who cannot make one verſe, is a block-"head; he, who makes more, is a fool."—Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps you may not know he was ſtarved to death in the temple of the Muſes at Metapontum. The Muſes have no temples, it is true, in our days (for God knows they are not much worſhipped now), but the Ladies are not without their human ſacrifices.

A young man was complaining the other day that he had loſt his appetite; "Turn poet, then,"

ſaid one in company, " they generally have pretty ſtout ones."

Your *ſenſible* eyes have not long, I know, been dry from the tale of Chatterton. Even now a pearly drop peeps over the brim of each; and now they drop, drop upon his mangled memory, like the Samaritan's balm upon the traveller's wounds. —And, perhaps, what I had heard and told you, may not be half.

That I may make you ſome amends for teazing you with my bad poetry the other day, I will to-day ſend you ſome very good. It is the compoſition of a clergyman, an Engliſhman, ſettled near Dublin. It got the prize at Oxford not long ſince, and was ſpoken in the theatre at ſuch a public buſineſs, as one at which, I think, I remember to have heard you ſay you were preſent. Perhaps you were there this very time.

When you have read the lines, you will think I need not add a word about the author's abilities.

On the Love of our Country.

YE ſouls illuſtrious, who, in days of yore,
With peerleſs might the Britiſh target bore,
Who, clad in wolf-ſkin, from the ſcythed car,
Frown'd on the horrid brow of mailed war;

Who

Who dar'd your rudely painted limbs oppoſe
To ſteel of Chalybs, and to Roman foes:
And ye of later age, tho' not leſs fame
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
of Arthur's barons, wont, in hardieſt ſport,
To claim the faireſt Guerdon of the Court;
Say, holy ſhades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll thro' your faithful ſons in nobler flood,
Than * late, when GEORGE bad gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided ſword of liberty;
Say, when the high-born Druids magic ſtrain
Rouz'd on old Mona's top a female train
To madneſs, and with more than mortal rage
Bad them like furies in the fight engage,
Frantic when each unbound her briſtling hair,
And ſhook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild
deſpair;
Or when on Creſſy's plain the ſable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy ſhades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts, with quicker tranſports beat
Than in your ſons, when forth like ſtorms they
pour'd
In freedom's cauſe, the fury of the ſword?
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With *Hawke* who conquer'd, or with *Wolf* who bled.

* Theſe lines were written ſoon after the inſtallation at Windſor.

Poor is his triumph, and diſgrac'd his name,
Who draws the ſword for empire, wealth or fame;
For him tho' wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Tho' fame announce him mightieſt of mankind,
Tho' twice ten nations ſink beneath his blade,
Virtue diſowns him, and his glories fade.
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans ſung,
No bleſſings chaunted from a nation's tongue;
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier,
The curſe of widows and the orphan's tear
Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head;
Alive, deſerted; and accurſt, when dead.
Indignant of his deeds, the muſe, who ſings
Undaunted truth, and ſcorns to flatter Kings,
Shall ſhew the monſter in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake or a ſtorm.

Not ſo the patriot chief, who dar'd withſtand
The baſe invader of his native land,
Who made her weal his nobleſt, only end,
Rul'd but to ſerve her, fought but to defend,
Her voice in council, and in fight her ſword,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd,
Who firmly virtuous, and ſeverely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not ſave.
On worth like his, the muſe delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat,

Crowns

Crowns with true glory, and with ſpotleſs fame,
And honours *Paoli's* more than *Frederick's* name.

Here let the muſe withdraw the blood-ſtain'd veil
And ſhew the boldeſt ſon of public zeal.
See Sidney leaning o'er the block! His mien,
His voice, his hand, unſhaken, clear, ſerene.
Yet no harangue, proudly declaimed aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No ſpecious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die.
But ſternly ſilent, down he bows—to prove
How firm his public, tho' miſtaken love.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to reſtore,
Who nobly acted, what he boldly wrote,
And ſeal'd by death, the leſſons that he taught

Dear is the tie that links the anxious ſire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the grateful youth
His ſire's fond cares and drooping age to ſooth;
Dear is the brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife;
Dear all the charities of ſocial life:
Nor wants firm friendſhip holy wreaths to bind
In mutual ſympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing ſprings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love,

Not

Not all the ties that kindred boſoms bind,
Not all in friendſhip's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half ſo dear, ſo potent to controll
The gen'rous workings of the patriot ſoul,
As is that holy voice which cancels all
Thoſe ties, which bids him for his country fall,
At this high ſummons, wi h undaunted zeal,
He bares his breaſt, invites th' impending ſteel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one ſigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth glory, tho' her port be bold,
Her aſpect radiant, and her treſſes gold,
Guide thro' the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war:
She not diſdains the gentler vale of peace,
Nor olive ſhades of philoſophic eaſe,
Where heav'n-taught minds to wooe the muſe reſort,
Create in colours, or with ſounds tranſport;
Where youths court ſcience, or where ſages teach,
Where ſtateſmen plan, where mitred fathers preach—
More pleas'd on Iſis' ſilent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the ſpoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the ſtarry ſky,
And God the ſame in all his orbs deſcry;

To lead forth merit from her humble ſhade;
Extend to riſing arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice ſtructure of the gen'rous law,
That holds the free-born ſoul in willing awe;
O'er pale misfortune drop, with friendly ſigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe affliction's eye;
Theſe, theſe are deeds Britannia muſt approve,
Muſt nurſe their growth with all a parent's love.
Theſe are the deeds that public virtue owns,
And, juſt to public virtue, glory crowns.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the SAME.

Ireland, 3d May, 1776.

My laſt, I hope, did not offend you. The bank note I was obliged to return; although I thank you for it, more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, becauſe you will not load me with your debts, increaſe thoſe debts; at leaſt, prevent you from diminiſhing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I ſhould be unworthy your love. But be not offended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of ſuch things

things ſhould have accompanied it, had heaven made me ſo rich.

Be not anxious about me.—Talk not of the poſtage which your dear letters coſt me. Will you refuſe to make your H. happy? And think you I can pay too dear for happineſs?

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich—as rich as a Jew: And without taking into the calculation the treaſure I poſſeſs in your love.——Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor ſoul! That does not ſwallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Goſport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means beſide, I dare ſay, could I but recollect them.—Go to—I tell you I *am* rich. So, let me know you got the ſilver paper ſafe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich! To be ſure I am—why, I can afford to go to plays. I ſaw Catley laſt night, in your favourite character.—By the way, I'll tell you a ſtory of her, when ſhe was on your ſide the water.

Names do not immortalize praiſe-worthy anecdotes, they immortalize names.—Some difference had ariſen between Miſs Catley and the managers, concerning the terms upon which ſhe was to be engaged for the ſeaſon. One of the managers called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury Lane, to ſettle it. The maid was going to ſhew

the gentleman up ſtairs, and to call her miſtreſs. "No, no," cries the actreſs, who was in the kitchen, and heard the manager's voice, "there "is no occaſion to ſhew the gentleman to a "room.—I am buſy below" (to the manager) "making apple-dumplings for my brats. You "know whether you have a mind to give me the "money I aſk, or not. I am none of your fine "ladies, who get a cold or the tooth ach, and "can't ſing. If you have a mind to give me "the money, ſay ſo; my mouth ſhall not open "for a farthing leſs. So, good morning to you "—and don't keep the girl there in the paſſage; "for I want her to put the dumplings in the "pot, while I nurſe the child."—The turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel's cold leg of mutton, are worthy to be ſerved up on the ſame day with Nan Catley's apple-dumplings.

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk of other people and write thus gayly. Nothing can make me truly unhappy, but a change in your ſentiments of me. By the Almighty God of heaven, I know my own feelings ſo thoroughly, I do not think I could ſurvive ſuch a thing.

As you love me, ſcold me not about the poplin you'll receive next week. It coſt me nothing—I may ſurely give what was given to me.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
29 May, 1776.

Do you think, that to make ſuch propoſals, as your laſt contained, is the way to reconcile me to this worſe than baniſhment?—You refuſed to come into my ſcheme of marriage—Nothing ſhall tempt me to come into your ſcheme. Perſiſt in your idea of going on the ſtage; and, as I live, I'll come over and make a party to damn you the firſt night of your appearance. Since you will not ſhare my fortunes, I will not ſhare your earnings.

The ſtory you mention at Flambrough, of Boardingham, who was murdered by his wife and her lover, is moſt ſhocking. The reflections you draw from it are moſt juſt; and what you ſay of our ſituation moſt true. The woman muſt have been beyond a wild beaſt ſavage. Yet their feelings, when ſhe and Aikney were at the gallows together (ſuppoſing any thing like love remained) muſt have been exquiſite.—I proteſt, I would willingly embrace with M. the cruelleſt death which torture could invent (provided ſhe were on a bed

of roſes. than lead the happieſt life without her! —— What viſions have I conjured up! —my pen drops from my hand. ——

Your catch upon a bumper I like much. It beats, both in words and muſic, " A bumper 'Squire Jones." By the way, what an odd word it is! Let me make a linguiſt of you to day.

The learned Johnſon deriveth *bumper* (" a cup " filled till the liquor ſwells over the brims") from *bump*, which cometh, he ſaith, from *bum* perhaps, as being prominent; the which *bum* cometh, we are told, from *bomme* (Dutch) and ſignifieth " the part on which we ſit." —— The word *bumper* is by ſome writer derived from *bonpere*, the uſual familiar phraſe for prieſts, who were ſuppoſed not to diſlike *bumpers*. —This I may ſay—if " a cup filled till the liquor ſwells " over the brims" comes from " the part on " which we ſit," it muſt be granted, as a French poet ſays of *Alfana*'s coming from *equus*,

Qu' en venant de la, juſqu' icy,
Il a bien changé ſur la route.

And now I have ended in good ſpirits, as well as you. I remember the time when Hamlet might have ſaid to me, as he does to Horatio,

" Thou

" Thou haſt no revenue but thy good ſpirits
" To feed and cloath thee."

Now, I have got a little revenue, which M. will not ſhare with me, and God knows who has got my good ſpirits.—Well, I muſt not think.

LETTER XXX.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
18 June, 76.

My Laura is not angry with me, I hope, for the three or four *tender* letters I have written to her ſince the beginning of this month. And yet, your's of yeſterday ſeems to ſay you are. If I bear my ſituation like a man, will you not allow me to feel it like a man?

Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay.
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting me more, and double my diſtreſs.

But you ſay I muſt not write thus. If I can help it, I will not.

Shall I write about the weather or politics? The ſun ſhines to-day, yeſterday it rained. If

you

you wiſh to appear learned, tell the next company you go into, that the diſtreſſes of this country will ſoon oblige England to grant her a free trade, or ſomething very much like it. And add, that her grievances are more real now, than when, in 1601, ſhe complained to Elizabeth of the introduction of trials by jury.——Another ſlice of politics. Aſſert boldly, that Junius was written by Grenville's ſecretary. This is a *fact*, notwithſtanding what Wilkes relates of Lord Germaine's biſhop.

Is this the ſtyle of letter-writing you allow me? —Try again, then.

The favours I have received from the worthy man I mentioned in a letter or two ago, are by his goodneſs every day increaſed. Some ſuperior ſouls have affected to hate mankind. Here is one, who, with an underſtanding and an experience inferior to none, never loſes an opportunity of befriending a fellow creature. I am afraid ſometimes, that misfortune will one day or another play him ſome confounded dog's trick, he takes ſuch pleaſure in thwarting every ſcheme ſhe lays for any one's ruin.

Yet, even this amiable character is not without his defects. The following lines I ſent him this

morning after playing at Vignt-Un in company with him laſt night.

To H—— ſays a certain friend,
(Both idle, rhyming bards)
" ——, with good manners and beſt ſenſe,
" Can't bear to loſe at cards.

" With ſuch a head"—" And ſuch a heart,"
Adds H—- " 'tis high treaſon.
" But I, who knew that heart ſo well,
" Have found, I think, the reaſon.

" Friend to the poor, his purſe their box,
" He always would be winner;
" For then they win. But, ſhould he loſe,
" The poor too loſe a dinner."

This country's facetious Dean ſaid, his friend Arbuthnot could do every thing but walk. My friend can do every thing but loſe at cards.

Feeling, and all the commanding powers of the mind, were never perhaps before ſo mixed up together. A tale of ſorrow will make his little eyes wink, wink, wink, like a green girl's. Before the company came laſt night, I ſhowed him " Auld Robin Gray"; and, though he had ſeen it before, he could not get over " My mother could na ſpeak," without winking. For the credit of your

ſide

ſide of the water, he is an Engliſhman. His agreeable wife, by her beauty and accompliſhments, does credit to this country. She is remarkable alſo for her feeling, though in a different way. You ſhall relate an anecdote of diſtreſs, or read a ſtory of ill uſage, and, while his eyes are winking for the object of the ill uſage or the diſtreſs, her's ſhall be ſtriking fire with rage againſt the author of it. "Good God! ſhe exclaims, "if that villain was but in my power!—" And I ſometimes think ſhe is going to ring for her hat and cloak, that ſhe may ſally forth, and pull his houſe about his ears.—Bound up together (as they are and as I hope they will long continue) they form a complete ſyſtem of humanity.——

It would have gratified me much to have been with you when Garrick took his farewell of the ſtage. Do you remember the laſt paper in the *Idler* upon its being the *laſt?* The reflection that it was the *laſt* time Garrick would ever play, was, in itſelf, painful. How, my Laura, my M. my life, ſhall I bear it, if I ever ſhould be doomed to take my laſt leave, my laſt look of you!——

—In what I wrote this morning I mentioned the *Idler*. A curious letter was ſhown me the other day by a clergyman, which he aſſures me is authentic, and was written by the late Lord Gower to a friend of Dean Swift. As I know how you admire

admire the eminent perſon whom it concerns, I ſend it to you.

" Mr. Samuel Johnſon (author of *London*, a ſatire, and ſome other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much reſpected by ſome worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are truſtees of a charity-ſchool now vacant, the certain ſalary of which is ſixty pounds per annum, of which they are deſirous to make him maſter, but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being Maſter of Arts, which by the ſtatutes of this ſchool the maſter of it muſt be. Now theſe gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have intereſt enough in you to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift to perſuade the Univerſity of Dublin to ſend a diploma to me, conſtituting this poor man Maſter of Arts in their Univerſity. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be perſuaded that the Univerſity will make any difficu'ty of conferring ſuch a favour upon a ſtranger, if he is recommended by the Dean.——They ſay he is not afraid of the ſtricteſt examination, though he is off ſo long a journey; but wi l venture it if the Dean thinks it neceſſary, chooſing rather to die upon the road, than to be ſtarved to death in tranſlating for bookſellers, which has been his only ſubſiſtence for ſome time paſt. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than theſe good-natured gentlemen apprehend; eſpecially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 10th of next month. If you ſee this matter in the ſame light it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you ſo much trouble about an impracticable thing: but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favor aſked, I am ſure your humanity and propenſity to relieve merit in diſtreſs, will incline you to ſerve the poor man, without my adding

adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than aſſuring you I am, with great truth,

&c.

Trentham,
Aug. 1, 1737.

One other ſubject for your reflection, and I have done.

What muſt have been Johnſon's feelings, when, in his wonderful work, the Engliſh Dictionary, he cited the following paſſage from Aſcham, as an inſtance of the uſe of the word *Men?* "Wits live obſcurely, men care not how; or die obſcurely, men mark not when."

LETTER XXXI.

To Mr. ———.

England, 25 June, 1776.

Let me give you joy of having found ſuch kind and agreeable friends in a ſtrange land. The account you ſent of the gentleman and lady, eſpecially of the latter, quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A lady, from whom I have received particular favours, is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your ſide of the water, ſhe is an Iriſh woman. Her agreeable huſband, by his beauty and accompliſhments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable alſo for his feelings.*

Adieu! This will affect you, I dare ſay, in the ſame manner your account affected me.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

To Miſs ——.

Ireland,
1 July 76.

Your little billet, of the 25th of laſt month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. 'Till I ſaw the joke I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the ſame packet, I ſhould have been miſerable. Yet, I wiſh you happy, *moſt* happy; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happineſs from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elſewhere, the wife of my *friend*, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two maſters, Love and Honour. If I did not conſider you as my wife, I would add, you know I have but *one* miſtreſs.

A friend of mine is going to England—(happy fellow I ſhall think him, to be but in the ſame country with you)—He will call at the Cannon coffee-houſe for me. Do ſend me, thither, the French book you mention, *Werther*. If you don't, I poſitively never will forgive you. Nonſenſe, to

ſay it will make me unhappy, or that I ſhan't be able to read it! Muſt I piſtol myſelf, becauſe a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to ſet the example, or becauſe a German noveliſt has feigned ſuch a ſtory? If *you* don't lend it me, I will moſt aſſuredly procure it ſome time or another; ſo, you may as well have the merit of obliging me.—My friend will ſend a ſmall parcel for you to D. ſtreet. The books I ſend you, becauſe I know you have not got them, and becauſe they are ſo much cheaper here. If you are afraid of emptying my purſe (which by the way is almoſt worn out), you ſhall be my debtor for them. So, ſend me a note of hand, *value received*. The other things are ſurely not worth mentioning.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mr. ———.

England, 20 Aug. 76.

For God's ſake! where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?—Are you ill? God forbid! And I not with you to nurſe you! If you are, why don't you let ſomebody elſe write to me? Better all ſhould be diſcovered, than ſuffer what I ſuffer. It's more than a month ſince I heard from you. A month uſed to bring me

eight or ten letters. When I grew uneaſy, it was in vain, as I ſaid in my laſt, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I would certainly have ſeen him, and aſked him about you). What is become of all my letters for this laſt month? Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purſe? The book you mentioned, is juſt the only book you ſhould never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never read it! Perhaps you have read it—Perhaps! —I am diſtracted.——Heaven only knows to whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir!

If you are a woman, I think you will; if you are a man, and ever loved, I am ſure you will, oblige me with one line to ſay what is come of Mr. —— of the —— regiment. Direct to Mrs. ——, D ſtreet, London.——Any perſon whoſe hands my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they find me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if poſſible, too well, will thank them.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Miſs ———.

Ireland,
10 Sept. 1776.

As I am no ſportſman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myſelf happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at eaſe about me. My health, upon my honour! upon our love! is almoſt re-eſtabliſhed—Were I not determined to keep on *this* ſide the truth, I would ſay *quite*. The four letters I have written to you, ſince I received your frantic ſheet of paper, have explained and made up every thing. How can I ſufficiently thank you for all your letters? Eſpecially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know any body employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he ſhould inſert it in your own words.

Excuſe me, I am unwillingly called away.—

What I ſaid this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection ſomething of that ſort. Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirſt, in the year 1711, lived ſervant with

with the honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, in re-delivering a parcel of letters to his maſter, by maſtake he gave him one which he had written to his ſweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He ſoon diſcovered the miſtake, and hurried back to his maſter; but, unfortunately for poor James, it happened to be the firſt that preſented itſelf to Mr. Wortley, and, before James returned, he had given way to a curioſity which led him to open it, and read the love-told ſtory of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," ſays Mr. Wortley, "James, you ſhall "be a great man, this letter ſhall appear in the "Spectator."

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Sir Richard Steel.—It was accordingly publiſhed in his own words, and is that letter, No. 71, volume the firſt of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindneſs of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wiſhes were compleated, a ſpeedy end was put to a paſſion which would not diſcredit much ſuperior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the

ſiſter. He died, not many years ſince, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds, Yorkſhire.

To marry you is the utmoſt of my wiſhes; but, remember, I don't engage to marry your ſiſter in caſe of your death.—Death! How can I think of ſuch a thing, though it be but in joke?

LETTER XXXV.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
15 Sept. 1776.

The commands of your laſt letter, for the reaſons you give, I have immediately obeyed. My enquiries, about the young Engliſhman you mention, amount to this. He is liked tolerably well here. He would be liked more, if he took more pains to be liked. His contempt for ſome people in the world, whom others deſpiſe perhaps as well as he, is ſometimes too conſpicuous. Accident has given me an opportunity to ſee and know a great deal of him; and with certainty. His heart is certainly not bad. His abilities are as certainly not equal to what he once confeſſes to have thought them; perhaps

haps they are ſuperior to the opinion he now entertains of them. He has ambition and emulation enough to have almoſt ſupplied any want of genius, and to have made him almoſt any thing, had he fallen into proper hands. But his ſchoolmaſters knew nothing of the human heart, nor over much of the head. Though indolent to a degree, a keen eye might have diſcovered, may ſtill diſcover, induſtry at the bottom; a good cultivator might have turned it, may ſtill turn it, to good account. His friendſhips are warm, ſincere, decided—his enmities the ſame. He complains, now and then, that ſome of his friends will pretend to know him better than they know themſelves, and better than they know any thing elſe. "They would play upon "him; they would ſeem to know his ſtops; "they pretend to be able to ſound him from "his loweſt note, to the top of his compaſs; "and there is much muſic, excellent voice, in "a little pipe, yet cannot they make it ſpeak. "Do they think," he demands, "that he is "eaſier to be play'd than a pipe?"—Why, really, I do not think this is the caſe at preſent, whatever it may have been. Secrecy is not brought *into* the world, it is acquired *in* the world. An honeſt heart can only acquire it by

by experience The character which he had certainly gotten ſome how among ſome of his intimates, has been of ſervice both to them and to himſelf. They made a point of ſecrecy, after they choſe to diſcover a want of it in him; and now he has made a point of it himſelf. My deareſt ſecret (*you* know what that is) ſhould now ſooner be truſted to him than to any of his former accuſers. The loudeſt of them, to my knowledge, was little calculated to judge; for, though he might not abſolutely think him a coward, he certainly did not ſuſpect his friend of courage, till ſufficient proof of it was given under his own eye. Now, in my opinion, true courage and reſolution are this Gentleman's marking characteriſtics. This is no great compliment; for, without them, I would not give a farthing for any man.

Such, in my judgment, is the young gentleman, about whom you wiſhed me to enquire, and with whom I happen to have lived a good deal. His principal merit is, that my amiable friend (the mention of whoſe wife juſt jogged your jealouſy) ſincerely loves him. That worthy man ſeldom throws away his attachment where it is not deſerved. Nor do I know any thing, in the gentleman, whoſe character I have been ſketching, which gives me more pleaſure, or which it would give him

him more pleaſure to have noticed, than the love and reſpect which I am ſure he feels for my friend; unleſs perhaps his affectionate ſenſe of the obligations which I believe I have told you he lies under to a Mr. B.——

So much for buſineſs. Now for an article of news. The latter end of laſt month a lady and her ſervant, as they were riding in Phœnix park, were ſtopped by a man on foot, very genteelly dreſſed in white clothes, and a gold-laced hat. He demanded the lady's money, which ſhe gave him, amounting to 26 guineas. The perſon put the caſh into one of his pockets, and took from the other a ſmall diamond hoop-ring, which he preſented to the lady, deſiring her to wear it for the ſake of an extraordinary robber, who made it a point of honour to take no more from a beautiful lady, than he could make a return for in value. He then, with great agility, vaulted over the wall, and diſappeared.

This you may perhaps call an Iriſh way of robbing. There certainly was ſomething original in it. The gentleman ſeems clearly to imagine that an exchange is no robbery.———

As to your threat, I will anſwer it in the ſame ſtyle—"I *will* love you—and if—!" But neither my anſwer, nor your threat, is original. Reading,

ing, this morning, a hiſtory of this country, I found the following anecdote. In 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulſter between the Chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tircohnel. This war had nothing more conſiderable for its immediate cauſe, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy ſhould recognize his authority by paying tribute. The laconic ſtile, in which the demand was made and rejected, would not have diſgraced a nobler conteſt. "Send me tribute—or elſe!"—was the meſſage of O'Neal. To which was returned, with the ſame princely brevity—"I owe you none "—and if—!"——But I talk nonſenſe. This does not prove your threat to have been borrowed; for I dare ſay, you never heard of O'Neal till this moment. It only proves that two people may expreſs themſelves alike.

Should any man who loved like me (if any man ever did love like me) have ſpoken of his love in terms like thoſe I uſe to ſpeak of mine, follows it therefore that I have borrowed either his paſſion or his language? Were it poſſible, for you to think ſo, I never would forgive you.—Pray copy the muſic you mention, in your next.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
18 Sept. 76.

How happens it that I have not ſooner noticed what you ſay, in a letter the beginning of laſt month, about the new puniſhment of working upon the Thames? Politicians may write more learned upon the matter, but I will defy Beccaria to write more feelingly or humanely. There certainly is much truth in what you ſay. Experience, however, will be the beſt teſt.—Perhaps my true reaſon for noticing your ſenſible letter thus late, was to introduce a ſcene which paſſed in the quickſilver mines of Idra, a ſtill more unpleaſant abode than Mr. Campbell's academy. This uſed to be Co'onel G.'s method, you remember, of introducing his home-made jokes. Not that my ſtory is home made—I take it from ſome Italian letters a brother officer lent me, written by Mr. Everard, and I give it you almoſt in his own words—except in one or two paſſages, where I think he has loſt an opportunity of ſurprizing the reader.

The

The pleaſure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in ſome meaſure diſpels my preſent uneaſineſs; an uneaſineſs cauſed at once by the diſagreeable aſpect of every thing round me, and the more diſagreeable ſcene to which I have been witneſs.

Something too I have to tell you of Count Alberti. You remember him one of the gayeſt, moſt agreeable perſons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair ſex. I often heard you repeat his name with eſteem, as one of the few that did honour to the preſent age; as poſſeſſed of generoſity and pity in the higheſt degree; as one who made no other uſe of fortune, but to alleviate the diſtreſſes of mankind. But firſt of all, the ſcene I mentioned.

After paſſing ſeveral parts of the Alps, and having viſited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without viſiting the quick-ſilver mines at Idra, and ſeeing thoſe dreadful ſubterranean caverns, where thouſands are condemned to reſide, ſhut out from all hopes of ever again beholding the chearful light of the ſun, and obliged to toil out a miſerable life under the whips of imperious taſk-maſters. Imagine to yourſelf an hole in the ſide of a mountain, of about five yards over. Down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than an hundred fathom; the proſpect growing ſtill more gloomy, yet ſtill widening, as you deſcend: At length, after ſwinging in terrible ſuſpenſe for ſome time in this precarious ſituation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which by its hollow ſound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, ſeems thundering at every ſtep you take. In this gloomy and frightful ſolitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there diſpoſed, ſo that the wretched inhabitants

habitants of theſe manſions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me aſſure you, that though they, by cuſtom, could ſee objects very diſtinctly by theſe lights, I could ſcarce diſcern, for ſome time, any thing; not even the perſon who came with me to ſhew me theſe ſcenes of horror.

From this deſcription, I ſuppoſe, you have but a diſagreeable idea of the place; yet let me aſſure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches mine eyes never yet beheld. The blackneſs of their viſages only ſerves to cover an horrid paleneſs, cauſed by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed to procure. As they in general conſiſt of malefactors condemned for life to this taſk, they are fed at the public expence; but they ſeldom conſume much proviſion.——They loſe their appetites in a ſhort time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of the joints of the body.

In this horrid manſion I walked after my guide for ſome time, pondering on the ſtrange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accoſted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the moſt cordial affection. I turned and ſaw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, with a moſt piteous accent, demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me?" Good God, what was my ſurprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedneſ, I diſcovered the features of my old and dear friend Count Alberti! I flew to him with affection: and after a tear of condolence, aſked how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Auſtrian infantry againſt the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to

fly into one of the foreſts of Iſtria, where he was firſt taken, and afterwards ſheltered, by ſome banditti, who had long infeſted that quarter. With theſe he had lived for nine months, till, by a cloſe inveſtiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obſtinate reſiſtance, in which the greateſt part of them fell, he was ſecured and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive on the wheel. When he arrived at the capital, he was quickly known, and, ſeveral of the aſſociates of his accuſation and danger witneſſing his innocence, his puniſhment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra. A ſentence, in my opinion, a thouſand times worſe than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who, at once I ſaw, had been born for better fortune. The dreadful ſituation of the place was not able to deſtroy her beauty, and even in this ſcene of wretchedneſs, ſhe ſeemed to have charms to grace the moſt brilliant aſſembly.

This lady was daughter to one of the firſt families in Germany, and, having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at laſt reſolved to ſhare his miſeries, as ſhe could not relieve them. With him ſhe accordingly deſcended into theſe manſions, from which few ever return; and with him ſhe is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, deſpiſing the ſplendours of opulence, and contented with the conſciouſneſs of her own conſtancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Now

Now can I tell all the feelings of your dear heart. Now ſee I your fancy buſy with her magic pencil; and affecting is the picture it has begun. Begun—for your weeping eyes will not ſuffer you to finiſh it. Can not you, through all your tears, diſtinguiſh Alberti and his wife dying in each others arms after about half a year? What a ſcene!

Is there any ſum of money you would not give to have this tragedy end happily? That, of courſe, is impoſſible. But Everard ſpeaks of the poor ſouls in his next letter, which I may perhaps ſend you in *my next*.——

Come——be a good girl, and you ſhall have it now, though it will not give you *much* conſolation.

"My laſt to you was expreſſive, and perhaps too much ſo, of the gloomy ſituation of my mind. I own the deplorable condition of the worthy man deſcribed in it, was enough to add double ſeverity to the hideous manſions at preſent; however, I have the happineſs to inform you, that I was ſpectator of the moſt affecting ſcene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my laſt, a perſon came poſt from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater ſhaft. He was ſoon after followed by a ſecond, and he by a third. The firſt enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the beſt information. Two of theſe were the brother and

couſin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow ſoldier of the Count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought; who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and preſented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumſtances. It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the joy that brightened up his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion leſs vivid at ſeeing her friends, and hearing of her huſband's freedom: ſome hours were employed in mending the appearances of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock; to another his working cloaths; to a third his little houſehold utenſils, ſuch as were neceſſary for him in that ſituation. We ſoon emerged from the mine, and he once again reviſited the ſight of the ſun, which he had totally deſpaired of ever ſeeing. A poſt-chaiſe was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, whither, I am ſince informed by a letter from himſelf, they are returned. The empreſs has taken them into favour; his fortune and rank are reſtored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleaſing ſatisfaction of feeling happineſs with double reliſh, becauſe they once knew what it was to be miſerable."

Says not our friend Sterne, that the circumſtance of his being at Rennes at the very time the Marquis reclaimed his forfeited nobility and his ſword, was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one?—I believe it: and every other incident of good fortune befall all ſuch travellers!

Did

Did not I say this second part of the story would not afford you *much* consolation? Excuse me for such a falsity. That was only to surprize you. Well I knew what would be my M.'s feelings.

Are you as deep in astrology as when you wrote last to me? On the page I have to spare I will send you some hasty lines which I scribbled the other day to ridicule the weakness of a Dr. W. who is as great a—fool at least as Dryden, and never fails to cast the nativity of his children.

Kind heaven has heard the parent's prayer,
Each gossip hails the son and heir,
"Pray let the Doctor see."—
"My master, ma'am? Your labour past;
"He's got among the stars, to cast
His son's nativity."

Three hours elaps'd, our sage descends,
With "well, and how's the child, my friends?"
"He's happy, Sir, ere this."—
"Happy! why yonder stars ne'er shed
"Benigner influence on the head
"Of happier, I guess.
"Worth, virtue, wisdom, honour, wealth,
"Man's best and only riches, health,
"Assuredly await.
"Heav'n's favour'd child——or never more
"Say I have knowledge to explore
"The secret page of fate.

" Twas there I read my happy boy
" Full ſeventy ſummers ſhould enjoy
" Ere"——when nurſe ſobb'd and ſaid,
" Good lack!——the babe to whom kind heaven,
" So many bounteous gifts hath given,
" Theſe two hours hath been——dead."

LETTER XXXVII.

To the SAME.

Ireland.
26 January, 1777.

One of Lord Harcourt's ſuite will carry this to England. His Lordſhip was relieved from guard yeſterday by the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant. As politicks have not much to do with love, I ſhall not trouble you with a hiſtory of the late reign, or with a prophecy of what will be the preſent. Only let our great actors take care they do not play the farce of America in Ireland.

My ſpirits, I thank you, are now tolerably well. But you know I am, at leaſt I know I have been ever ſince you have known me, a ſtrange comical fellow. Neither one thing nor t'other. Sometimes in the garret, but, much oftener down in the cellar. If Salvator Roſa, or Rouſſeau, wanted

to draw a particular character, I am their man. But you and I ſhall yet be happy together, I know; and then my ſpirits and paſſions will return into their uſual channels.

Why do you complain of the language and tenderneſs of my letters? Suppoſe they were not tender. What would you ſay, what would you think, then? Muſt not love ſpeak the language of love? Nay, do we not ſee every day that love and religion have mutual obligations, and continually borrow phraſes from each other? Put Jamie or Jenny, inſtead of Chriſt, and ſee what you will make of Mrs. Rowe's moſt ſolemn poems, or of Dr. Watts's hymns.

Let me tranſcribe you a letter written by another perſon to a lady.

"Sir Benjamin telling me you were not come to town at "3 o'clock, makes me in pain to know how your ſon does, "and I can't help enquiring after him and dear Mrs. Free- "man. The Biſhop of Worceſter was with me this morn- "ing before I was dreſſed. I gave him my letter to the "Queen, and he has promiſed to ſecond it, and ſeemed to "undertake it very willingly: though, by all the diſcourſe "I had with him (of which I will give you a particular "account when I ſee you), I find him very partial to her. "The laſt time he was here, I told him you had ſeveral "times deſired you might go from me, and I have repeated "the ſame thing again to him. For you may eaſily imagine

"I would

" I would not neglect doing you right on all occaſions. But
" I beg it again for Chriſt Jeſus's ſake, that you would ne-
" ver name it any more to me; for, be aſſured, if you ſhould
" ever do ſo cruel a thing as to leave me, from that mo-
" ment I ſhall never enjoy one quiet hour. And, ſhould
" you do it without asking my conſent (which if I ever
" give you, may I never ſee the face of heaven), I will
" ſhut myſelf up, and never ſee the world more, but live
" where I may be forgotten by human kind."

What think you of this letter? If it ſhould have been written by a woman to a woman, ſurely you will allow H. to write a little tenderly to his own M. This was really the caſe. It is tranſcribed from " an account of the conduct of the Dowager Ducheſs of Marlborough," printed for W. Smith in Dame-ſtreet, Dublin, 1742, which I bought at Wilſon's in Dame-ſtreet yeſterday. The pamphlet contains others as loving. This I find page 40. It was written to Lady Marlborough by her Miſtreſs (one would have thought the word *miſtreſs* in one ſenſe did belong to one of the parties), when ſhe was only Princeſs of Denmark. It refers to the quarrel between the Princeſs and her royal ſiſter and brother in-law, becauſe ſhe would not part with her favourite, upon Lord Marlborough's having diſpleaſed the King.

Theſe two female lovers always correſponded, under the names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, at the particular deſire of the Princeſs, who fixed upon the names. And this, after ſhe was Queen Anne.—Be aſſured, my M. that, although I write to you with almoſt the ſame madneſs of affection, I will ever imitate her example, for all its royalty, and exchange you for a muſhroom of your own raiſing (Mrs. Maſham).

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
6 Feb. 1777.

My laſt was merry, you know. I can't ſay as much for your laſt. To-day you muſt ſuffer me to indulge my preſent turn of mind in tranſcribing ſomething which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poiſoned herſelf not long ſince at Inniſkillen. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after a dinner yeſterday, who is come hither about buſineſs, and lives in the neighbourhood of Inniſkillen.

The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married about two years, and lived with her huſband all that time with ſeeming eaſe and chearfulneſs.

—She was remarkably chearful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them,

in

in the evening, ſet them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arſenick.

—She left a writing on her table, in which is obſcurely hinted the ſad circumſtance which urged her impatience to this deſperate act.

Encloſed is an exact copy even to the ſpelling.

"This is to let all the world know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occaſions this my untimely end: but deſpair of ever being happy in this world, as I have ſufficient reaſons to think ſo. I own 'tis a ſinful remedy, and very uncertain to ſeek happineſs, but I hope that God will forgive my poor ſoul: Lord have mercy on it! But all I beg is to let none reproach my friends with it, or ſuſpect my virtue or my honour in the leaſt, though I am to be no more.

Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and ſiſters, and let all mothers take care, and never force a child as mine did me: but I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe ſhe meant my good by my marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilſt my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my former peace and tranquility of mind; which I wanted for a long time: but oh! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity; and the Lord ſave me from eternal damnation! Let no one blame Martin Dixon,* for he is in no fault of it.

I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than any thing elſe that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned)——and I have ſome well-wiſhers that I think proper to give them to.

* Her huſband.

First, to Betty Balfour, my ſilver buckles; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring; to Betty Mulligan, my laced ſuit, cap, handkerchief and ruffles: to Peggy Delap, a new muſlin handkerchief not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer, and hope for my ſake thoſe perſons will accept of theſe trifles, as a teſtimony of my regard for them.

I would adviſe * Jack Watſon to behave himſelf in an honeſt and obedient manner in reſpect to his mother and family, as he is all ſhe has to depend upon now.

I now go in God's name, though againſt his commands, without wrath or ſpleen to any one upon earth. The very perſon I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happineſs than he ever had, and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember ſuch a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, ſome perſons pleaſed to talk ſomething againſt my reput tion, as to a man in this town, but now, when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed; if ever I knew him, or any other but my huſband, may I never enter into glory; and them I forgive who ſaid ſo, but let that man's wife take care of them that told her ſo; for they meant her no good by it.

With love to one, friendſhip to few, and good will to all the world, I die, ſaying, Lord have mercy on my ſoul; with *an advice to all people never to ſuffer a paſſion of any ſort to command them as mine did in ſpite of me.* I pray God bleſs all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having ſuch a child as I, who is aſhamed to ſubſcribe myſelf an unworthy and diſgraceful member of the church of Scotland,

Jane Watſon,
otherwiſe, Dixon."

† Her brother.

My

My pen ſhall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by making a ſingle reflection. We both of us have made, I dare ſay, too many on it.—She too was *Jenny*, and had her Robin Gray.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
27 March, 77.

If you write as you wrote laſt week, I cannot bear this diſtance. Poſitively you muſt think of what I propoſed laſt month.

That I may not diſobey your commands this morning by writing too tenderly, I will tranſcribe you ſomething in return for the contents of your laſt. It is in a different ſtile, but full as capital. Tell me whether you don't think my French *Robin Gray* a good companion to your Engliſh one. The young Abbé who gave it me, aſſured me it is almoſt totally unknown even in France. Louis Petit (a friend of Corneille) wrote it, who died in 1693. Do let me ſet you the taſk of tranſlating it, when you will of courſe give Jeremiah leave to go and mind his own affairs.

Dès

Dès que *Robin* eut vu partir *Toinette*,
Il quitta là le ſoin de ſon troupeau,
I jetta loin panetiere et houlette,
Et ne garda rien que ſon chalumeau.
Il lamenta plus fort qu'un *Jérémie*;
Il ſouhaita mille fois le treſpas;
Et, dans ſon mal, il n'a d'autre ſoulas
Que d'entonner, ſur ſa flûte jolie,
Triſte chanſon, qui finit par, hélas!
C'eſt grand pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

Ces derniers mots, ſans ceſſer, il répéte,
Tantôt aſſis ſur le bord d'un ruiſſeau,
Tantôt couché deſſus la tendre herbette,
Tantôt le dos appuyé d'un ormeau.
Onc ne mena Berger ſi triſte vie.
Du doux ſommeil il ne fait plus de cas;
Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maiſgres repas;
Dances et jeux ne lui plaiſent plus mie,
Et dans ſa bouche il n'a rien qu'un —— hélas!
C'eſt grand pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

Il n'eſt berger qui ſon mal ne regrette;
Et près de lui bergeres du hameau
Vienuent chanter, filant leur quenouillette,
Pour conſoler ce triſte paſtoureau.
Mais leur doux chant point ne le ſolatie,
Tant la douleur le tient dedans ſes lacs!
Pour ne les voir, les yeux tient toujours bas;
Et, ſi leur dit, "laiſſez-moi, je vous prie;"
Puis auſſitôt revient à ſon —— hélas!
C'eſt grand pitié d'eſtre loin d'ſ'amie.

ENVOI.

Fils de *Cypris*, plus malin qu'une pie,
A conſoler *Robin* l'on perd ſes pas :
Toinette ſeule, avec ſes doux appas,
Le peut tirer de ſa mélancholie :
Rends la lui donc ; car, apreès tout —— hélas!
C'eſt grand pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

LETTER XL.

To the SAME.

Ireland,
20 April, 1777.

Now you ſee there is ſomething in dreams. But why is not your alarming letter more particular about your complaint? Do they nurſe you as tenderly as I would? Are they careful about your medicines? For God's ſake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the chief juſtice.

Sir William was grievouſly afflicted with the ſtone. In his ſevere fits he uſed to take a certain quantity of laudanum drops. On calling for his uſual remedy, during the moſt racking pains of his diſtemper, the drops could not be found. The ſervant was diſpatched to his apothecary;

thecary; but, inſtead of laudanum drops, he aſked for laudanum. A quantity of laudanum was accordingly ſent, with ſpecial charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But, the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his maſter's hand, who, in his agony, drank up the whole contents, and expired in leſs than an hour.

Why, my deareſt love, did you conceal your illneſs from me ſo long? Now, you may have revealed the ſituation of your health to me too late. God forbid!—If I write more, I ſhall write like a madman. A gentleman takes this who ſails for England to-day. To-morrow or next day the Colonel will be here. If Lord S. as I have reaſon to ſuſpect, has influenced him to refuſe me leave of abſence, I will moſt certainly fell out directly, which I have an opportunity to do. At any rate I will be with you in a few days. If I come without a commiſſion you muſt not be angry. To find you both diſpleaſed and ill, will be too much for your poor H. For my ſake, be careful. Dr. —— I inſiſt upon your not having any longer. His experience and humanity are upon a par. Poſitively you muſt contrive ſome method for me to ſee you. How can love like mine ſupport exiſtence

if you ſhould be ill, and I ſhould not be permitted to ſee you!—But I can neither think nor write any more.

LETTER XLI.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
Charing-Croſs,
4 May 77.

Did you get the incoherent ſcrawls I wrote you yeſterday and the day before? Your's I have this inſtant read and wept over. Your feeble writing ſpeaks you weaker than you own. Heavens, am I come hither only to find I muſt not ſee you! Better I had ſtaid in Ireland. Yet, now do I breath the ſame air with you. Nothing but your note laſt night could have prevented me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bedſide. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gather information from the paſſing lights whether you were better or worſe. For God of Heaven's ſake ſend me an anſwer to this.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. ———.

A. 4 May, 1777.
3 a'clock.

My dear miſtreſs bids me write this from her mouth.—"Theſe are the laſt words I ſpeak. My laſt thoughts will be on you; my deareſt dear H. In the next world we ſhall meet. Live, and cheriſh my memory. Accept the contents of this little box. Be a friend to my children. My little girl."——

LETTER XLIII.

To the SAME.

A. 4 May, 1777.
[5 o'clock.

My dear Soul,

At the hazard of my life I write this to tell you Heaven has ſpared my life to your prayers. The unfiniſhed note, which my haſty maid—I can't go on.

———

Sir,

My dear Miſtreſs bids me ſay, Sir, that her diſorder has taken a turn within this hour, and

the phyſicians have pronounced her out of all danger.——Honoured Sir, I humbly crave your pardon for ſending away my ſcribble juſt now, which I am afraid has made you uneaſy; but indeed, Honoured Sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear miſtreſs; and then, I am ſure I ſhould have broke my heart. For, to be ſure, no ſervant ever had a better, nor a kinder miſtreſs. Sir, I preſume to ſee your Honour to-morrow. My miſtreſs fainted away as ſhe began this, but is now better.

A. 6 a'clock.

LETTER XLIV.

To Miſs ——.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
27 June, 1777.
5 o'clock.

As I want both appetite and ſpirits to touch my dinner, though it has been ſtanding before me theſe ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleaſure in your delightful ſituation on the banks of the Thames, which no ſituation, no thing upon earth, can in your abſence, afford me!

Do

Do you aſk me what has lowered my ſpirits to-day? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to ſee the laſt of poor Dodd. Yes, "poor "Dodd!" though his life was juſtly forfeited to the laws of his country. The ſcene was affecting—it was the firſt of the kind I had ever ſeen; and ſhall certainly be the laſt. Though, had I been in England when Peter Toloſa was deſervedly executed in February, for killing Duarzey a young French woman with whom he lived; I believe I ſhould have attended the laſt moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deſerve the name of *man?*) was a Spaniard.

Do not think I want tenderneſs, becauſe I was preſent this morning. Will you allow yourſelf to want tenderneſs, becauſe you have been preſent at Lear's madneſs, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am ſure)—I do not make a profeſſion of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiſte* nor *amateur*—nor do I, like Paoli's friend and hiſtorian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Graſs-market at Edinburgh.

Raynall's book you have read, and admire. For its humanity it merits admiration. The

Abbé does not countenance an attendance on ſcenes of this ſort by his writings, but he does by his conduct. And I would ſooner take Practice's word, than Theory's. Upon my honour Raynall and Charles Fox, notwithſtanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfiniſhed houſe, cloſe by the ſtand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing the blame of his application to the chancellor on his wife; he certainly died with reſolution. More than once to day I have heard that reſolution aſcribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the humane ſociety, would be able to reſtore him to life. But I give him more credit. Beſides, Voltaire obſerves that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of thoſe who are preſent —— and St. Evremond (the friend of the French M.) diſcovered that *les Anglois ſurpaſſent toutes les nations a mourir*. Let me ſurpaſs all mankind in happineſs, by poſſeſſing my *Ninon* for life, and I care not how I die.

Some little circumſtances ſtruck me this morning, which, however you may refuſe to forgive me for ſo ſpending my morning, I am ſure you would not forgive me were I to omit.—Before the

the melancholy proceſſion arrived, a ſow was driven into the ſpace left for the ſad ceremony, nor could the idea of the approaching ſcene, which had brought the ſpectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and ſhouting, and enjoying the poor animal's diſtreſs, as if they had only come to Tyburn to ſee a ſow baited.

After the arrival of the proceſſion, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed ſomething diſagreeably ludicrous with the ſolemnity. The tendereſt could not but feel it, though they might be ſorry that they *did* feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off, and the night-cap brought for the purpoſe was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets de chambre are the greateſt enemies to heroes. Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At laſt arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noiſe which beſt explained the feelings of the ſpectators for the ſufferer. Did you never obſerve, at the ſight or the relation of any thing ſhocking, that you cloſed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, ſo as to

make

make a ſort of hiſſing ſound? This was done ſo univerſally at the fatal moment, that I am perſuaded the noiſe might have been heard at a conſiderable diſtance. For my own part, I detected myſelf, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have ſeen people wreathing and twiſting and biaſſing themſelves, after a bowl which they have juſt delivered.

Not all the reſuſcitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was ſo long before the mob would ſuffer the hearſe to drive away with his body.——

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How ſhocking, that a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, ſhould leave the world in ſuch a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almoſt ceaſed to ſhock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd. How many men, how many women, how many young and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their ſenſibilities about them, hear the ſounds, by which at this moment, I am diſturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the ſtreets! *The laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion, birth, parentage and education*—Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the

cry.

cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow being; ſometimes of half a dozen, or even *more*.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day. And her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying ſpeech, with more indifference than ſhe regards the honeſt tar hugging his ſweetheart at the top of "Blackeyed Suſan." All that ſtrikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-ſinger chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are ſmiling at the voice of the charmer, wives or huſbands (charm ſhe never ſo wiſely) children, parents or friends, perhaps all theſe and more than theſe, as pure from crimes as we, and purer ſtill perhaps, are weeping over the crime and puniſhment of the darling and ſupport of their lives. Still leſs do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the ſtart of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying-ſpeech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve)—ſtill leſs do we aſk ourſelves, whether the wretch, who, at the moment we hear this (which ought to ſtrike us as an) awful ſound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewel, and now hears the horſes whipped and encouraged to

draw

draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet——whether this wretch really deſerved to die more than we. Alas! were no ſpectators to attend executions but thoſe who deſerve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

Well—I have made an uncomfortable ſort of a meal on tea, and now I will continue my converſation with you. *Converſation* —— a plague on words, they will bring along with them ideas! This is all the converſation we muſt have together for ſome days. Have I deſerved the miſery of being abſent from my M.? To bring proofs of my love, would be to bring proofs of my exiſtence. They muſt end together. Oh M. does the chaſte reſolution which I have ſo religiouſly obſerved ever ſince I offered you marriage deſerve no ſmiles from Fortune? Is then my evil genius never to relent? Had I not determined to deſerve that ſucceſs which it is not for mortals to command, I ſhould never have ſtruggled with my paſſions as I did the firſt time we met after your recovery. What a ſtruggle! The time of year, the time of day, the ſituation, the danger from which

which you were hardly recovered, the number of months ſince we had met, the languor of your mind and body, the bed, the every thing—Ye cold-blooded, white-livered ſons and daughters of chaſtity, have ye no praiſes to beſtow on ſuch a forbearance as that? Yet, when your ſtrength failed you, and grief and tenderneſs diſſolved you in my arms; when you reclined your cheek upon my ſhoulder, and your warm tears dropt into my boſom; then——who could refrain?—then——

What then, ye clay-cold hyper-criticks in morality?

Then—even then—"I took but one kiſs, and I tore myſelf away."

Oh that I could take only one look, at this moment!

Your laſt ſays *the ſun will ſhine.* Alas, I ſee no ſigns of it. Our proſpects ſeem ſhut up for ever.

With regard to the ſtage—we will talk of it. My objections are not becauſe I doubt your ſucceſs. They are of a different kind—the objections of love and delicacy. Be not uneaſy about my ſelling out. The ſtep was not ſo imprudent. What think you of orders? More than once you know you have told me I have too much religion

for a ſoldier. Will you condeſcend to be a poor parſon's wife?

But I ſhall write till to-morrow at this rate.

LETTER XLV.

To the SAME.

7 July, 77.

Since laſt night I have changed my mind—totally changed it. I charge you not to ſee Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word your mind is changed. Never, will I conſent to be ſupported by your labours. Never, never ſhall your face, your perſon, your accompliſhments be expoſed for ſo much an hour. By the living God I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thoughts of any ſuch thing.

LETTER XLVI.

To the SAME.

Croydon,
20 Sept. 1777.

That you have taken to drawing gives me particular pleaſure. Depend upon it you will find it ſuit your genius. But, in truth, your genius

nius ſeizes every thing. While your old friend is eating his corn, I ſit down to tell you this; which I would not ſay to your face, leſt you ſhould call it flattery. Though you well know flattery is a thing in which *we* never deal. My opinion of the great man's ſtile of painting, who condeſcends to improve you in drawing, is exactly your's. Poſterity will agree with us. The ſubjects you recommended to his pencil are ſuch as I ſhould have expected from my M.'s fancy. While I walked my horſe hither this morning, two or three ſubjects of different ſorts, occurred to me. All of them would not ſuit his ſtile. But I know one or two of them would not diſpleaſe you, if well executed. Some of them I will ſend you.——

Louis xiv. when a boy, viewing the battle of St. Anthony from the top of Charonne. In 1650, I think.

Richard Cromwell, when the Prince de Conti, Condé's brother, told him in converſation, at Montpelier, without knowing him, that Oliver was a great man, but that Oliver's ſon was a miſcreant for not knowing how to profit by his father's crimes.

Milton, when the idea firſt ſtruck him of changing his myſtery into an epic poem.

Demoſthenes declaiming in a ſtorm.

William the Conqueror, and his rebellious ſon Robert, diſcovering each other in a battle; after they had encountered hand to hand for ſome time.

Charles XII. tearing the Vizir's robe with his ſpur. And again, after lying in bed ten months at Demotica.

" ——Though my mother could na ſpeak,
" She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

The Abra of Prior's Solomon,

" When ſhe, with modeſt ſcorn, the wreath return'd,
" Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd."

Our Elizabeth, when ſhe gave her Eſſex a box on the ear.

Chatterton's Sir Charles Bawdin, parting from his wife——

" Then tir'd out with raving loud,
" She fell upon the floor;
" Sir Charles exerted all his might,
" And *march'd* from out the door."

The Conference of Auguſtus, Anthony and Lepidus (you are deep in Goldſmith, I know). Do you remember the ſcene? Equally ſuſpicious of treachery, they agreed to meet on a little iſland near Mutina. Lepidus firſt paſt over. Finding every thing ſafe, he made the ſignal.—Behold them, yonder, ſeated on the ground, on the

the higheſt part of a deſolate iſland, unattended, fearful of one another, marking out cities and nations, dividing the whole world between them; and mutually reſigning to deſtruction, agreeably to liſts which each preſented, their deareſt friends and neareſt relations.——Salvator Roſa would not make me quarrel with him for doing the back ground. Your friend, if any one living, could execute the figures.

Let me ſuggeſt one more ſubject.—Monmouth's decapitation, in the time of James ii. Hiſtory ſpeaks well of his face and perſon. The circumſtances of his death are theſe.—He deſired the executioner to diſpatch him with more ſkill than he had diſpatched Ruſſel. This only added to the poor fellow's confuſion, who ſtruck an ineffectual blow. Monmouth raiſed his face from the block, and with a look (which I cannot deſcribe, but the painter muſt give) reproached his failure.—By the turn of the head, the effect of the blow might be concealed, and left to fancy; who might collect it from the faces of the neareſt ſpectators.—The remainder of the ſcene is too ſhocking for the eye, almoſt for the ear.—But, I know not how, whenever I am away from you, nothing is too ſhocking for *me*.——Monmouth again laid

down his head. The executioner ſtruck again *and again*, to as little purpoſe; and, at laſt, threw down the axe. The ſheriff obliged the man, whoſe feelings all muſt pity and reſpect, to renew his attempt. Two ſtrokes more finiſhed the butchery.

Were it poſſible to tear off this laſt ſubject without deſtroying half my letter, I really would. It will make you ſhudder too much. But, you ſee, it is not poſſible; and you prefer ſuch a letter as this, I know, to none. The paper only affords me room to ſay my horſe is ready. Every ſtep he carries me from you, will be a ſtep from happineſs.——My imagination *would* buſy herſelf juſt now, about the manner in which I ſhould behave, if I were to die as ignominiouſly as Monmouth. But, as I feel no inclination for rebellion, fancy threw away her pains.

LETTER XLVII.

To the SAME.

5 February, 1778.

Oh! my deareſt M. what I have gone through ſince I wrote to you laſt night it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe. Thank God, you were not in town! Suffice it that my honour and life are both

as

as you wiſh them. Now, mine of laſt night is more intelligible. How ſtrange, that the kindeſt letter almoſt you ever wrote me, ſhould come to me preciſely at the time I was obliged to make up my mind to quit the world, or, what is more, *much more*, to quit you! Yet, ſo it was.

The ſtory my letter mentioned, of a friend who had received ſuch an affront as no human being could away with, was my own. Your feelings agreed with me, I am ſure. Duelling is not what I defend. In general, almoſt always, it may be avoided. But caſes may be put, in which it can be avoided only by worſe than death, by everlaſting diſgrace and infamy. Had I fallen, I know where my laſt thoughts would have lingered; and you and your children would have had ſome tokens of my regard. Be aſſured the matter is for ever at an end, and at an end as properly as even you can wiſh. How happy ſhall we be, in 79, or 80 (for before that time we ſhall ſurely be bleſt with each other!), to have thoſe friends about us who were privy to this day; and to talk over the poſſibility of it!

H. in all thy future life ſacred be every fifth of February!

My mind is too much agitated to write any more this evening. To-morrow I will be more parti-

particular. My laſt I am ſure could not alarm you; though, had any thing happened, it would have prepared you. Don't be alarmed by this. Upon my honour! (with which you know I never preface a falſity) I am not hurt; nor, as it ſince turns out, is the other gentleman—at leaſt, not materially.

One trifling circumſtance I muſt mention. As I was determined either to kill or to be killed (unleſs ſufficient apologies ſhould be made),—*the only proper, and leaſt pernicious, idea of duelling*,—I did not ſee why I ſhould not recruit my ſtrength as much as poſſible. So, about three o'clock, I took ſome cold ſaddle of mutton and brandy and water at my friend's. After which I went home to ſeal up ſome things for you, where my friend was to call for me. When I ſaw him coming to my door between 4 and 5, I had juſt wrung the affectionate hand of the man I moſt value, and committed to his care you and your dear little girl, and my dear ſiſter, &c. &c. Love, honour, revenge, and all my various feelings would, in ſpite of myſelf, parch my tongue. As I took my hat out of my dreſſing-room, I filled a wine-glaſs of water, and drank half of it, to moiſten my mouth. When I ſaw that glaſs again, about an hour ago, on returning to that

home, which I never again thought to ſee, in order to write to her of whom I thought I had taken my laſt leave in this world—when I took that glaſs again in my hand, recollected my feelings on ſetting it down, and emptied the remainder of its contents, a libation of gratitude to the ſuperintending Providence of Heaven—Oh M. no pen, not even your's, can paint my feelings!

Only remember——In all our future life, each fifth of February be ever ſacred!

LETTER XLVIII.

To the SAME.

——ſtreet,
2 March, 1778.

Your going out of town ſo ſuddenly has not ſerved to mend my ſpirits. But I will be as merry as I can. Were I to be *very* miſerable after my late miraculous adventure, I ſhould be guilty of *fullenneſs* againſt Providence. The minute account I gave you of it laſt week, was, I aſſure you, dictated to my pen by my feelings, before they had forgotten the affecting circumſtances.

Your

Your obſervations are truly juſt and ſtriking. Unpardonable as the affront which I had received appears to mortal eyes, I ſhould not readily, I fear, have found an anſwer to the queſtion of the enquiring angel, on entering the world of ſpirits, "What brings you hither?

Did I tell you o' Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who ſuffered this day ſe'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are ſingular. He was an Italian, I underſtand. Such a thing is not credible, but of an Italian.

Mrs. Knightly's account was that on the 18th of January Ceppi came into her room, ſhe being in bed, locked the door, ſat himſelf in a chair; and told her he was come to do her buſineſs. She, not underſtanding this, aſked him to let her get out of bed; which he did. He then took from his pocket two piſtols. She went towards the door in order to get out; but he ſet his back againſt it. She, to appeaſe him, told him he might ſtay breakfaſt. He anſwered he would have none, but would give her a good one. She then called out to alarm the houſe, ran towards the bed, and ſaid, "pray, don't ſhoot me!" and drew up cloſe to the curtains. He followed, and diſcharged the piſtol; after which he threw himſelf acroſs the bed, and fired the other piſtol at himſelf,

himſelf, which did not take effect. During this, a waſherwoman ran up ſtairs, and with a poker broke the bottom pannel of the door, through which Mrs. Knightly was drawn half-naked, and Ceppi, following, ran down ſtairs; but was purſued and taken. In his defence, he ſaid, he had propoſed honourable terms of marriage to her, but that ſhe had refuſed and deſerted him; that he was overcome with grief and love, and that his deſign was not to hurt her, but to ſhoot himſelf in her preſence.

It appears, I am afraid, from all the circumſtances, that, whatever his deſpair meant with regard to his own life, he certainly was determined to take away her's. How unaccountably muſt Nature have mixed him up! Beſides the criminality and brutality of the buſineſs, the folly of it ſtrikes *me*. What—becauſe the perſon, on whom I have fixed *my* affections, has robbed me of happineſs by withdrawing *her*'s, ſhall I let her add to the injury, by depriving me of exiſtence alſo in this world, and of every thing in the next? In my opinion, to run the chance of being murdered by the new object of her affections, or of murdering him, is as little reconcilable to common ſenſe as to common religion. How much leſs ſo to commit complicated mur-

der,

der, which muſt cut off all hopes in all worlds!

Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this caſe), that the idea of deſtroying her never ſtruck him till his finger was at the trigger——that his only intention was to lay the breathleſs body of an injured lover at her feet——Had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly ſhould have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it. But, as nothing appears to have paſt which could at all make him change his plan, I I muſt (impoſſible as it ſeems) ſuppoſe him to have deliberately formed ſo diabolical a plan—and muſt rejoice that he was not of the ſame country, while I lament that he was of the ſame order of beings, with myſelf.

If the favour I mentioned to you o' Saturday be at all out of courſe, pray don't aſk it. Yet the worthy veteran I want to ſerve has now and then ſeen things happen not altogether *in* courſe. When he called this morning to learn how I had ſucceeded, I obſerved to him, while we were talking, that he had got bald. "Yes," ſaid he, ſhaking his grey hairs, "it will happen ſo by peo-"ple's continually ſtepping over one's head."

He

He little ſuſpected the channel of my application, but he aſked me this morning, whether 50l. if he could ſcrape it together, properly ſlid into Miſs ———'s hand, might not forward his views. My anſwer was, that I had no acquaintance with the lady, but I knew *for certain* that ſhe had never in her life ſoiled her fingers with the ſmalleſt preſent of this ſort.

Happy, bleſt, to know you, to love you, and be loved by you!

LETTER XLIX.

To the SAME.

Hockeriſſ,
5 Sept. 1778.

Here did I ſit, more than two years ago, in this very room, perhaps in this very chair, thanking you for bliſs, for paradiſe; all claim to which I ſoon after voluntarily reſigned, becauſe I hoped they would ſoon be mine by claims more juſt, if poſſible, than thoſe of love. Two years—how have I borne exiſtence all the while! But delicacy, and reſpect for you, enjoined forbearance. And hope led me on from day to day, deceiving time with diſtant proſpects which I thought at hand. When will the tedious journey end? When will

my weary feet find reſt? When ſhall I ſleep away my fatigues on the down-ſoft pillow of the boſom of love? Should hope continue to deceive me, you never ſhall make me happy, till you make me your huſband. Yet, as we ſate upon the graſs, under the trees near the water, yeſterday, juſt before you returned me my ſtick, becauſe you thought the gentleman coming along the path by the mill was a certain perſon—yet, had I then looſened another button or two of my favourite habit, which was already opened by the heat; had I then (you remember, my Laura, the converſation and the ſcene) forgotten my reſolution, forgotten every thing, and rioted in all your glowing charms, which only love like mine could withſtand——who is he who would dare to blame me? Who would dare to ſay I had done what he would not have done? But the ſcene muſt be ſhifted. —Sally Harris, you know, arrived only at the dignity of Pomona at Hockerill. Had my M. her due, mankind at large would admit her double claim to the titles of Minerva and of Venus.

To ſleep *here* is impoſſible. As well expect the miſer to ſleep in the place where he once hung in raptures over a hidden treaſure which is now loſt. This letter I have an opportunity to ſend to our old friend, for you, without taking it to town.

Let

Let me fill up the remainder of my paper with an almoſt incredible anecdote I learned from a gentleman who joined me on the road this morning, and travelled ſome miles with me. It happened laſt week, I think. Peter Ceppi you remember. Surely that Providence which prevents the propagation of monſters, does not ſuffer ſuch *monſtrous* examples as theſe to propagate.

One Empſon, a footman to Dr. Bell, having in vain courted for ſome time a ſervant belonging to Lord Spencer, at laſt cauſed the bans to be put up in church, without her conſent; which ſhe forbad. Being thus diſappointed, he meditated revenge; and having got a perſon to write a letter to her, appointing a meeting, he contrived to waylay her, and ſurpriſe her in Lord Spencer's park. On her ſcreaming, he diſcharged a piſtol at her, and made his eſcape. The ball wounded her, but not mortally.

Oh love, love, canſt thou not be content to make fools of thy ſlaves, to make them miſerable, to make them what thou pleaſeſt! Muſt thou alſo goad them on to crimes! muſt thou convert them into devils, hell-hounds!

LETTER L.

To the SAME.

—— ſtreet,
28 Jan. 1779.

The ſhort note I wrote to you laſt night, immediately on my reaching town, you received, I hope. But why no anſwer to it? Why do you not ſay when we ſhall meet? I have ten thouſand things to tell you. My ſituation in Norfolk is lovely. Exactly what you like. The parſonage-houſe may be made very comfortable at a trifling expence. How happily ſhall we ſpend our time there! How glad am I that I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B. to Mr. H. and Dr. V.! Now, my happineſs can be deferred no longer. My character and profeſſion are, now, additional weights in the ſcale. Oh then, conſent to marry me directly. The day I lead you to the altar will be the happieſt day of my exiſtence.

Thanks, a thouſand thanks for your tender and affectionate letters while I was in Norfolk. Be aſſured G. could mean nothing by what ſhe ſaid. She is our firm friend, I am perſuaded. About an hour ago, I called there; but ſhe was out. Preſently I ſhall go again with this, in the hope of hearing ſomething about you.

Oh

Oh M.! every day I live I do but diſcover more and more how impoſſible it is for me to live without you.

Don't forget the 5th of next month. We *muſt* keep that ſacred day together.

LETTER LI.

To the SAME.

——— ſtreet,

7 Feb. 1779.

While I live I will never forget your behaviour yeſterday. Were I to live an hundred years, I could never thank you enough. But, your will be done.

The taſk you have ſet me about Chatterton is only a further proof of your regard for me. You know the warmth of my paſſions; and you think, if I do not employ myſelf, they may flame out and conſume me. Well then, I will ſpend a morning or two in arranging what I have collected reſpecting the author of Rowley's poems. Every ſyllable you will read I aſſure you ſhall be *authentic*.

Did you ſtart at "The author of Rowley's poems?" My mind does not now harbour a doubt that Chatterton wrote the whole, whatever I thought when we read them together at H.

The internal evidence of the matter ſhall not puzzle you, but you ſhall tell me whether you don't think it eaſier for Chatterton to have imitated the ſtyle of Rowley's age (which he has not done exactly, if you believe thoſe who think as I think), than for Rowley to write in a ſtyle which did not exiſt till ſo many ages after his time. To ſuppoſe him to have found half, and to have added to them—or to conſider him as a cat's paw in the buſineſs to ſome cotemporary Rowley, in order to extricate a fictitious Rowley from oblivion, would in my humble opinion be nonſenſe. For my own part, though he might find ſome old MSS. I cannot believe he found a ſyllable which he has attributed to Rowley. Who will engage to prove, from internal evidence, the antiquity of *any one* of Rowley's compoſitions? What he did find certainly ſuggeſted to him the idea of pretending to have found more; but how ſhall we perſuade credulity to believe that all Rowley's poems were copied from old MSS. when the only MSS. produced in confirmation of the ſtory are indiſputably proved to be modern?—Is any one fool enough to believe C. was only the blind, ſubterraneous channel, through which theſe things were to emerge to day, and float for ever down the ſtream of fame? This (without mentioning other objections to ſuch a ridiculous

belief)

belief) were to ſuppoſe two people to determine on the ſame ſtrange conduct, and two people (the real and the foſter father) to keep with equal fidelity the ſame ſtrange ſecret. And would the foſter father have been as fond and careful of another's ſecret, as of the offspring of his own invention?

It is not clear to me that C.'s life (if ſuch a ſcrap of exiſtence can be called a life) does not exhibit circumſtances ſtill more extraordinary, if poſſible, than his being the author of Rowley's poems. But I poſſeſs not the abilities which Johnſon diſplayed in his famous Life of Savage: nor is this a formal life of Chatterton; though ſuch a thing might well employ even the pen of Johnſon. This is only an idle letter to my dear M.—Oh, my M. you, who contributed ſo liberally, laſt year, to extricate from diſtreſs the abilities of a ——; what would you not have done for a Chatterton!

Thomas Chatterton, deſtin'd to puzzle at leaſt, if not to impoſe upon, the ableſt critics and antiquarians which the moſt poliſhed age of England has produced, was born at Briſtol, November the 20th 1752. His Father had been maſter of the free-ſchool in Pile-ſtreet in that city, and was ſexton of St. Mary Redcliffe church. Hiſtory condeſcends not to relate any thing more of ſuch an ignoble family, than that they had been ſex-

tons

tons of the ſame church for near a century and an half.

It ſeems to have been determined by fortune that this poor lad, I ought rather to ſay this extraordinary human being, ſhould have no obligation but to genius and to himſelf. His Father, as he was a ſchool-maſter, and is reported to have been a tolerable poet for a ſexton, might perhaps have given his ſon a free-ſchool education, had he lived to ſee him old enough for inſtruction. The ſexton died very ſoon after, if not before, the birth of his ſon; who indiſputably received no other education than what he picked up at a charity ſchool at a place called St. Auguſtine's Back in Briſtol. Reading, writing and accounts, compoſed the whole circle of ſciences which were taught at this univerſity of our Briſtol Shakeſpear.

On the 1ſt of July, 1767, he was articled clerk to an attorney of Briſtol, whom I have not been able to find out. From him, I underſtand, has been procured a ſtrange, mad MS. of Chatterton, which he called his *will*.

When the new bridge at Briſtol was finiſhed, there appeared, in Farly's Briſtol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge (the piece is prefixed to the volume of Chatterton's Miſcellanies), preceded by theſe words:

—" To

—" To the Printer. October 1, 1768. The fol-
" lowing deſcription of the fryars' firſt paſſing
" over the old bridge, taken from an old MS.
" may not at this time be unacceptable to the ge-
" nerality of your readers. Your's, Dunhelmus
" Briſtolienſis." Curioſity at laſt traced the in-
ſertion of this curious memoir to Chatterton. To
the threats of thoſe who treated him (agreea-
bly to his age and appearance) as a child, he re-
turned nothing but haughtineſs and a refuſal to
give any account. To milder uſage and many
promiſes the boy, after ſome time, confeſſed that
he had received that and other MSS. from his
father, which he had found in an iron cheſt
placed by William Canynge (the founder of the
church of which C.'s family had ſo long been
ſextons) in a muniment room over the northern
portico of St. Mary Redcliffe. Warton (in his
hiſtory of Engliſh poetry) ſays when this ap-
peared he was about ſeventeen. Days are more
material in C.'s life than years in the lives of
others. He wanted, you ſee, ſomething of
ſixteen.—One fact is curious, that, though it was
not poſſible for him to have picked up Latin at a
charity-ſchool where Latin was not taught, his note
to the printer has, for no apparent reaſon, a Latin
ſignature, Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis. This Latin cer-
tainly was not Rowley's. It muſt have been C.'s.

The

The memoir procured C. the acquaintance of ſome gentlemen of Briſtol, who, becauſe they condeſcended to receive from him the compoſitions which he brought them, without giving him much, if any thing, in return, fondly imagined themſelves the patrons of genius. Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, a pewterer and a ſurgeon, of his obligations to whom you will ſee him ſpeak in his letters, were his principal, if not his only patrons. To theſe gentlemen he produced, between October 1768, and April 1770, (beſides many things which he confeſſed to be his own, and many which, in the interval, appeared in the Town and Country Magazine), all Rowley's poems, except the "ballad of Charitie." Of theſe only two, I think, and thoſe the ſhorteſt, he pretended to be the original MSS. The reſt were tranſcripts, in his own hand, of ſome of which he acknowledged himſelf the author. Concerning theſe curioſities no diſtinct or ſatisfactory account, by friend or enemy, by threat or promiſe, could ever be drawn from him. For theſe curioſities how much he received from his Briſtol patrons does not appear. His patrons do not boaſt of their generoſity to him. They (Catcott at leaſt) received no inconſiderable ſum for Rowley's poems; nor has the ſale of them turned out badly. In conſequence of the money got by poems

ems which Chatterton certainly brought to light, which I firmly believe C. to have written, his mother acknowledges to have received the immenſe ſum of five guineas, by the hands of Mr. Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, without fee or reward, cured the whitlowed finger of the ſiſter. Talk no more of the neglect of genius in any age or country, when, in this age and country, Rowley's poems have produced ſuch fortunes to the author and his family. Should I ever appear in print on this ſubject, I would publickly call upon the gentlemen concerned in this tranſaction, to ſtate their accounts.

Has not the world a right to know what Catcott fairly bought of Chatterton (he does not pretend to have bought all), and what was the fair purchaſe-money of theſe ineſtimable treaſures? Let us know what the editors of Rowley's poems gave and received for them, and what the ſale of them has produced. Is the ſon to be declared guilty of forgery? Are his forgeries to be converted into (I believe, no inconſiderable ſums of) money? And is the mother's and ſiſter's ſhare to be five guineas?

Either mean envy of C.'s extraordinary genius, or manly abhorrence of his deteſtable death, leads almoſt every perſon, who talks or writes about this boy, to tell you of his ſhocking profligacy

and

and his total want of principle. One *reverend* antiquarian of Cambridge has gone ſo far as to tell thoſe of whom he has made enquiries concerning him, that his death was of little conſequence, ſince he could not long have eſcaped hanging. C. never did any thing which merited hanging, half ſo much as it is merited by that Doctor of the charitable religion of Chriſt, who can dare to advance ſuch an uncharitable aſſertion without a ſhadow of *probability*. Who knows but this venerable ſeer, in his next viſion, may chooſe to diſcover that I ſhall live to be hanged; may ſee your H. gibbeted in perſpective; becauſe my indignation reſcues ſuch a *villain* as poor Chatterton from his monkiſh bigotry?

When C. left this world in Auguſt 1770, he wanted as many months as intervene between Auguſt and November to compleat his eighteenth year. If into ſo ſmall a ſpace he had contrived to croud much profligacy and much want of principle, ſome perhaps may be aſcribed to his youth, and ſome to want of friends. Johnſon, I remember, defends even the life of Savage, which differed from Chatterton's in more circumſtances than its length, by ſome ſuch obſervation as this; that the ſons of affluence are improper judges of his conduct, and that few wiſe men will venture to affirm they ſhould have lived better

than

than Savage in Savage's ſituation. Do *profligate* and *unprincipled*, ſome of the tendereſt epithets vouchſafed poor Chatterton, mean diſhoneſt or undutiful, an unkind brother or an unfeeling child? The dulleſt enemies of his genius can produce no proofs of any ſuch crime. Some papers I ſhall ſend you will contain the fulleſt proof of the negative. Do they mean that, being a young man, he was addicted to women; that, being a youth of ſuch an imagination, he was addicted to women like all youths of ſtrong imaginations? Do the epithets mean that he exhibited thoſe damnable proofs of his crimes which Bougainville exported into the country of Omiah? The proofs (if there were any, which his bedfellow at his firſt lodging in town denies) only ſhow he was unlucky. The crimes muſt be admitted. Do they mean that, writing to procure bread for himſelf, his mother and his ſiſter, he wrote on any ſide and on any ſubject which would afford bread? The crime muſt perhaps be admitted. Yet, let not older men, who may poſſibly themſelves, in this ſenſe of the words, be a little unprincipled, a little profligate, head the advanced guard of veterans who are to attack this infant Hercules in his cradle. And let it be remembered that, in the "Memoirs of a Sad Dog," ſigned Harry Wildfire, inſerted in the Town and

Country Magazine, where Chatterton evidently ſate to his own pencil for two or three features, there is this paſſage——

" As I know the art of *Curliſm* pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late proſecution againſt the bookſellers having frightened them all out of their patriotiſm, I am neceſſitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the miniſtry. As I have ſome little remains of conſcience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing of either ſide is of little ſervice to the entertainment or inſtruction of the reader. Abuſe and ſcurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of thoſe authors who deem every man in place a raſcal, and every man out of place a patriot."

In the preface to Chatterton's Miſcellanies, we are even aſſured that " his profligacy was *at leaſt* " as conſpicuous as his abilities." p. 18. Indeed! Then do I believe he was the moſt profligate mortal of his age (I had almoſt ſaid, of any age) that ever exiſted. *The admirable Chichton* (Adventurer, N. 81) bears no compariſon with C. either as to the forwardneſs or the greatneſs of his abilities; ſtill leſs in point of education, for he ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland till he was above three years older than C. was at the time of his death.

The

The inſinuations, thrown out by the editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies, and even by Mr. Warton, againſt the elegant writer at Strawberry-Hill, are certainly not founded. To impute Chatterton's death, in 1770, to the perſon who in 1768 refuſed to believe that ſome of his compoſitions had been written 300 years before, were to treat others ſtill more uncharitably, if it be poſſible, than Chatterton has been treated. Mr. Walpole is by no means blameable for the life or the death of Chatterton*.

* Yet even Mr. Walpole cannot help regretting that he was not better acquainted with Chatterton's "fierce and untameable ſpirit, his conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities, his inattention to worldly diſcretion, his ſcorn of owing ſubſiſtence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of his own genius." ("a letter to the editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies," printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779) Even he cannot help lamenting that he did not "contribute to reſcue ſuch a ſpirit from itſelf, its worſt enemy." Still, this writer, no leſs humane than elegant, joins the general cry againſt the morals of Chatterton. But were or were not all the crimes which can be proved againſt this poor boy any thing more than the univerſal foibles of youth? To perſiſt therefore to charge him with thoſe crimes, is it any thing more than to accuſe him of his youth? And pure ſhould be that mouth of age which ventures ſuch an accuſation; for it may be remembered (the editor proteſts he means not the moſt diſtant application in the preſent day) that when, in the year 1740, on the ſeamen's bill, Mr. Horace Walpole reflected

Has the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton any thing to urge againſt the vanity or the preſumption of this poor boy? He ſhould ſurely have remembered

upon the youth of Pitt, that great man replied, he would not undertake to determine whether youth might juſtly be imputed as a reproach; but this he would affirm, that the wretch, whoſe age has only added obſtinacy to ſtupidity, is ſurely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deſerves not that his grey hairs ſhould ſecure him from inſults: That much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with leſs temptation.—Still, this patron of Oſſian and rejector of Chatterton, does not heſitate to affirm, *rather harſhly*, that "all of the houſe of forgery are relations; and that, though it be juſt to Chatterton's memory to ſay his poverty never made him claim kindred "with the richeſt or moſt enriching branches, yet that his "ingenuity in counterfeiting ſtyles, and, he (W) *believes* "hands, might eaſily have led him to thoſe more facile "imitations of proſe, promiſory notes." But ſurely it ſhould have been remembered that, in the preface to the firſt edition of the *Caſtle* of *Otranto*, not a *boy*'s production, we are ſolemnly told it was found in the "library of an ancient catholic family in the north of "England, and was printed at Naples, in the black letter, "in the year 1529;" that we are told, in the preface to the ſecond edition, "the honourable author flatters himſelf "he ſhall appear *excuſeable* for having offered his work to "the world under the borrowed perſonage of a tranſlator." ——He ſhould not ſo very uncharitably condemn the forgery, whoſe reſpectable example gave a ſanction to it, and might

membered what the reverend Dr. Joſeph Warton thought proper to tell the world of almoſt all his brother's writings, and even of his own " Ode to " Fancy." *

Let me now make you acquainted with the indiſputable hiſtory of this boy till he left Briſtol. As he ſays, in his " ſtory of Canynge,"

> In all his ſheepen gambols and child's play,
> At every merry-making, fair or wake,
> I kenn a purpled light of wiſdom's ray;
> He ate down learning with the waſtle cake.
> As wiſe as any of the aldermen,
> He'd wit enough to make a mayor at ten.

Beattie has hardly been able to invent a more ſtriking picture of his minſtrel, than is exhibited of C. in a letter written by his ſiſter, laſt year, to a gentleman who deſired her to recollect every circumſtance concerning him, however trifling it might ſeem to her. The letter is lent to me, with many charges of care. Pray be careful of it. In tranſcribing it, you will naturally preſerve the

might poſſibly ſuggeſt the original idea of it——for when C. ridicules Mr. W. in the ſtory of " Harry Wildfire," he calls him Baron *Otranto:* And, in the February before C.'s deceit began, Mr. W. publiſhed " Hiſtoric doubts on the life and reign of Richard iii." which C. perhaps conſidered as a *bolder* attempt than the creation of Rowley. *The Editor.*

* Warton's " Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope." Cooper. 1756. p. 33, 243, &c.

falſe ſpellings and ſtops. Let C.'s ſiſter tell her own ſtory in her own way. Sir Horace Warpool, for Mr. H. Walpole, &c. ſtamps authenticity on her artleſs tale. The anxiety ſhown in this letter to prove "he was a lover of truth from the earlieſt dawn of reaſon," is owing to what theſe two poor women (the mother and ſiſter) have heard about deceit, impoſtor and *forgery*. For Chatterton's ſake, the Engliſh language ſhould add another word to its Dictionary; and ſhould not ſuffer the ſame term to ſignify a crime for which a man ſuffers the moſt ignominious puniſhment, and the deception of aſcribing a falſe antiquity of two or three centuries to compoſitions for which the author's name deſerves to live for ever. Suffer me to aſk what the prudery of our critics would have ſaid had the ſong to Ælla, or the chorus to Godwin, been produced by Mr. Warton's nephew, or by a relation of Mr. Walpole? Should we then have been ſtunned in this manner with repetitions of impoſtor and forgery? The ſins of the forgery and the impoſtor would then have been boaſted by the child's moſt diſtant relations, unto the third and fourth generations. Is lady A. L. accuſed of *forgery* for her "Auld Robin Gray?" Is Macpherſon's name mentioned in the ſame ſentence with this unfeeling word *forgery*, even by thoſe who believe Macpherſon and Oſſian to be.

be the ſame? "When a rich man ſpeaketh," ſays the ſon of Sirach (you ſee I have not taken orders in vain), "every man holdeth his tongue: and lo! what he ſays is extolled to the clouds: but, if a poor man ſpeak, they ſay, What fellow is this?"—For the ſame reaſon the letter is careful to mention the copy-book covers, which C. told Catcott, &c. were, many of them, Rowley's MSS. But you will recollect that the father, by whom theſe MSS. are ſaid to have been *cut up* for this purpoſe, was himſelf a bit of a *poet*.

A gentleman, who ſaw theſe two women laſt year, declares he will not be ſure they might not eaſily have been made to believe that injured Juſtice demanded their lives at Tyburn, for being the mother and ſiſter of him who was ſuſpected to have *forged* the Poems of Rowley. Such terror had the humanity of certain curious enquirers impreſſed upon their minds, by worrying them to declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about the *forgery*——Strange-fated Chatterton! Hadſt thou poſſeſſed fewer and leſs eminent abilities, the world would now give thee credit for more and for greater abilities.

With regard to the fact, the mother and ſiſter either believe, or pretend to believe, with the pewterer, that all Rowley's poems came out of the old cheſt in the church. The caſe is, none

of

of the three knows any thing of the matter. Moſt readily I admit that, if Chatterton be an impoſtor (i. e. the wonderful human being I firmly believe him), he impoſed upon every ſoul who knew him. This, with me, is one trait of his greatneſs.

It has been thought that murders and other crimes are pointed out to diſcovery by the finger of Providence. But "God's revenge againſt murder" is, in fact, only the ſociableneſs of man's diſpoſition. That we may have been wiſely made thus for this purpoſe, among others, I do not deny. But Tyburn would ſee fewer executions were man a leſs ſociable animal. It is not good for him to be alone. Joy or ſorrow, villainy or otherwiſe, *we muſt have ſociety, we muſt communicate it.* Man, in ſpite of grammar, is a noun adjective. Does any one admire Junius for ſaying that his ſecret ſhould die with him, and for keeping his word? But this was only ſaying he would not enlarge the circle of thoſe to whom his ſecret was already known; for, that he was, as he ſays, "the ſole depoſitary of his own ſecret," I cannot think. The original letters are clearly written in a female hand.—But, Junius is now known.

Let any man, at any time of life, make an experiment of not communicating to a ſingle individual,

vidual, during twelve months, a ſingle ſcheme, a ſingle proſpect, a ſingle circumſtance reſpecting himſelf. Let him try how it is to lock up every thing, trifling or ſerious, ſad or merry, within his own ſolitary breaſt. There are eaſier taſks. —This boy did it during his whole life.

Very few ſuch men as John the Painter* have appeared in the world, from whom his ſecret was only ſtolen by the *traiterous* hand of friendſhip. No ſuch human being as this boy, at any period of life, has ever been known, or poſſibly ever will be known. The Spartan lad was far inferior, and that was the effect of education. Pſalmanazar and D'Eon are not to be compared with him. That, at his timid and ſociable age, when other children are almoſt afraid to be left alone, C. ſhould wrap his arms round him, ſtand aloof from the whole world, and never lean upon a ſingle indi-

* Don't ſmile at my lugging in John the Painter, till you conſider how it applies. His ſecrecy was wonderful, yet leſs wonderful than C.'s, in exact proportion as his ſecret was more criminal, and went more to his life.——But you will not deny to be *odd* what I know for a fact, that, among his papers, were ſome obſervations on Rowley's poems: if they have not been deſtroyed, they might ſurely be publiſhed. They could not endanger our dock-yards, though written by John the Painter.——Can't you give a hint of this kind, ſome day, at your houſe? Moſt probably *he* has them.

vidual

vidual for ſociety in his ſchemes (in ſchemes, too, neither odious nor criminal), is with me almoſt more wonderful than the ſchemes which I firmly believe him, without any aſſiſtance, to have planned and executed. It ſhall make a trait in the character of a general, if he have ſtrength of mind enough not to communicate his plans to his firſt favourite, till the communication is no longer dangerous. Shall not a boy of eighteen, of ſeventeen, of *ſixteen*, have merit for ſecrecy much more ſingular?

In this letter, from which I will detain you no longer, you will find his ſiſter mentions ſome books ſhe ſent him to London. She told me many of them were in languages and in hands (*types* ſhe meant), which ſhe could not underſtand—that they were numerous—and that with them ſhe ſent a catalogue of the books he had read to the amount of many hundreds.

To this I ſhould add, that, when C. tells the ſtory of *Aſtrea Brokage* in a letter to the Town and Country Magazine, dated "Briſtol "January 3, 1770,"——at the concluſion, *Aſtrea* writes thus:——"Having told you I do "not like this *uncivilized* Briſtolian, you may "imagine a *tendreſſe* for ſome other has made his "faults more conſpicuous. You will not be far "from the truth." *A young author who has read*

"*more*

" *more than Magliabechi*, and wrote more love " letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the " Nine to deſcribe me."

In one part of the ſiſter's letter, you will not fail to recollect Dryden, who ſpeaks of the alliance between underſtanding and madneſs.—I am ſure that love and madneſs are near relations.

" Concious, of my own inabilitys to write to a man of letters. And reluctant to engage in the painfull recollection of the particulars of the life of my dear deceaſed brother. together with the ill ſtate of health I've enjoyed ſince it has been required of me, are, Sir, the real cauſes of my not writing ſooner. But I am invited to write as to a friend, inſpired with the ſacred name, I will forget the incorrectneſs of my epiſtel and proceed.

My brother very early diſcover'd a thurſt for prehemince I remember before he was 5 years old he would always preſide over his playmates as their maſter and they his hired ſervants. He was dull in learning not knowing many letters at 4 years old and always objected to read in a ſmall book. He learnt the Alphabet from an old Folio muſick book of father's my mother was then tearing up for waſt paper, the capitals at the beginning of the verſes. I aſſiſted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the ſchool, which was in his 8th year. Excepting his promiſeing my mother and me a deal of finery when he grew up as a reward of her care. About his 10th year he began (with the triffe my mother allowed him for pocket money) to hire books from the circulating liberary and we were informd by the uſher made rapid progreſs in arithmatick. Between his 11th and 12th year he wrote a caterlogue of the books he had

had read to the number of 70. Hiſtory and divinity were the chief ſubjects, his ſchool mates informd us he retired to read at the hours allotted for play. At 12 years old he was confirm'd by the Biſhop, he made very ſenciable ſerious remarks on the awfullneſs of the ceremony and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this in the week he was door-keeper he made ſome verſes on the laſt day, I think about 18 lines, paraphraſed the 9 chapter of Job and not long after ſome chapters in Iſaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remark'd he was more chearfull after he began to write poetry. Some ſaterical peicis we ſaw ſoon after. His intimates in the ſchool were but few and they ſolid lads and except the next neighbour's ſons I know of none acquaintance he had out. He was 14 the 20th of Novr. and bound apprentice the 1ſt of July following. Soon after his apprenticeſhip he correſponded with one of his ſchool mates that had been his bedfellow, and was I believe bound to a merchhant at New-York. He read a letter at home that he wrote to his friend, a collection of all the hard words in the Engliſh language, and requeſted him to anſwer it. He was a lover of truth from the earlyeſt dawn of reaſon, and nothing would move him ſo much as being bely'd. When in the ſchool we were informd by the uſher, his maſter depended on his veraſity on all occations. Till this time he was remarkably indifferent to females. one day he was remarking to me the tendency ſever ſtudy had to ſour the temper and declared he had always ſeen all the ſex with equal indifference but thoſe that nature made dear, he thought of makeing an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood ſuppoſeing it might ſoften the auſterity of temper ſtudy had ocationd, he wrote a poem to her and they commenced corriſponding acquaintance. About this time the parchments belonging to my father that was left of covering his boys books, my brother carried to the office.

He

He would often ſpeak in great raptures of the undoubted ſucceſs of his plan for future life. He was introduced to Mr. Barret, Mr. Catcot, his ambition increas'd dayly. His ſpirits was rather uneven. ſome times ſo gloom'd that for many days together he would ſay very little and that by conſtraint. At other times exceeding chearfull. When in ſpirits he would injoy his riſing fame. confident of advancement he would promiſe my mother and me ſhould be partakers of his ſucceſs. Mr. Barret lent him many books on ſurgery and I beleive he bought many more as I remember to have packt them up to ſend to him when in London and no demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote ſeveral ſaterical poems. one in the papers on Mr. Catcot's putting the pewter plates in St. Nicolas tower. He began to be univerſally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintance but I am confident but few intimates. At about 17. he became acquainted with Mr. Clayfield diſtiller in Caſtle-ſtreet, who lent, him many books on aſtronomy. Mr. Cator. likewiſe aſſiſted him with books on that ſubject. from thence he applyd himſelf to that ſtudy. His hours in the office was from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening. He had little of his maſters buſineſs to do. ſometimes not 2 hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to purſue his genius. He boarded at Mr. Lamberts, but we ſaw him moſt evenings before 9 o clock and would in general ſtay to the limits of his time which was 10. o clock. He was ſeldom 2 evenings together without ſeeing us. I had almoſt forgot to add, we had heard him frequently ſay that he found he ſtuded beſt toward the full of the moon and would often ſit up all night and write by moon light. A few months before he left Briſtol he wrote letters to ſeveral bookſellers in London I believe to learn if there was any probility of his getting an employment there but that I can't affirm as the ſubject was a ſecret at home. He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warpool.

and except his corriſpondence with Miſs Rumſey, the girl I before mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the Colledge green with the young girls that ſtatedly paraded there to ſhew their finery. But I realy beleive he was no debauchee (tho ſome have reported it). the dear unhappy boy had faults enough I ſaw with concern. he was proud and exceedingly impetious but that of venality he could not be juſtly accuſed with. Mrs Lambert informd me not 2 months before he left Briſtol, he had never been once found out of the office in the ſtated hours as they frequently ſent the footman and other ſervants there to ſee Nor but once ſtayd out till 11 o Clock; then he had leave, as we entertained ſome friends at our houſe at Chriſtmas.

Thus Sir have I given you, as before the great ſearcher of hearts the whole truth as far as my memory have been faithfull the particulars of my dear brother. The taſk have been painfull, and for want of earlyer recollection much have been nay the greateſt part have been loſt. My Mother joins with me in beſt reſpects which conclude me,

Briſtol. Sir
Somerſetſhire ſquare. Your very humble ſervant,
Sept. 22, 1778. Mary Newton."

To proceed with ſome ſort of regularity, you will next read the earlieſt production of Chatterton which I have been able to find. It is tranſcribed from an old pocket-book in his mother's poſſeſſion. It appears to be his firſt, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven* years and almoſt five

* Tickell, in the preface to Addiſon's works, ſpeaks of his "account of the greateſt Engliſh poets," printed in the miſcellanies,

five months old. It is not the moſt extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the circumſtances of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impoſſible, that he ſhould have met with any aſſiſtance or correction. Whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to ſuſpect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable diſhoneſty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we ſhould be guilty. Suſpicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at leaſt no parent who could correct or aſſiſt him. This poem appears to have

lanies, *while he was young*. In the works this poem is dated April 1694. A friend aſſured me he has ſeen it in a miſcellany, with this recommendation, "written by Mr. Addiſon, *when he was only twenty-ſeven*." Some recommendation is required by a poem which concludes with theſe four lines (Addiſon's works, 4to. Tonſon, 1721, vol. 1. p. 41.)

I leave the arts of poeſy and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo, at once, dear friend and muſe, farewell.

Chaulieu, a French poet, aſks indulgence for a little rondeau, becauſe, at the time he wrote it, he was *Poëte* NAISSANT, & FORT *jeune* (Œuvres de Chaulieu, à la Haye, 1777.) The apology will hold, if a man be exceedingly young and a ſucking poet at *forty*, which was Chaulieu's age when he wrote the rondeau in queſtion.

been aimed at ſomebody, who had formerly been a Methodiſt, and was lated promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for C. was the ſexton's ſon) in the eſtabliſhed church. Satire was his fort, if any thing can be called his fort, who excelled in every thing he undertook. Catcott has another later poem of C.'s, called, I think, "The Exhibition." The church here alſo ſupplied his indignation with a ſubject. But, as the ſatire is rather ſevere, and the characters are living, Catcott does not permit it to be copied. He has ſuffered it to be read, and the three following couplets are in different parts of it. At the ſame time that the lines are ſurely not bad, they ſhow that muſic was one of the many things Chatterton found means to acquire during the few months he lived. He is known to have been muſical; a fact we have upon poetical record only of him and Milton, I believe. They are not lowered in *your* eſtimation on this account.—— C.'s father had a remarkable turn for muſic. An old female relation ſays he talked little, was very abſent in company; and uſed very often to walk by the river ſide, talking to himſelf, and flouriſhing his arms about.—The firſt and ſecond couplets I mentioned, are in ridicule, the laſt in praiſe, of ſome organiſt.

Sacred

Sacred to ſleep, in his inverted key,
Dull doleful diapaſons die away.

Whoſe jarring humdrum ſymphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.

He keeps the paſſions with the ſounds in play,
And the ſoul trembles with the trembling key.

The *e* in key is, I believe, in the Somerſetſhire pronunciation, *a*.

Now, for the Poem.

APOSTATE WILL, by T. C.

In days of old, when Weſley's pow'r
Gather'd new ſtrength by every hour;
Apoſtate Will, juſt ſunk in trade,
Reſolv'd his bargain ſhould be made:
Then ſtrait to Weſley he repairs,
And puts on grave and ſolemn airs;
Then thus the pious man addreſs'd,
Good Sir, I think your doctrine beſt;
Your ſervant will a Weſley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then inſtructions gave,
How he in this world ſhould behave:
He hears, aſſents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God.

Then lifting his diſſembling eyes,
How bleſſed is the ſect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this ſect retreat.
He then his circumſtance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next meeting for to make
A ſmall collection for his ſake.
The preacher ſaid, Do not repine,
The whole collection ſhall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his buſineſs ſtrait he goes;
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodiſt appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an Apoſtate's ſtill;
He'd oft profeſs an hallow'd flame,
And every were preach'd Weſley's name;
He was a preacher and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profeſs with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view,
Then——to the Methodiſts, adieu;
A Methodiſt no more he'll be,
The Proteſtants ſerve beſt for *he*.
Then to the curate ſtrait he ran,
And thus addreſs'd the rev'rend man:
I was a Methodiſt, 'tis true,
With penitence I turn to you;

O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With juſtice I'd myſelf acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate ſtraitway gave conſent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with diſſembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

Though it may not be the next in order of compoſition, for I ſhall ſend you nothing which is already printed, I ſhall now tranſcribe for you a poem dated 1769; of which Catcott tells, that talking one day with Chatterton about happineſs, Chatterton ſaid he had never yet thought on the ſubject, but that he would. The *next day* he brought Catcott theſe lines, and told him they contained his creed of happineſs. There can in this be no deceit; for the pewterer produces the poem, and in the ſimplicity of his vanity, imagines it to contain a *panegyric* on himſelf.

HAPPINESS. 1769.

Since happineſs is not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourſelves as happy as we can;
Poſſeſt with Fame or Fortune, friend or whore,
But think it happineſs——we want no more.

Hail

Hail revelation! ſphere-envelop'd dame,
To ſome divinity, to moſt a name,
Reaſon's dark-lanthorn, ſuperſtition's ſun,
Whoſe cauſe myſterious and effect are one——
From thee, ideal bliſs we only trace,
Fair as ambition's dream, or bounty's face,
But, in reality, as ſhadowy found
As ſeeming truth in twiſted myſteries bound.
What little reſt from over-anxious care
The Lords of Nature are deſign'd to ſhare,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Where's the foundation of religion placed?
On every individual's fickle taſte.
The narrow way the prieſt-rid mortals tread,
By ſuperſtitious prejudice miſled:
This paſſage leads to Heaven---yet, ſtrange to tell!
Another's conſcience finds it leads to Hell.
Conſcience, the ſoul-Camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
The bloody ſon of Jeſſe, when he ſaw
That myſtic prieſthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himſelf an ephod to his mind,
And ſought the Lord, and always found him kind.
In murder, * *, cruelty and luſt,
The Lord was with him, and his actions juſt.

Prieſtcraft, thou univerſal blind of all,
Thou idol at whoſe feet whole nations fall,
Father of miſery, origin of ſin,
Whoſe firſt exiſtence did with fear begin,
Still ſparing deal thy ſeeming bleſſings out,
Veil thy Elyſium with a cloud of doubt——

Since

Since preſent bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy———
Or, if thy ſons the airy phantoms ſlight,
And dawning reaſon would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring ſpangle gold,
And, madded in the ſearch of coins and toys,
Eager purſue the momentary joys.

‡ Catcott is very fond of talk and fame,
His wiſh a perpetuity of name,
Which to procure, a pewter-altar's made,
To bear his name, and ſignify his trade,
In pomp burleſqu'd the riſing ſpire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, ſtill purſue
The ſeeming happineſs thou haſt in view:
Unfiniſh'd chimnies, gaping ſpires compleat,
Eternal fame on oval diſhes beat:

Ride

‡ This pewterer is famous for producing to the world thoſe poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous alſo for aſcending by a rope, with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top ſtone of St. Nicholas church ſpire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this ſingular event. Nor is he leſs famous for paſſing the ſtream, by means of ſome narrow boards (on horſeback, I believe), before the new bridge wss compleated; that it might be ſaid (with how much propriety Fame muſt decide) he firſt paſſed the bridge.

* Ride four-inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnoticed this in proſe or * * * *,
He left his dinner to aſcend the tower.
Then what avails thy anxious ſpitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter ſet thy hand;
Hammer with every power thou canſt command;
Stamp thy whole ſoul, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimſies, name and phyz——
Then, when the tottering ſpires or chimnies fall,
A Cateott ſhall remain, admir'd by all.

Endo, who has ſome trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Thinks I've more judgment than the whole Reviews,
Becauſe I always compliment his muſe.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-ſicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his beſt-beloved friend,
Reads me aſleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, ſages—if not ſleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exerciſe his ſting,
And not inſinuating Flattery ſing?

Is

* The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains the foul fiend has "made him proud of heart, "to ride on "a high-trotting horſe over four-inched bridges."——Shakeſpeare's poor Tom, as well as our's, diſcovered "reaſon in "madneſs."

Is it more natural to torment than pleaſe?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And ſpeak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undiſtinguiſh'd ſnore,
Nor laſh his generoſity to Hoare;
Praiſe him for ſermons of his curate bought,
His eaſy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active ſpirit, ever in diſplay,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His ſainted ſoul diſtinguiſhably ſeen,
With all the virtues of a modern Dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taſte,
His miſery in his happineſs has placed;
When in ſoft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempeſt of reflection ſtorms the ſoul.
But what would make another man diſtreſt,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtleſs reſt.
No diſappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not ſelf-made———
This character let grey Oxonians ſcan,
And tell we of what ſpecies he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good Engliſh if not latinized; *
In Ariſtotle's ſcale the Muſe he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays;
Vers'd in the myſtic learning of the ſchools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis

* If Rowley did not imitate C. either C. imitated R. or R. and C. are the ſame; for, in the epiſtle on *Ælla* to Canynge, is this line———

"The Engliſh, him to pleaſe, muſt firſt be latinized."

Pulvis, whoſe knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees:
Bleſt with a buſhy wig and ſolemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a foſſile face.

When firſt his farce of countenance began,
Ere the ſoft down had mark'd him almoſt man,
A ſolemn dullneſs occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wiſe.
—But little had ſhe read in nature's book,
For fools aſſume a philoſophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curſes of mankind belong;
Thou firſt great author of our future ſtate,
Chief ſource of our religion, paſſions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has ſtampt the pedant with his name:
But thou haſt made him (ever waſt thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in duſt the fair Lavinia lies,
Death and our doctor clos'd her ſparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the uſeleſs bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say ſhall this leaden ſword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep ſtrike him dead!

But to return—In this wide ſea of thought,
How ſhall we ſteer our notions as we ought?
Content is happineſs, as ſages ſay———
But what's content? The trifle of a day.

Then

Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy ſuperſtition led aſide——

It is poſſible, I truſt, to admire theſe lines, without approving the doctrine they lay down. Wiſer men than Chatterton, and older men than he was in 1769, have been ſufficiently loſt to conviction to maintain ſuch doctrine. And whether, I would aſk, is more culpable; he who goes aſtray when he has been directed right, or he who loſes his way when none has had the charity to point it out to him? Again—This boy's religious principles were abominable. Agreed. Whence did he get them? Did nature implant them with the ſeeds of life? Certainly not. They muſt have been engrafted, tranſplanted. Go, then, to the authors of thoſe books from which he muſt have tranſplanted thoſe poiſonous weeds. There the axe will fall with juſtice.

His ſacred muſe ſometimes took leſs exceptionable flights. The original of what follows is in his mother's poſſeſſion.

The RESIGNATION.

O God, whoſe thunder ſhakes the ſky;
Whoſe eye this atom globe ſurveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy juſtice praiſe.

The myſtic mazes of thy will,
The ſhadows of celeſtial light,
Are paſt the pow'r of human ſkill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguiſh ſwells the dewy tear,
To ſtill my ſorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodneſs love, thy juſtice fear.

If in this boſom ought but thee
Incroaching ſought a boundleſs ſway,
Omniſcience could the danger ſee,
And mercy look the cauſe away.

Then why, my ſoul, doſt thou complain?
Why drooping ſeek the dark receſs?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bleſs.

But, ah! my breaſt is human ſtill;
The riſing ſigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The ſickneſs of my ſoul declare.

But yet, with fortitude reſign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the ſigh, compoſe my mind,
Nor let the guſh of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my ſinking ſpirit ſteals,
Will vaniſh at the morning light,
Which God, my Eaſt, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton

Chatterton remained in the attorney's office at Briſtol till April 1770. The life he led there you may collect from Mrs. Newton's letter. In addition to that, ſhe and her mother relate that his Sundays were generally ſpent in walking alone, into the country round Briſtol, as far as the day would allow him time to return before night. From theſe excurſions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of ſomething which had ſtruck him. That he had a turn for drawing you will ſee by the figure of a warrior (perhaps Ælla) preſenting a church on his knee, which ſhall accompany this letter (and you are now a judge of drawing, you know)---It was one of his firſt attempts. There are, I believe, better ſpecimens of his ingenuity in this art. That he improved is evident, from his ſketch for Beckford's ſtatue, after he came to town, of which an engraving is prefixed to his Miſcellanies; and which was thought worthy to be engraved for the Town and Country Magazine of the month in which he died.

But any ſingle ſelf-acquired accompliſhment ceaſes to ſurprize, when we recollect his other acquiſitions of heraldry, architecture, muſic, aſtronomy, ſurgery, &c. Our ſurprize has been long ſince called forth. Had Chatterton, without any inſtruc-

tion but reading, writing, and accounts, *before he was* 18, arrived at the ability of *only* putting together, in proſe or in verſe, ſomething which was deemed worth inſertion in the moſt worthleſs Magazine, it would have been ſurprizing. What maſter would not be aſtoniſhed to diſcover ſuch a talent in a ſervant (grown grey in the acquiſition of it) who had only learnt to read and write? Stephen Duck and others have been lifted to independence, to wealth, for little more. Yet, even the threſher had a friend and inſtructor——without whom, ſays Polymetis Spence, "Stephen muſt "have been placed in the ſame claſs with *Hai* "*Ebn Yokdhan*, and the young *Hermes* in *Ram*- "*ſay's Cyrus*; *the ſtory of whoſe improvements, with*- "*out any aſſiſtance, agrees only with romances.*"--- Spence did not live to know Chatterton. But, we may infer, from his lives of Magliabechi and *Hill*, that he lived to change his opinion. The author of our exiſtence can alone determine to what he has made his creatures equal.

That C. ſhould acquire particular things, without inſtruction, is not ſingular, ſince it was with him a favourite maxim, that man was equal to *any thing*, and that *every thing* might be acquired by diligence and abſtinence. Was any thing of this ſort mentioned in his hearing? All boy as he

was.

was, he would only obſerve, that the perſon in queſtion merited praiſe; but that God had ſent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them. This idea he could not but feel confirmed by what he knew of a Mr. Burgum (I think), Mr. Catcott's partner, who taught himſelf Latin and Greek.

Yet this very Catcott tells us (Monthly Review, May, 1777) that, "*to his certain knowledge*, *Chatterton* (who, you remember, in 1768, uſed a *Latin* ſignature to the paper) *underſtood no language but his mother tongue.*" On what was this *certain knowledge* founded? It muſt reſt, ultimately, upon this, that Chatterton had never told him he did, had perhaps told him he did not, underſtand any other language. With as much *certainty* of *knowledge* the ſame aſſertion might have been advanced of Mr. Burgum, before his acquiſitions in languages were known to Mr. Catcott. With as much *certainty* of *knowledge*, and more appearance of truth, a pewterer of Schwabach might have aſſured the world that Barretier (*Fugitive pieces*, printed for Davies, vol. 1. 141.) was not, at *nine* years of age, maſter of five languages, and did not, in his *eleventh* year, publiſh a learned letter in Latin, and a tranſlation of a

Hebrew book into French, whereto, *in one month*, he added notes that contain, it is ſaid, ſo many curious remarks and enquiries out of the common road of learning, and afford ſo many inſtances of penetration, judgement, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page ſome reaſon to perſuade him they cannot poſſibly be the work of a child; but of a man long accuſtomed to theſe ſtudies, enlightened by reflexion, and dextrous by long practice in the uſe of books. Greater men than Catcott might profit by the juſt obſervations of Barretier's biographer, that "incredulity "may perhaps be the product rather of prejudice "than reaſon—that *envy may beget a diſinclination* "*to admit immenſe ſuperiority*—that an account is "not to be immediately cenſured as falſe, merely "becauſe it is wonderful."

How qualified Catcott is to ſeparate wonderful from falſe, we may judge from his own mouth. In the Monthly Review for May 1777, he formally tells the world, that Chatterton *could be little more than* 15 when he *gave* him the Briſtow Tragedy, the ode to Ælla, and the two or three little pieces which he firſt produced. A few lines further of this account, he tells us how abſurd it would be to ſuppoſe that *a lad of* 15 could forge Rowley. In the Gentleman's Magazine

gazine for Auguſt 1778, this conſcientious pewterer ſigns his name to a letter, which thus attacks Warton's 2d vol. of Engliſh poetry.

" Page 141, He (W.) ſays Chatterton was 17 years old when he firſt produced the poems to me. He was *but juſt turned of* 15. He was born November 20th, 1752, and he *gave* me the poems *in the beginning of the year* 1768. He had then the tonſure on his head, being juſt come from Mr. Colſton's charity ſchool. By thus miſrepreſenting the year of his age, in which he mentions moſt of the poems which have ſince appeared as being then in his poſſeſſion, two years are gained ; *an interval of time, which might give colour of probability to the (I muſt ſay) otherwiſe very improbable ſuppoſition of Chatterton's being the author of the works aſcribed to Rowley.*"

In the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1778, Mr. Catcott writes thus to the Printer, and talks rather differently about this *interval of time*, and its conſequence.

" I lately received a letter from London, charging me with an inconſiſtency in my account of the time in which I *firſt* became acquainted with young Chatterton. In mine of laſt month, I ſaid, it commenced the *beginning of the year* ; I now recollect it was about three weeks, or *perhaps a month*, ſubſequent to the publication in Felix Farley's Briſtol Journal, dated the 1ſt of October 1768, reſpecting the ceremonies uſed in opening the old bridge ; conſequently, *it could not have been till the latter end of the year : but, in my opinion, it is matter of little moment as to the preciſe time in which we became*

became acquainted, as it will not add a ſingle minute to his life, and, of courſe, *not the leaſt degree of credibility to the ſuppoſition of his being the author of the poems attributed to Rowley.*"

So that ſuppoſing Catcott to tell truth at laſt (and his "*perhaps a month*," may be *perhaps* two months; and probably "*about three weeks, or perhaps a month*," intervened between the *firſt* acquaintance, and the communication of the poems), Chatterton, inſtead of being a lad of 15 when he produced the firſt of Rowley's poems, was, on the 20th of the month ſubſequent to the publication in Farley's Journal, 16; for he was born in November 1752. They, at leaſt, who tell us of Chatterton's ſhocking impoſitions, ſhould not themſelves impoſe upon us about Chatterton. It is pleaſant enough that every thing like argument in Catcott reſts on Rowley's own evidence of his own exiſtence. Theſe are Rowley's poems, becauſe Rowley "*in a MS. of his own writing*," produced by Chatterton, ſays he depoſited poems in the cheſt out of which Chatterton ſaid he had theſe poems. Theſe poems were written three hundred years ago, becauſe the ode to Ælla is written in long lines like a proſe compoſition, as was uſual three hundred years ago, when parchment was ſcarce (Monthly Review, May, 1777)—

But

But if Chatterton invented Rowley's poems, he invented alſo the other MSS. in which thoſe poems are mentioned. If Chatterton compoſed the ode to Ælla, it was ſurely leſs difficult to write it on parchment, in "lines not kept diſtinct, in "the manner of proſe," as was uſual in Rowley's age, than to be the author of it! But, ſays Mr. Catcott——.

"With reſpect to the antiquity of theſe poems, it needs "only to be obſerved, that Mr. Canynge, the great friend "and patron of Rowley, died in the year 1474, and by his "*will* directed that *theſe, together with a vaſt collection of other* "*writings, ſufficient to fill three or four large cheſts, ſhould* "*be depoſited in Redcliſt church*, in the room before mentioned; "*requeſting that the mayor and chief magiſtrates of the city,* "*attended by the town clerk, together with the miniſter and* "*churchwardens of the pariſh*, would annually inſpect the "ſame, and ſee that every thing was carefully preſerved; or-"dering, moreover, that,

"An ENTERTAINMENT (Catcott himſelf gives this paſſage in capitals) SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD." (Monthly Review, May, 1777).

If this be ſo, it is, to be ſure, tolerably concluſive. But how ſtands the matter, if there ſhould not be *a ſingle ſyllable of truth in the whole paſſage?*—*Every word*, except perhaps the date of his death, is falſe. Rowley's name is

not once mentioned in the will. It makes juſt as much mention of "three or four large cheſts" of Rowley, as of Oſſian; or of three or four large cheſts of Catcott's pewter (Warton's hiſtory of Engliſh poetry, vol. 2. 159). Whence did Mr. Catcott get this *formal* ſtory? Certainly, either from Chatterton, or from ſome of C.'s friend Rowley's MSS. But, ſays Mr. Catcott (Gentleman's Magazine, Auguſt, 1778), it is true that what I told the world is *not true*—all this is *not mentioned in Canynge's will.* It is however mentioned "in a deed in Mr. Barrett's hand; "and, *what is more*, mention is there made "of a particular portion of Mr. Canynge's eſ- "tates ſet apart to defray the expences of an "entertainment on that occaſion, and the cheſt "itſelf is moſt particularly deſcribed." Catcott adds, "if C. had ſeen this deed, he could not "have read it, it being written in Latin, of "which he was, *to my knowledge, totally ignorant.*" To cut the matter ſhort at once, he had better tell us that, *to his knowledge*, Chatterton did not write a ſyllable of Rowley; and there would be an end of the buſineſs—with thoſe at leaſt who believe in Catcott's infallibility. But, unluckily, next to Chatterton, Catcott is the man leaſt to be believed. What a proper perſon did Chatterton's judgement

ſelect

ſelect to prepare Rowley's path before him, and to make his way ſtrait! Yet, this is he with whom we are told (Monthly Review, May, 77) Mr. Hale, the late Lord Lyttelton, Lord Camden, Mr. Harris, the Dean of Clogher, and Dr. Mills, have all agreed in opinion. If it be ſo, is not this the blind leading the * blind?

But, to return from Catcott's *contradictions*.—How very ſtrongly the idea, that a human being may accompliſh any thing, had taken poſſeſſion of Chatterton, one of his letters will convince you. He deſires, you will ſee, his ſiſter to improve herſelf in copying muſic, drawing, and *every thing which requires genius*; as if genius were no leſs common to man and woman, than a pair of eyes or a noſe. He gave all his fellow creatures credit for what he felt ſo plainly himſelf.

When Voltaire tells us, in his hiſtory of

* *All* that has hitherto appeared in print on the ſubject of Rowley, or of Chatterton, is contained in the Monthly Reviews for April, May, and June, 1777 (the Critical gives extracts, but no opinion): in the Gentleman's Magazines for May, June, July, Auguſt, and September, 1777; and Auguſt and September, 1778: in the 2d vol. of Wharton, ſection viii and the additions to pages 148, 153, 156, and 164, at the end of the volume: in Mr. Walpole's letter: and, of courſe in Rowley's poems, and Chatterton's miſcellanies.

Charles

Charles xii. that, on ſuch a day, he quitted Stockholm, *to which he never returned*, we are intereſted enough, even in ſuch a ſavage, to feel ſomething like concern. In April, 1770, Chatterton quitted Briſtol (from which place he never had before been abſent further than he could walk in half a Sunday, and to which place he never returned), to try his fortune in London.—Hear him now his tell own ſtory; and mark how regularly, but how rapidly, his method improves.

Letter 1.

Dear Mother; London, April 26, 1770.

Here I am ſafe, and in high ſpirits—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unneceſſary. After riding in the baſket to Briſlington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid eaſy; and agreeably entertained with the converſation of a quaker *in dreſs*, but little ſo in perſonals and behaviour. This laughing friend, who is a carver, lamented his having ſent his tools to Worceſter, as otherwiſe he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when finding it rained pretty faſt, I entered an inſide paſſenger to Speenhamland, the half-way ſtage, paying ſeven ſhillings: 'twas lucky I did ſo, for it ſnowed all night, and on Marlborough downs the ſnow was near a foot high.

At ſeven in the morning I breakfaſted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honeſt gee-ho complimented me with aſſuring me, that I ſat bolder and tighter

tighter than any perſon who ever rid with him—Dined at Stroud moſt luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had ſlept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius whoſe ſchool-boy ſon had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windſor was as old as *our Saviour's time.*

Got into London about 5 o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Dodſley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my deſign; ſhall ſoon be ſettled.——Call upon Mr. Lambert, ſhew him this, or tell him, if I deſerve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one——if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me.* Seen all

* An anecdote, leſs authentick and leſs ſtriking than this, in the courſe of a long life, ſhall confer immortality, and afford ſubject for eternal panegyrics. Recollect the age and the ſituation of Chatterton at this time.—The editor takes the liberty of adding to this note of Mr. H. by obſerving that, when Mr. Walpole wrote Chatterton word he wanted faith about the antient poems he had received, Chatterton maintained their genuineneſs, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman—— when Mr. W. went to France without returning them, the ſame ſpirit which led him to write thus to his mother, led him to demand his poems in a haughtier ſtile of Mr. W. on his return to England, and to write him word, that "he would not have *dared* to uſe him ſo ill, if he had not acquainted him with the narrowneſs of his circumſtances." This Mr. W. calls "*ſingularly impertinent.*" Let me aſk what treatment Mr. W. would expect from an *equal* to

all aunts, couſins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wenſley is alive and coming home.—Siſter, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember—I remain,

Your dutiful ſon,

T. Chatterton.

Letter 2.

Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

Dear Mother,

I am ſurprized that no letter has been ſent in anſwer to my laſt. I am ſettled, and in ſuch a ſettlement as I would deſire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine: ſhall engage to write a hiſtory of England and other pieces, which will more than double that ſum. Occaſional eſſays for the daily papers would more than ſupport me. What a glorious proſpect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings ſince I firſt correſponded with the bookſellers here. I ſhall viſit him next week, and by his intereſt will enſure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity Houſe. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expreſſed a deſire to know the author. By the means of another bookſeller I ſhall be introduced to Townſhend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unneceſſary; an author

whom he ſhould tacitly refuſe to return ſomething which had been lent? Let me aſk again, what elſe could be expected from the foreneſs which always accompanies (eſpecially, when in want) that "conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities," to which even Mr. W. cannot refuſe applauſe?

author carries his character in his pen. My ſiſter will improve herſelf in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Briſtol's mercenary walls were never deſtined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how ſuperior is London to that deſpicable place Briſtol—here is none of your little meanneſſes, none of your mercenary ſecurities which diſgrace that miſerable hamlet.—Dreſs, which is in Briſtol an eternal fund of ſcandal, is here only introduced as a ſubject of praiſe; if a man dreſſes well, he has taſte; if careleſs, he has his own reaſons for ſo doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contraſt? The poverty of authors is a common obſervation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who underſtands the arts of bookſellers—Without this neceſſary knowledge, the greateſt genius may ſtarve; and, with it, the greateſt dunce live in ſplendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant man of of war, in which T. Wenſley went out, is at Portſmouth; but no news of him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmſley's beſt rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other ſide, and give them to the perſons for whom they are deſigned, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, yours, &c.

T. Chatterton.

P. S. I have ſome trifling preſents for my mother, ſiſter Thorne, &c.

Sunday morning.

For Mr. T. Cary. +

I have ſent you a taſk. I hope no unpleaſing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's

+ A Pipe Maker at Briſtol.

Magazine. When you have any thing for publication, ſend it to me, and it ſhall moſt certainly appear in ſome periodical compilation. Your laſt piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the conſiderations in the acknowledgments. But I reſcued it, and inſiſted on its appearance.

Your friend,
T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row.

Mr. Henry Kator. +

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row—ſhall find a place in ſome Magazine, or other, as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,
T. Chatterton.

Mr. William Smith. #

When you have any poetry for publication, ſend it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row, and it ſhall moſt certainly appear.

Your friend,
T. C.

Mrs. Baker.

The ſooner I ſee you the better—ſend me as ſoon as poſſible Rymſdyk's Addreſs.

(Mr.

+ A Surgeon Baker at Bristol
# A Player and Poet.

(Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-ſtreet)

Mr. Mason.

Give me a ſhort proſe deſcription of the ſituation of Naſh—and the poetic addition ſhall appear in ſome magazine. Send me alſo whatever you would have publiſhed, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Paternoſter-row.

Your friend,
T. Chatterton.

Mr. Mat. Mease. //

Begging Mr. Meaſe's pardon for making public uſe of his name lately——I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future.

T. Chatterton.

Tell——

Mr. Thaire ∧ Mr. Rudhall ✕ Mr. Ward
Mr. Gaſter Mr. Thomas Mr. Kalo
= Mr. A. Broughton // Mr. Carty ϕ Mr. Smith, &c. &c.
v Mr. J. Broughton + Mr. Hanmor
Mr. Williams ➢ Mr. Vaughan

to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

// Wintner kept the Nags Head in Vine Street Bristol
Rector of Saint Mary Redcliffe Letter 3
an Attorney at Bristol
Painter in Small Street B.
a Woollen Draper at B.
+ a Wholesale Grocer at B.
✕ an Attorney at B.
ϕ a Surgeon at B.

Letter 3.

King's Bench, for the preſent, May 14, 1770.

Dear Madam,

Don't be ſurprized at the name of the place. I am not here as a priſoner. Matters go on ſwimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain perſons, they have ſet his creditors upon him, and he is ſafe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: His ſucceſſors in the Freeholder's Magazine, knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the Houſe of Lords, ſentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little ſervice. Laſt week being in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard taſk to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapſide; partner in a muſic ſhop, the greateſt in the city. Hearing I could write, he deſired me to write a few ſongs for him: this I did the ſame night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. Theſe he ſhowed to a doctor in muſic, and I am invited to treat with this doctor, on the footing of a compoſer, for Ranelagh and the gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!*---Beſides the advantage of viſiting theſe expenſive and polite places, gratis; my vanity will be fed with the ſight of my name in copper-plate, and my ſiſter will receive a bundle of printed ſongs, the words by her brother. Theſe are not all my acquiſitions: a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I ſpeak no tongue but my own!---But to return once more to,

a place

a place I am ſickened to write of, Briſtol. Tho', as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of ſervitude killed me: now I have that for my labour, I always reckoned the firſt of my pleaſures, and have ſtill, my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I underſtand ſo little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert muſt draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mention. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my couſin does very well.

I will get ſome patterns worth your acceptance; and wiſh you and my ſiſter would improve yourſelves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquiſition.—My box ſhall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, ſend them; and particularly * Catcott's Hutchinſonian jargon on the Deluge, and the M.S. Gloſſary, compoſed of one ſmall book, annexed to a larger.——My ſiſter will remember me to Miſs Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are ſo many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almoſt forgot myſelf.—Carty will think on me: upon enquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly ſtarve by it, but he muſt have luck indeed, who can live by it.——Miſs Rumſey, if ſhe comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to ſend me her addreſs.—London is not Briſtol—We may patrole the town for a day, without raiſing one whiſper, or nod of ſcandal: if ſhe refuſes, the curſe of all antiquated virgins light on her; may ſhe be refuſed, when ſhe ſhall requeſt. Miſs Rumſey will tell Miſs Baker, and Miſs Baker will tell Miſs Porter, that Miſs Porter's favoured humble ſervant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight and fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet ſays, is the flower of a man's days: and when a lady can't get a young huſband, ſhe muſt put up with an old bedfellow. I left Miſs Singer, I am ſorry to ſay it,

* The pewterer's brother, a clergyman in Briſtol.

it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.——But mum—Aſk Miſs Sukey Webb the reſt; if ſhe knows, ſhe'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the ſecret, but when the knot is faſtened, ſhe ſhall know how I came by it.—Miſs Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody elſe: I hope ſhe is well; and if that whining, ſighing, dying pulpit-ſop, Lewis, has not finiſhed his languiſhing lectures, I hope ſhe will ſee her amoroſo next Sunday.—If Miſs Love has no objection to having a crambo ſong on her name publiſhed, it ſhall be done.——Begging pardon of Miſs Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can aſſure her it has happened without my conſent. I did not give her this aſſurance when in Briſtol, leſt it ſhould ſeem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother.*—Enquire when you can, how Miſs Broughton received her billet.—Let my ſiſter ſend me a journal of all the tranſactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miſs Watkins know, that the letter ſhe made herſelf ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but another young Lady in the neighbourhood, of the ſame name.—I promiſed, before my departure, to write to ſome hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diverſion, which is as abſolutely neceſſary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you.—As to † Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum,

*Excuſe my impertinence in pointing out to you this unaffected trait of courage.

† Yet are we continually peſtered with the obligations of the literary world to Mr. Barrett. And every publication which ſpeaks of Chatterton, even Mr. Warton's quarto hiſtory,

gum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber ſo low, that I believe an author, in their eſtimation, muſt be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwiſe; had Rowley been a Londoner, inſtead of a Briſtowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any perſons in Briſtol; one, indeed, has obliged me, but, as moſt do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation. ‡—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I ſhall: but as I had the happy art of pleaſing in converſation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correſpondence under ſuch circumſtances, would be ridiculous. Let my ſiſter improve in copying muſic, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Briſtol's mercantile ſtyle thoſe things may be uſeleſs,

tory, is made a hand-bill to advertize the public that Mr. B. "is engaged in writing the Antiquities of Briſtol."—Nay, in the preface to Rowley's poems, printed by Payne, though the very paſſage to which this note refers is inſerted, p. ix: but *without the names*; we are told afterwards, p. xi. that this *low rater of literary lumber* "intends to publiſh in his "hiſtory of Briſtol, which the editor has the ſatisfaction to "inform the public is very far advanced, *a diſcourſe on* "*Briſtowe*, with ſuch remarks as he *of all men living is beſt* "*qualified to make*." And we are told before (p. vi.) that "to the *very laudable zeal* of Mr. Catcott" (another of theſe low raters of literary lumber) "the public is indebted for "the moſt conſiderable part of the following collection." ——Precious dictators theſe of public gratitude!

‡ And will any one ſtill talk of the *very laudable zeal* of any Briſtol gentleman?

leſs, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.——Inform Mr. Rhiſe that nothing ſhall be wanting on my part, in the buſineſs he was ſo kind as to employ me in; ſhould be glad of a line from him to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or ſpend the reſt of his days, ſafe, on dry ground.——Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford, relative to the Trinity Houſe; but his Grace is dangerouſly ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the ſtate of health I left her in. I am Miſs Webb's humble ſervant. Thorne ſhall not be forgot, when I remit the ſmall trifles to you. Notwithſtanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garſed's addreſs, thro' the cloſeneſs of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily ſtumbled upon it this morning.

I remain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Thomas Chatterton.

Monday evening.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmſley's, at Shoreditch---only.)

Letter 4.

Tom's Coffee-houſe, London, May 30, 1770.

Dear Siſter,

There is ſuch a noiſe of buſineſs and politicks, in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excuſable. My preſent profeſſion obliges me to frequent places of the beſt reſort. To begin with, what every female converſation begins with, dreſs. I employ my money now in fitting myſelf faſhionably, and getting into good company; this laſt article always brings me in intereſt. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch

Scotch one indeed) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookſelling branches: I ſhall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article in the quarter of the town he lives in, with worſe accommodations, would be 50l. per annum. I ſhall have, likewiſe, no inconſiderable premium: and aſſure yourſelf, every month ſhall end to your advantage: I will ſend you two ſilks this ſummer; and expect, in anſwer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother ſhall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous hiſtory of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter: as this will not, like writing political eſſays, oblige me to go to the Coffee-houſe; I ſhall be able to ſerve you the more by it. But it will neceſſitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every Collegiate Church near; not at all diſagreeable journeys, and not to me expenſive. The Manuſcript Gloſſary, I mentioned in my laſt, muſt not be omitted. If money flowed as faſt upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5000l. You have, doubtleſs, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonſtrating and addreſſing the King: but it will be a piece of news, to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occaſion. Having addreſſed an eſſay to his Lordſhip, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deſerved; and I waited on his Lordſhip, to have his approbation, to addreſs a ſecond letter to him, on the ſubject of the remonſtrance, and its reception. His Lordſhip received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The reſt is a ſecret.——But the devil of the matter is, there's no money to be got of this ſide the queſtion. Intereſt is of the other ſide. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both ſides. I believe I may be introduced (and, if I am not, I'll introduce myſelf)

myſelf) to a ruling power in the court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an Eaſt India director, as qualified for an office no ways deſpicable; but I ſhall not take a ſtep to the ſea, whilſt I can continue on land. I went yeſterday to Woolwich, to ſee Mr. Wenſley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleaſing ſight, if we bar reflection, and do not conſider how much miſchief it may do. Greenwich Hoſpital, and St. Paul's Cathedral, are the only ſtructures which could reconcile me to any thing out of the Gothic.* Mr. Carty will hear from me ſoon: multiplicity of literary buſineſs muſt be my excuſe.—I condole with him, and my dear Miſs Sanford, in the misfortune of Mrs. Carty: my phyſical advice is, to leach her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet: as much in the dark as poſſible. Nor is this laſt preſcription the whim of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the ſun is in the ſummer ſigns, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this ſympathetic effect, that the head ach is general in ſummer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of ſervice. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your papers of Saturday laſt, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and adviſing the corporation, or veſtry of Redclift, to procure a more compleat view of Redclift church?* My compliments to Miſs Thatcher: if I am in love, I am; tho' the devil take me, if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may addreſs her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt ſhe reveres; if you had not plowed with my heifer (or bullock rather), you had not found out my riddle. Humbly thanking Miſs Rumſey, for her complimentary expreſſion, I cannot think it

* Is this a letter of Chatterton or *Rowley*?

it ſatisfactory. Does ſhe, or does ſhe not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the leaſt doubt but ſhe will in a little time.

Eſſay-writing has this advantage, you are ſure of conſtant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece, which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the bookſellers to your own terms. Eſſays on the patriotic ſide, fetch no more than what the copy is ſold for. As the patriots themſelves are ſearching for a place, they have no gratuities to ſpare. So ſays one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew.

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name, but no pelf:
Till, ſtarv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myſelf.
Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to ſet them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

—On the other hand, unpopular eſſays will not even be accepted: and you muſt pay to have them printed, but then you ſeldom loſe by it,—Courtiers are ſo ſenſible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it. To return to private affairs—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publiſh the Goſpel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it: I believe there are not any ſent to Briſtol; they are

hardly worth the carriage: Methodiſtical, and unmeaning. With the uſual ceremonies to my mother, and grandmother; and ſincerely, without ceremony, wiſhing them both happy; when it is in my power to make them ſo, they ſhall be ſo; and with my kind remembrance to Miſs Webb, and Miſs Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

Thomas Chatterton.

P. S. I am this minute pierced through the heart, by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a Hackney coach. ——I am quite in love: if my love laſts till that time, you ſhall hear of it in my next.

Letter 5.

June 19, 1770.

Dear Siſter,

I have an horrid cold——The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleaſure than the circumſtance itſelf.—As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have gone to bed pretty ſoon laſt night: when being half undreſſed, I heard a very doleful voice, ſinging Miſs Hill's favorite bedlamite ſong:—the hum-drum of the voice ſo ſtruck me, that tho' I was obliged to liſten a long while, before I could hear the words, I found the ſimilitude in the ſound. After hearing her with pleaſure drawl for above half an hour, ſhe jumped into a briſker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous ſong, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been ſatyrized.——"I "put my hand into a buſh: I prick'd my finger to the "bone: I ſaw a ſhip ſailing along: I thought the ſweeteſt "flowers

"flowers to find:" and other pretty flowery expreſſions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray.——I now ran to the window, and threw up the ſaſh; reſolved to be ſatisfied, whether or no it was the identical Miſs Hill, in propria perſona.—But, alas! it was a perſon whoſe twang is very well known, when ſhe is awake, but who had drank ſo much royal bob (the gingerbread baker for that, you know), that ſhe was now ſinging herſelf aſleep; this ſomnifying liquor had made her voice ſo like the ſweet eccho of Miſs Hill's, that if I had not conſidered that ſhe could not ſee her way up to London, I ſhould have abſolutely imagined it her's——There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more buſy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

This part of the letter, for ſome lines, is not legible.

. . . . . the morning) from Marybone gardens; I ſaw the fellow in the cage at the watch-houſe, in the pariſh of St. Giles's; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court.—There was one ſimilitude it would be injuſtice to let ſlip. A drunken fiſhman, who ſells ſouſe mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all twopenny ordinaries; as his beſt commodity, his ſalmon, goes off at three half-pence the piece: this intinerant merchant, this moveable fiſh-ſtall, having likewiſe had his doſe of bob-royal, ſtood ſtill for a while; and then joined chorus in a tone, which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, faſt aſleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's ſong of

"Says Plato, who oy oy oy ſhould man be vain?"

However, my entertainment, though ſweet enough in itſelf, has a diſh of ſour ſauce ſerved up in it, for I have a moſt horrible weezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this

this cold; for there are ſo many noſtrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a diſtemper; he can be cured ſo cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind ſome ſcenes of laughter, you have loſt your ideas of riſibility.

Letter 6.

Dear Mother—

I ſend you in the box—

Six cups and ſaucers, with two baſons, for my ſiſter. If a China tea-pot and cream-pot is, in your opinion, neceſſary, I will ſend them; but I am informed they are unfaſhionable, and that the red China, which you are provided with, is more in uſe.

A cargo of patterns for yourſelf, with a ſnuff-box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the ſilver one is more grave than the other, which would ſuit my ſiſter beſt. But that I leave to you both.

Some Britiſh-herb ſnuff in the box: be careful how you open it. (This I omit, leſt it injure the other matters.) Some Britiſh-herb tobacco for my grandmother, with a pipe. Some trifles for Thorne. Be aſſured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to teſtify, that I remember you.

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 8, 1770.

N. B. I ſhall foreſtall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Chriſtmas.

I could

I could have wiſhed you had ſent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twiſted pipes, * for my grandmother; but, both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, leſt they ſhould break in the box, and, being looſe, injure the China. Have you heard any thing further of the clearance? Direct for me, at Mrs. Angel's, ſack-maker, Brook-ſtreet, Holborn.

Letter 7.

* It has been the frequent complaint of poets, that their eyes, " in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to " earth, from earth to heaven," muſt be ſometimes fixed on worldly matters; muſt now and then ſubmit to ſettle an account, or to caſt up a waſherwoman's bill. What ſhall we ſay of this *unprincipled, profligate* boy, who could paſs ſo regularly from the beauties of the head, to the beauties of the heart; from the muſe of fire, to the domeſtic deity; from the chorus to Godwin or Ælla, to a tea-pot for his mother and a tobacco-pipe for his grandmother? Pſalmanazar, with all his methodiſm, does not even pretend to have ever enquired after his parents; though he might, without danger of diſcovery, have relieved their neceſſities. C.'s affection more than kept pace with his villainy (that's the charitable word, I think). Nor does he ever mention a new proſpect, without accompanying it with a new promiſe of what his mother and ſiſter might expect from it. Who can read theſe letters without reflecting that this profligate and unprincipled villain might have wreſtled a little longer with, might, perhaps, have conquered, want and hunger, had he ſent fewer unneceſſary preſents to his mother, ſiſter, and grandmother!

Letter 7.

Dear Siſter,

I have ſent you ſome china, and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am ſurprized that you choſe purple and gold; I went into the ſhop to buy it; but it is the moſt diſagreeable colour I ever ſaw; dead, lifeleſs, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your anſwer in this affair will oblige me. Be aſſured, that I ſhall ever make your wants, my wants: and ſtretch to the utmoſt to ſerve you. Remember me to Miſs Sanford, Miſs Rumſey, Miſs Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As to the ſongs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly; when the ſeaſon's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces laſt month in the following Magazines:

Goſpel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.

Maria Friendleſs.
Falſe Step.
Hunter of Oddities.
To Miſs Buſh, &c.

Court and City. London. Political Regiſter, &c. &c.

The Chriſtian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying——I remain,

Yours,
T. Chatterton.

July 11, 1770.

Letter 8.

Letter 8.

I am now about an Oratorio, which when finiſhed will purchaſe you a gown. You may be certain of ſeeing me before the 1ſt of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almoſt all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an univerſal acquaintance: my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myſelf, to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I muſt be among the great: State matters ſuit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of buſineſs now, and muſt therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me ſoon——and more to the purpoſe. *

Yours,

T. C.

20th July, 1770.

* The publick may be *aſſured* of the authenticity of theſe letters, and of *every thing* which is related of this boy. All the originals of his letters here printed, except the original of this *laſt*, are in the poſſeſſion of his mother, or ſiſter, who, I believe, are ſtill living in Briſtol, and keep little day-ſchools. The original of this (they received no more—— he died on the 24th of the next month), his mother ſuffered to be retained as a curioſity. That, and the original letter from his ſiſter, dated September 22, 1778, are depoſited in the hands of Mr. Kearſly. †

The Editor.

During

† The publiſher of this volume,

During the period in which theſe letters were written, C. produced many of the things printed in the volume of his Miſcellanies. One paſſage I will be at the trouble of copying, becauſe it ſhows the acuteneſs of his mental ſight, which could plainly diſtinguiſh each varying ray of excellence, and ſee blots even in the ſun from which his genius ſprung, and which it worſhipped.

" But, alas! happineſs is of ſhort duration; or, to ſpeak in the language of the high-ſounding Oſſian, Behold! thou art happy; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be miſerable. Thou art as eaſy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be tumbled and toſſed by misfortunes, like the ſtream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the Cathedral of Canterbury; but ſoon wilt thou be deformed like Chineſe palace-paling. So the ſun riſing in the Eaſt, gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rock dance, and all nature joins in the ſong. But ſee! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noiſy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour; and the dripping ſwain flies over the mountains, ſwift as Bickerſtaff, the ſon of ſong, when the monſter *Bumbailiano*, keeper of the dark and black cave, purſued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men.—O, Oſſian! immortal genius! What an invocation could I make now! But I ſhall leave it to the abler pen of Mr.

Mr. Duff,† and ſpin out the thread of my own adventures."
Town and Country Magazine, July 1770, p. 375.

Of courſe I have been a little curious after the ſhort part of his life which he ſpent in town. By his letters you ſee he lodged firſt in Shoreditch; afterwards (when his employments made it neceſſary for him to frequent public places, I ſuppoſe), in Brook-Street, Holborn. The man and woman where he firſt lodged are ſtill living in the ſame houſe. He is a plaiſterer. They and their nephew, and niece (the latter about as old as C. would be now, the former three years younger); and Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the houſe, and deſired them to let C. (her relation) lodge there alſo, have been ſeen. The little collected from them you ſhall have in their own words. But the life he led did not afford them many opportunities to obſerve him, could they have imagined that ſuch a being was under the ſame roof with them, or that they would be aſked for their obſervations upon him, after an interval of ſo many years.—Mrs. Ballance ſays he was as proud as Lucifer. He very ſoon quarrelled with her for calling him "Couſin *Tommy*," and aſked her if ſhe ever heard of a poet's being called *Tommy*: But ſhe aſſured him ſhe knew nothing

† This alludes, I conclude, to "Critical obſervations" by W. Duff, A. M. 8vo. 5s. Becket—publiſhed in June 1770. Mr. D. admits but three original geniuſes in poetry, Homer, Oſſian, and Shakeſpeare—Would not Chatterton complete the triumvirate better than Oſſian?

thing of poets, and only wiſhed he would not ſet up for a gentleman. Upon her recommending it to him to get into ſome office, when he had been in town two or three weeks, he ſtormed about the room like a madman, and frightened her not a little, by telling her, he hoped, with the bleſſing of God, very ſoon, to be ſent priſoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune. He would often look ſtedfaſtly in a perſon's face, without ſpeaking, or ſeeming to ſee the perſon, for a quarter of an hour or more, till it was quite frightful; during all which time (ſhe ſuppoſes, from what ſhe has ſince heard), his thoughts were gone about ſomething elſe. When Beckford died, he was perfectly frantic, and out of his mind; and ſaid he was ruined. He frequently ſaid he ſhould ſettle the nation before he had done; but how could ſhe think her poor couſin Tommy was ſo great a man as ſhe now finds he was? His mother ſhould have written word of his greatneſs, and then, to be ſure, ſhe would have humoured the gentleman accordingly. —Mr. Walmſley ſaw nothing of him, but that there was ſomething manly and pleaſing about him, and that he did not diſlike the wenches.— Mrs. W.'s account is, that ſhe never ſaw any harm of him—that he never *miſtiſted* her; but was always very civil, whenever they met in the houſe.

houſe by accident—that he would never ſuffer the room, in which he uſed to read and write, to be ſwept, becauſe, he ſaid, poets hated brooms —that ſhe told him ſhe did not know any thing *poet folks* were good for, but to ſit in a dirty cap and gown in a garret, and at laſt to be ſtarved—that, during the nine weeks he was at her houſe, he never ſtaid out after the family hours, except once, when he did not come home all night, and had been, ſhe heard, *poetting* a ſong about the ſtreets.——This night, Mrs. Ballance ſays, ſhe knows he lodged at a relation's, becauſe Mr. W.'s houſe was ſhut up when he came home.

The niece ſays, for her part, ſhe always took him more for a mad boy than any thing elſe, he would have ſuch flights and *vagaries*—that, but for his face and her knowledge of his age, ſhe ſhould never have thought him a boy, he was ſo manly, and *ſo much himſelf*---that no women came after him, nor did ſhe know of any connexion; but ſtill, that he was a ſad rake, and terribly fond of women, and would ſometimes be ſaucy to her--that he ate what he choſe to have with his relation (Mrs. B.) who lodged in the houſe, but he never touched meat, and drank only water, and ſeemed to live on the air.---Did not I ſend you ſome beautiful French lines laſt year from Ireland?

Ireland? Chatterton's muſe had the ſame effect as Robin's miſtreſs --

Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maiſgres repas.

The niece adds that he was good tempered, and agreeable, and obliging, but ſadly proud and haughty; nothing was too good for him, nor was any thing to be too good for his grandmother, mother and ſiſter, hereafter ——that he had *ſuch a proud ſpirit* as to ſend the china, &c. (mentioned in his laſt letter but two) to his grandmother &c. at a time when ſhe (the niece) knew he was almoſt in want---that he uſed to ſit up almoſt all night, reading and writing; and that her brother ſaid he was afraid to lie with him; for, to be ſure, he was a *ſpirit*, and never ſlept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he ſaw, never cloſed his eyes.

The nephew (C.'s bedfellow, during the firſt ſix weeks he lodged there) ſays, that, notwithſtanding his pride and haughtineſs, it was impoſſible to help liking him----that he lived chiefly upon a bit of bread, or a tart, and ſome water: but he once or twice ſaw him take a ſheep's tongue out of his pocket--that C. to his knowledge, never ſlept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, ſometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake

awake when he (the nephew) waked; and got up at the ſame time, about five or ſix—that almoſt every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper not ſo big as ſixpences, into which he he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.—In ſhort, they all agree that no one would have taken him, from his behaviour, &c. to have been a poor boy of 17, and a ſexton's ſon---they never ſaw ſuch another perſon before nor ſince---he appeared to have ſomething wonderful about him. They ſay, he gave no reaſon for quiting their houſe. They found the floor of his room covered with little pieces of paper, the remains of his *poettings*, as they term it.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft ſeem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one ſhort pipe of rudeſt minſtreliy.
Silent, when glad; affectionate, though ſhy:
And now his look was moſt demurely ſad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours ſtared and ſigh'd, yet bleſs'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wiſe, and ſome believ'd him mad.

Mrs. Angel, to whoſe houſe he removed from Shoreditch, I have in vain endeavoured repeatedly to find out. A perſon in diſtreſſed circumſtances, as I underſtand her to be, is ſlow to be-

lieve that an inquiry after her hiding place, is only ſet on foot by the curioſity of honeſt enthuſiaſm. Little verſed in the hiſtory of mankind, ſhe cannot imagine how any one can be curious or concerned about a perſon, ſo many years after his death, for whom in his life-time no one cared a farthing. Every ſtranger is to her imagination a bailiff in diſguiſe. In every haſty tread ſhe hears "the monſter Bumbailiano, keeper of the "dark and black cave."—Poor hunted animal! If thou wert kind to Chatterton; if, by thy charitable means, his young hairs were brought down with ſomewhat leſs of ſorrow to the grave, never may the monſter lay his cruel paw upon thy ſhoulder!

Could Mrs. Angel be found, much might not be learnt from her ſhort knowledge of C. for he remained nine weeks in Shoreditch——at leaſt, not much more, perhaps, than has been gotten from Mrs. Walmſley and her family.——Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the houſe in which Mrs. Angel lived, remembers him, and remembers his death. She ſpeaks alſo of his proud and haughty ſpirit, and adds, that he appeared both to her and Mrs. A. as if he was born for ſomething great. Mrs. A. told her, after his death, that, as ſhe knew he had not eaten any

thing

thing for two or three days, ſhe begged he would take ſome dinner with her on the 24th of Auguſt; but he was offended at her expreſſions, which ſeemed to hint he was in want, and aſſured her he was not hungry.

The firſt book of Beattie's beautiful *Minſtrel* appeared in 1771. While he was employed in painting an ideal Edwin; Briſtol, without knowing it, poſſeſſed the original. Edwin was certainly the child of Percy's "Reliques of antient Engliſh Poetry": perhaps Chatterton is deſcended from the ſame parents. We too may lament, with Beattie, over our *Minſtrel*—

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The ſteep where Fame's proud temple ſhines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a ſoul ſublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant ſtar,
And waged with fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the ſcoff of pride, and envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

Such was the ſhort and incredible life of Thomas Chatterton. Over his death, for the ſake of the world (he is out of the reach of our pity

pity or concern), I would willingly draw a veil. But this muſt not be. They who are in a condition to patronize merit, and they who feel a conſciouſneſs of merit which is not patronized, may form their own reſolutions from the cataſtrophe of his tale;---thoſe, to loſe no opportunity of befriending genius: theſe, to ſeize every opportunity of befriending themſelves; and, upon no account, to harbour the moſt diſtant idea of quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, leſt deſpondency ſhould at laſt deceive them into ſo unpardonable a ſtep. Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inqueſt, ſwallowed arſenick, in water, on the 24th of Auguſt, 1770; and died, in conſequence thereof, the next day. He was buried in a ſhell, in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane work-houſe. His taking ſuch a raſh and unjuſtifiable ſtep, is almoſt as ſtrange, as his fathering his poems upon Rowley. That he ſhould have been driven to it by *abſolute* want, though I don't ſay it was *not* ſo, is not very poſſible; ſince he never indulged himſelf in meat, and drank nothing but water*. The Coroner

* In the preface to Rowley's poems, p. x. we are told "he was reduced to real indigence, from which he was "relieved by death, in what manner is not certainly known."

roner has no minutes of the melancholy buſineſs, and is unable to call any of the circumſtances, at this diſtance of time, to his memory. The witneſſes before the Inqueſt, as appears by his memorandum, were Frederick Angell, Mary Foſter, William Hamſley: none of whom I have been able to find out. That his deſpair ſhould fix on Auguſt, that it ſhould not have ſtaid, at leaſt, till the gloomier months of winter, muſt ſurprize thoſe who are ſenſible of the influence of ſuch a climate as our's. Recollecting what Mrs. Newton ſays of the effect the moon had upon her brother, I ſearched for the moon's changes in Auguſt, 1770. Much cannot be preſumed from them. The moon was at the full on the 6th, and in the laſt quarter the 14th. The 20th, at 11 at night, there was a new moon. The fatal day was the 24th.—But who can bear to dwell upon, or argue about, the ſelf-deſtruction of ſuch a being as Chatterton? The motives for every thing he did are paſt finding out.

His room, when it was broke open, after his death, was found, like the room he quitted at

"known." Now, the manner is certainly known; the cauſe (*real* indigence) is not. Can any one be ſure he was not determined to ſeal his ſecret with his death?

at Mr. Walmſley's, covered with little ſcraps of paper. What a picture would he have made, with the fatal cup by his bed ſide, deſtroying plans for future *Ællas* and *Godwins*, and unfiniſhed books of *the battle of Haſtings?* M. I have had the—(call it what you will) to ſpend half an hour in this room. It was half an hour of moſt exquiſite ſenſations. My viſit of devotion was paid in the morning, I remember; but I was not myſelf again all day. To look round the room; to ſay to myſelf, here ſtood his bed; there the poiſon was ſet; in that window he loitered for ſome hours before he retired to his laſt reſt, envying the meaneſt paſſenger, and wiſhing he could exchange his own feelings, and intellects, for their manual powers and inſenſibility! Then, abhorrence of his death, abhorrence of the world, and I know not how many different and contradictory, but all diſtracting, ideas! Nothing ſhould tempt me to undergo ſuch another half-hour.

Briſtol, ſtand forth! Too juſt are even theſe rhymes
Without a trial to condemn thy crimes.
Come forward, anſwer to thy curſed name!
Stand, if thou dare, before the bar of Fame.
Briſtol, hold up thine hand, that damned hand
Which ſcatters miſery over half a land,
The land of Genius!———

But

But my indignation cannot ſtay for rhyme, yet it muſt vent itſelf.

Tell me, Briſtol, where is Savage?* Whither didſt thou drive Hume?† Where haſt thou hid the body of murdered Chatterton? Where are his mother and his ſiſter? Could not the female hand of Charity ‡ ſpare one mite to the ſtarving child

* Johnſon's life of Savage.

† "In 1734," ſays Hume, in his life, "I went to Briſtol, with ſome recommendations to eminent merchants; "but, in a few months, I found that ſcene totally unſuitable to me." In his hiſtory, ſpeaking of Naylor the mad quaker, who fancied himſelf transformed into Chriſt, we are told, "he entered Briſtol, mounted on a horſe;— "I ſuppoſe," adds Hume, "from the difficulty in that "place of finding an *aſs*." 4to. edition, 1770. vol. 7. p. 360.

‡ The following is a liſt of the late Mrs. Peloquin's public donations, who died at Briſtol.

To the chamber of the city of Briſtol, for the benefit of the poor not receiving alms -	19500 0 0
To the Briſtol Infirmary - - -	5000 0 0
To the Bath Hoſpital - -	500 0 0
To St. Stephen's Church - - -	400 0 0
For the propagation of the Goſpel - -	500 0 0
For promoting Chriſtian Knowledge -	500 0 0
	£. 26400 0 0

child of Genius! *Miſerable Hamlet!* * as Chatterton calls thee. Unworthy ſuch a treaſure! Much more unworthy his guardian care! For, canſt thou be ſure, ungrateful city, the ſpirit of neglected Chatterton does not ſtill beſt delight to haunt the place which gave him birth? Canſt thou be certain his watchful providence did not lately extinguiſh the threatening flames of treaſon †? Perhaps, while I write, his ſpirit protects your commerce;

Or, in black armour, ſtalks around
Embattled Briſtol, once his ground,
And glows, ardurous, on the caſtle ſtairs;
Or, fiery, round the mynſter glares.
Perhaps for Briſtol ſtill he cares;
Guards it from foemen and conſuming fire;
Like Avon's ſtream enſyrkes it round,
Nor lets a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire. ‡

But the feelings of the moment have hurried me away. Briſtol is not culpable. She may be proud that ſhe produced C. and need not, perhaps, bluſh for his death. Had he remained in the

* See his ſecond letter to his mother.

† John the Painter.

‡ See the concluſion of the "ſong of Ælla."

the "*miſerable hamlet*," Rowley *muſt inevitably* have worked his way in the world. "Sir Charles Bawdin" and the "ſong of Ælla," were already known to fame. Rowley's other poems muſt ſoon have blazed out—they could not, cold as was the age, have been kept much longer, even by the chilling hand of pewter patronage, from kindling a flame in the literary world, which haply might have cheered their author——and Chatterton might, now (diſtracting reflexion!); might, nine years ago; might, before he was twice nine years old; have been conſidered as the moſt extraordinary prodigy of genius the world ever ſaw. Nay, had he continued at Briſtol only a few weeks longer, had he continued in the world only a few days longer, he might have been preſerved. For, oh my M. I have been aſſured that the late amiable Dr. Fry, head of St. John's in Oxford, went to Briſtol the latter end of Auguſt 1770, in order to ſearch into the hiſtory of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronize the latter if he turned out to be the former, or to deſerve aſſiſtance—when, alas! all the intelligence he could pick up about either was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, deſtroyed himſelf.

Let-

Let me mention one circumſtance which ſtrikes me here, after which I maintain it to be impoſſible that a ſingle individual ſhould doubt, for a ſingle moment, whether *Ælla*, &c. were all written by a poor ſexton's ſon, before he was (I may ſay) ſeventeen.—After Chatterton left Briſtol we ſee but one more of Rowley's poems, "The ballad of Charitie:" And that a very ſhort one. What was the reaſon of this? Had C. given to the world all the contents of Canynge's cheſt? Certainly not—for he is known to have ſpoken of other MSS. both at Briſtol and in town; and you have ſeen him write to his mother, that, "had Rowley been a Londoner, inſtead of a Briſtowyan, he could live by copying his works." Is it likely that a lad, poſſeſt of a cheſt full of ſuch poems (ſome of which he ſold for trifles to a pewterer, before he wanted money or knew its value), ſhould, when in real diſtreſs, and when he could have lived by only copying them, part with none of them, offer not one of them to any bookſeller? Ridiculous! Impoſſible! This was the very moment to produce them. In my own mind I am perſuaded that, had C. really found the poems in an old cheſt, the idea of *forging* others, as like them as he could, *would now* have ſtruck him. But, in truth,

truth, Canynge's old cheſt was only his own fruitful invention. At Briſtol, undiſturbed by the cares, or the pleaſures of the world, his genius had nothing to do but to indulge itſelf in creating Rowley and his works. In London, was to be learnt, that which even Genius cannot teach, the knowledge of life—Extemporaneous bread was to be earned more ſuddenly than even Chatterton could write poems for Rowley—— and, in conſequence of his employments, as he tells his mother, public places were to be viſited, and mankind to be frequented. He who fabricated ſuch poems, in the calm and quiet of Briſtol, muſt have been almoſt more than man. Had C. produced them to the world *as faſt*, amidſt the avocations, the allurements, the miſeries of his London life, I would immediately become a convert to Rowley. At preſent, if I fall down and worſhip Rowley, it can only be as the golden image which Chatterton has ſet up.

The ballad of Charity, the laſt of Rowley's poems, in addition to the internal proofs that it was a compoſition of the day, carries melancholy conviction to the mind, that it was the compoſition of Chatterton. The note, which, the editor of Rowley's poems tells us, accompanied this paſtoral

toral to the printer, is dated "Briſtol, *July* 4, "1770." Now, in what month is the ſcene laid?

In *virgyne* the ſweltrie ſun gan ſheene,
And hotte upon the meads did caſt his ray.

If C. had this by him all 1769, is it not odd that this ſhould be the only poem he did not ſhow Catcott? Is it not ſingular he ſhould not produce it till July 1770? Till the very month in which it was originally written?

Look in his glomed face, his ſprite there ſcan,
How woebegone, how withered, ſapleſs, dead!
Haſte to thy church-glebe houſe, aſshrewed man;
Haſte to thy kiſte, thy only dortoure bed!
Cold as the clay which will gre on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves;
Knightis and *Barons* live for pleaſure and themſelves.

This ſeems too plainly deſigned for a ſketch of himſelf, and of the coldneſs with which he conceived he had been treated; eſpecially as "the "Memoirs of a Sad Dog" appeared in the Town and Country Magazines for July and Auguſt 1770: wherein C. ridicules Mr. Walpole with ſome humour, under the title of *Baron* * Otranto. And, more eſpecially, as in a note

* There is a very remarkable paſſage in this ridicule. "Should any critic aſſert it is impoſſible ſuch an imagina- "tion"

note of his own, upon the fourth word in the ſtanza (*glommed*), he writes thus ——

" clouded, *dejected*. A perſon, of ſome note in the litera-
" ry world, is of opinion that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant
" words; and from this circumſtance doubts the authenticity
" of Rowley's MSS. *Glum-mong*, in the Saxon, ſignifies
" twilight, a dark and dubious light; and the modern word
" *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*."

—Again, the confidence with which he ſpeaks of Rowley's merit, now that he is more convinced of his own abilities than he was when he carried the productions of them to Catcott—— " An *excelent* balade of Charitie." Can't you ſee his indignation penning the note to the printer? I can. " If the Gloſſary annexed to the
" following piece will make the language intel-
" ligible; *the ſentiment, deſcription, and verſifica-*
" *tion are highly deſerving the attention of the lite-*
" *rati*."

" tion" (that by the charms of *Robinhood's Ramble* he was carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third) " could enter the cerebellum of the Baron, who con-
" fines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety
" (for the ſongs of Robin Hood were not in being till the
" reign of Elizabeth)——His aſſertion ſhall ſtand uncontra-
" dicted by me, *as I know*," ſays C. in the character of Harry Wildfire, " *by woeful experience, that, when an author reſolves*
" *to think himſelf in the right, it is more than human argument*
" *can do to convince him he is in the wrong*."

" *rati.*" Had it been thought to deſerve the attention of the magazine, it might poſſibly have made its way to the literati, and the author might have been ſnatched from the fangs of ſuicide by the hand of Fame. But, although the note is dated July 4; no ſuch poem appears in the magazine for that month, nor for any other. Yet, ſurely, Rowley's " ballad of Charitie" could not have diſgraced the chaſte records of an immortal magazine of 1770, more than Rowley's " Elinoure and Juga" in 1769! Addiſon ſaid, he would put his friend Sir Roger de Coverley to death, leſt any one ſhould murder him. Is it poſſible that C. ſhould have determined to murder himſelf, becauſe the Town and Country Magazine doubted the exiſtence of his friend Rowley. In turning over their volume for 1770, I thought I had found room for ſome ſuch ſuſpicion, when I met with the following paſſage among the acknowledgments to correſpondents—— " The Paſtoral from Briſtol, ſigned D. D." (which I conclude to be an error of the preſs for D.B.—eſpecially, as no other acknowledgment is made for Chatterton's Paſtoral) " has ſome ſhare " of merit; but the *author* will, doubtleſs, diſ- " cover, upon another peruſal of it, many ex- " ceptionable paſſages." However, on looking again, I ſaw this was prefixed to the Magazine

for

for Auguſt—Conſequently, when it was publiſhed on the 1ſt of September, Chatterton was beyond the reach of Magazines.—But it is pretty clear the Magazine thought C. was *the author* of Rowley's poems.

The circumſtance moſt extraordinary, and which muſt appear ſo even to thoſe (if there ſtill be any ſuch) who will not think as I think, is this—that he not only in his diſtreſs never endeavoured to procure bread by writing poems for Rowley (or by producing one or two from the *many cheſts full* of Rowley's poems, which he had in his poſſeſſion, and brought to town in his pocket, and carried about in his pocket); but, that, having written the "ballad of "Charitie," he did not, in diſtreſs by which ſome think he was driven to ſuicide, turn it, or endeavour to turn it into money. All his other things, after he came to town, as is known from bookſellers, and is clear from his letters, were *ſold*; the "ballad of Charitie" was a free-will offering to literature. Had C. ſo much reſpect for his fictitious Rowley (there is not the *ſhadow* of a reaſon to be given why he ſhould have ſo much reſpect for a *real* R.), that he would not barter his poems to a Magazine for bread? That it ſhould be ſo is not altogether impoſſible; but it is ſurely *odd* that the ſame chriſtian name ſhould belong to the finder, and to the author

* In the acknowledgements to [illegible] correſpondents the preceding week [illegible] "D. D.'s Account of the Intrigue between the [illegible] and Lady G. [illegible] came too late for [illegible]; and we think it inferior to the narrative we have [illegible] therefore the Error of the Preſs.

theſe poems; *Thomas* Rowley, *Thomas* Chatterton. —Every thing that C. did at every period of his life about Rowley was original. The *only* time (as I think Catcott ſays) that he ever aſked the pewterer for money, was when he brought him the ſubſequent bill.

Mr. G. Catcott to the executors of T. Rowley, Dr.

To pleaſure received in reading his hiſtoric works	5	5	0
——————— his poetic works -	5	0	0
	10	10	0

At Mr. Walmſley's he uſed frequently to ſay he had many wrirings by him, which would produce a great deal of money, if they were printed. To this it was once or twice obſerved that they lay in a ſmall compaſs, for that he had not much luggage. But he ſaid he had them, nevertheleſs. —When he talked of writing ſomething which ſhould procure him money to get ſome cloaths; to paper the room in which he lodged; and to ſend ſome more things to his ſiſter, mother, and grandmother: he was aſked why he did not enable himſelf to do all this, by means of theſe writings which were "worth their weight in gold." His anſwer was, that they were not written with a deſign to buy old cloaths, or to

paper

paper rooms; and that, if the world did not behave well, it ſhould never ſee a line of them.

We come now to the queſtion of moſt difficulty, but of leaſt conſequence. What could induce C. to lay ſuch a plan? Was it the credit of impoſing upon the world, which he was determined never to claim, ſince he never owned the impoſition. My anſwer is, that I neither know nor care; And the conjectures of the ruſtieſt fellow of the antiquarian ſociety cannot give an anſwer much more to the purpoſe. Are the motives of men's and women's conduct ſo plain, that he who runs may read them? How much leſs obvious are we to expect the motives of a boy's conduct? C. with ſome, with many things about him, ſuperior to moſt, to all men, was ſtill but a boy. Though he did ſee 17 before his death, he muſt ave been *literally* a boy, when he laid the foundation of his plans.—If Macpherſon and Oſſian be the ſame, if C. thought them to be the ſame, C. is an original in poetry only, not in ſuppoſitiouſneſs.——Mr. L. never took off his maſk, but rather choſe that Fame ſhould dreſs up an ideal writer, and worſhip him as the author of Junius, than to claim the eternal crown in his

own name and perſon.——Good men are ſatisfied with the applauſe of their own conſciences, and ſcatter charity with the inviſible hand of bounty. May not great men be formed in the ſame mold? May not obſcurity appear to enlarge an ideal, as well as a real, object? God would, perhaps, be ſomething leſs of God, were he viſible.—But, as I ſaid, I neither know nor care what was C.'s motive.——

Am I ſtill aſked for it? Like many a man in converſation, I'll get off by telling a ſtory. D'Alembert, in his pamphlet upon the deſtruction of the Jeſuits, relates that one of the order, who had ſpent 20 years upon a miſſion in Canada, did not believe even the exiſtence of a God. Notwithſtanding this, he had, numerous times, run the hazard of his life in defence of that religion which he preached with ſucceſs among the Savages. To a friend who expreſſed ſurprize at the warmth of his zeal, the miſſionary obſerved —"Ah, you have no idea of the pleaſure there is in having 20,000 men to liſten to you, and in perſuading them what you don't believe yourſelf."

What ſuggeſted the ſcheme to Chatterton's invention?——This queſtion it is, perhaps, ſtill more impoſſible to anſwer. Nor do I pr-

tend

tend to anſwer it, If you can ground any conjectures on a few facts I will mention—ſo.—— Pſalmanazar died about the time Chatterton's ſcheme was born, and bequeathed his methodiſtical memoirs to the world. Walpole, about the ſame time, endeavoured to turn a whole national current of belief, with reſpect to Richard iii. and, not long before, acknowledged the impoſition he had put upon the public in the preface to *Otranto*. The Douglas cauſe was about the ſame time, in high agitation. Oſſian, with Blair's diſſertation, in which the name of *Ælla* is mentioned, had not long made his appearance. "The + Concubine," in Spenſer's manner, appeared in 1767. Percy's "Reliques" had not long been publiſhed. Page xxiv. of the firſt vol. (2d. edition 1767) mention is made of "Col-"grin, ſon of that *Ella* who was elected "king of the Saxons in the room of Hengiſt." C. muſt have admired "Hardyknute" (vol. 2. p. 94) which "Mrs. Wardlaw *pretended* to have "found on ſhreds of paper, employed for what "is called the bottoms of clues;" and muſt have ſeen through the *pretended* extract of a letter from *Canton* to James Garland, Eſq; at the end of the third volume, which vouches for the *truth* of Percy's *Hau Kiou Choaau*, there advertiſed as *tranſlated from the Chineſe*.—On the 21ſt of

+ By Mickle, now entitled *The Mariner*.

of January 1769, the *inviſible* Junius printed his firſt letter. In May 1769, Mrs. Montagu publiſhed her Eſſay on Shakeſpeare, from which it is not impoſſible that C.'s *tindery* ambition might catch the fire of rivalry. Farrer's Eſſay on the learning of Shakeſpeare had appeared about a twelvemonth. *Farmer's*

In the wonderful extent of his reading Chatterton could not be ignorant of Parnell's impoſition on Pope, by means of a pretended Leonine tranſlation of ſome of his lines in the Rape of the Lock; or of Parnell's Fairy Tale, *in the antient Engliſh ſtyle*.—Better memories may, perhaps, recollect other things of this kind.——That Chatterton had Walpole and Oſſian in ſome meaſure preſent to his mind, is manifeſt from his fixing upon the ſame perſon (Mr. W.) to introduce Rowley to the world, whom Macpherſon choſe for Oſſian. And, ſurely, to prove Earl Godwin a good man and true, in ſpite of hiſtory, is much ſuch an attempt as Mr. W.'s concerning Richard! The firſt ſtanza of Cannynge's prologue to Godwin, is little more than a verſification of the ingenious ſuppoſition in the article *Godwin*, in the Biographia Britannica; and is rather the language of our *diſtant* age, than of a man writing *three hundred years nearer* Godwin;

win; who was not then *ungently* treated in *ſo many* hiſtories, as now.

> Whilomme, by penſmen, much ungentle name
> Has upon Godwin Earl of Kent been laid,
> Thereby bereaving him of faith and fame.
> The unforgiving clergymen have ſaid,
> That he was knowen to no holy wurche.
> But this was all his fault—he gifted not the church.

It may be ſaid that hardly one of the ſchemes, which I have mentioned, ſucceeded. Let me, in my turn, tell what Fontenelle, in his dialogues, puts into the mouth of the Ruſſian pretender. When he is aſked how he dared to aſſert a claim, for which two or three impoſtors had ſuffered the crueleſt death; he anſwers, it was upon that very circumſtance he grounded the probability of paſſing for a true man, and no impoſtor.

When "The Town and Country Magazine" was firſt ſet up in January 1769, the foundation of C.s ſcheme was laid. The ſuperſtructure, of courſe, aſcended by degrees. It has at leaſt been ſome amuſement to ſee if I could diſcover that he took any materials from theſe publications. For this purpoſe I have carefully looked them over, down to the time of his death. The memorandums I made I will tranſcribe for you juſt as I ſcratched

ſcratched them down upon paper at the time. Some of them are little to the purpoſe, perhaps; and would not have occurred but for the conſciouſneſs that I was reading what had been read by the object of my admiration.——Many parts of the book you lent me the other day ſtruck me in a particular manner, becauſe I knew my M. had peruſed the ſame parts.—But, we muſt not expect to track a Magliabechi very often in the courſe of only *one* volume.—

In January 1769, p. 15, is this article—" The " antient and modern dreſſes in France compared " with thoſe of England." Which is continued and concluded in February, p. 59. Therein the writer ſays he is " glad to avail himſelf of the " aſſiſtance of *Chaucer*, who deſcribes the dreſſes " in the time of Richard II."—In March, p. 136. C. publiſhed *Rowley*'s M. S. on the *Court-mantle*. —The former part of this article (January, p. 15) ſays, it appears by a journal of thoſe times that

" On the 17th of October, 1409, the Sieur John de Mon-
" tague was conducted from the little Chatelet to the
" Halles, being ſeated high in a cart, and dreſſed in his li-
" very, viz. a great coat half red and half white, and a
" hood of the ſame, with a red buſkin and a white one, gilt
" ſpurs, his hands tied, and two trumpets before him: and
" that, after his head was cut off, his body was carried to

the

" the gibbet of Paris, and was there hung up with his buſ-
" kins and gilt ſpurs."

Catcott, after all his contradictions, does not pretend to have received from C. the death and execution of " Sir Charles Bawdin" in 1461, long, if *at all*, *before* the appearance of this article. They, who imagine this paſſage ſuggeſted Bawdin to C. will conclude Catcott to have received the poem juſt *after* the appearance of this article in January.

Page 30, of the ſame month, are inſerted the ſingular notes which Rouſſeau left upon his table at Bourgoin when he quarrelled with the magiſtrates. The vanity and ſelf-importance of theſe notes were hardly exceeded even by C. Among them are two, which I will tranſcribe; but not becauſe they could to *him* have ſuggeſted any thing; for he could not, poor fellow! ſee as far as our day. " The men of genius revenge themſelves by " inſulting me, becauſe they feel my ſuperiority. " Authors pillage, and cenſure me; knaves " curſe me; the mob hoot at me."

May we not ſuppoſe C. to have read theſe French lines? (January, p. 34.

L'homme vit par ſon ame, & l'ame eſt la penſée.
C'eſt elle qui pour vous doit meſurer le tems.
Cultivez la ſageſſe; apprenez l'art ſuprême
De vivre avec ſoimême;
Vous pourrés ſans effroi compter tous vos inſtans.

In

In an Eſſay on Fame (January, p. 37) I find this paſſage—" Butler tells us

Fools are known by looking wiſe.

" And, indeed, it muſt occur to every diſcerning " man, that affected wiſdom and ſententious gra- " vity are often aſſumed, to conceal a great pro- " fundity of folly and ignorance." In the poem on Happineſs, dated 1769, which you have already ſeen, are theſe lines—

And the fond mother thought him wondrous wiſe.
But little had ſhe read in Nature's book,
For fools aſſume a philoſophic look.

" On a friend who died in his *eighteenth* year." (January, p. 48) Little did C. think he had read his own epitaph.

In February, p. 62, an antiquarian gives an account of Burge-caſtle in Suffolk, antiently called Cnoberſburge, wherein we are told that " one of the towers, being perhaps undermined " when the caſtle was deſtroyed, is reclined from " the wall at the top about ſix feet."—One of Rowley's manuſcripts produced by Chatterton, is a plan to ſupport the tower of the Temple church in Briſtol, which had declined from its perpendicular. In a late reparation of the church, Catcott ſays ſome ſubterraneous works have been found, which correſpond with this M. S.——

Will

Will Catcott prove, to the ſatisfaction of *any perſon beſide himſelf*, that evidence *is* diſcovered of the tower's having declined; or that C. could not poſſibly know or judge that the tower had declined? *If he can*, ſtill C. might by accident have hit upon ſuch a thing, eſpecially after he had ſeen the foregoing paſſage about Burge Caſtle. Chance makes luckier hits than this continually.

In February, p. 104, are ſome lines, ſigned Aſaphides, dated January 29, 1769—"On Mr. "Alcock, a miniature painter, of Briſtol." They are printed in Chatterton's Miſcellanies. But ſhould they be thought inferior to other things in his own and Rowley's name; and ſhould that inequality, which we are obliged to pardon in the greateſt geniuſes, be uſed as an argument againſt a boy; I know not any proof that he wrote this, or another poem which we find in April, p. 217, with the ſame ſignature. He almoſt *always* ſigned himſelf D. B. the initials of his firſt Latin ſignature, Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis. He is here twice, and only twice, made to aſſume the ſtrange name of *Aſaphides*. ✕

In March, p. 146, is inſerted an encomium on Pope's paſtorals from Ruffhead. In May, p. 272, we read the paſtoral of Elinoure and Juga, from D. B. dated May 1769.

✕ There cannot be a doubt on the subject. It is now fully proved this Signature was never adopted by C.

In April, p. 193, we find " remarks on the " works of ſome of the moſt eminent painters, " with ſhort anecdotes of their lives." It was a little later, in the year 1769, than April, *I think*, that C. offered to furniſh Mr. Walpole with Rowley's MS. of " a ſeries of great painters " that had flouriſhed at Briſtol."

In " an account of the moſt celebrated mo- " naſteries in Europe" (April, p. 201.) mention is made of the abbey of St. Alban's, which was ſuppreſſed at the diſſolution of monaſteries. The ſcene of Elinoure and Juga (in the next month, May, p. 272.) is laid on Ruddeborne bank, a river near St. Alban's (as we learn from Chatterton's notes); and after the dialogue, Elinoure and Juga

——moved gentle o'er the dewy mees,
To where St. Alban's holy ſhrines remain.

In May, p. 272, immediately before his own Elinoure and Juga, is inſerted a monody. Some of the lines, together with the motto, I ſhall tranſcribe.

A MONODY.

" Oh! now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh! *farewel!*
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The

The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh! you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Shakeſpeare.

Farewel, Calcaria, now farewel!
Meand'ring wharf adieu!
Ye neighb'ring vills, I ceaſe to tell
What joys I ſhar'd in you!
Farewel fair bridge, and Gothic pile,
Adieu yon moat and mill!

No more yon murm'ring water-fall,
Its ruſtic *din* I hear;
No more yon bells ſo ſweetly call
My ſteps to wander there.

No more, dear F*******! thy ſweet *ſong*
Delights my liſt'ning ear;
No more, dear Tom, thy *fiddle*'s ſtrung,
My penſive ſoul to cheer.
No more, gay Flora, your *guittar*,
Tho' fraught with melody;
No more your voice, yet ſweeter far,
Will fill my heart with glee.
No more, my friends, I join your *joy*,
Your concert, *ſong*, or *ball*.

Adieu, delightful Bramham park,
Thy walks, thy *meads*, thy *groves*.

Thy proud pavillions, and thy *cot*,
With homely thatch done o'er;
Thy *diſtant views*, thy *rural grot*,
Adieu! farewel!

Give me leave, now, to tranſcribe you a few lines from Rowley's firſt eclogue. The old (and ſometimes *unintelligible*) words, I will change for C.'s more modern ones in his notes.

Speak to me not; I ken thy woe in mine.
O! I've a tale the devil himſelf might tell.
Sweet *flourets*, mantled *meadows*, *foreſts* dign,
And *groves far-ſeen around* the hermit's *cell*;
The ſweet ribible *dinning* in the dell;
The joyous *dancing* in the alehouſe court;
Eke the *high ſong* and every joy—*farewel!*
Farewel the very ſhade of fair diſport!

Of the impoſſibility to prove imitation I am well aware. But for intentional imitation I do not here contend. The originality of C.'s ſublime genius would not have ſtooped from its height to imitate any man that ever wrote. The queſtion is, whether we perceive the remarkable turn of Othello's *farewel*, and whether C.'s wonderful memory had retained that, and the ruſtic *din*, the *fiddle*, *guittar*, &c. from a peruſal of the monody, without being conſcious of it. C. himſelf

ſelf explains *ribible* to be a " violin;" a muſical inſtrument not known, I fancy, to the period at which the ſcene of this eclogue is laid; nor very natural in the eclogue, though *truth* might mark the propriety of it in the monody.——By the nature of his plan the folding doors of imitation were effectually ſhut againſt Chatterton. His hands were tied up from picking and ſtealing. What other poet, antient or modern, except Homer (and even Homer had his antients perhaps), can produce an octavo volume, and *ſuch* an octavo volume, in the whole courſe of which, after a ſearch of ſome years, the beſt and oldeſt heads are not able to detect him with certainty more than ſix or eight times *? And thoſe coincidences muſt of courſe have been the effect more of memory than deſign. Rather different are the following *coincidences*; of which many (beſide thoſe they have the honeſty to own) might be collected from every page of every poet but this boy.

Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Pope. El. to Abelard.

For ſoon as maiſtery comes, ſweet love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoon away is gone.
Spenſer. 3. 1. 25.

* A *few* remarkable coincidences to which a few, and but a few, might ſtill be added, are pointed out in a letter prefixed to C.'s Miſcell. which originally appeared in the St. James's Chronicle.

The attic warbler pours her throat.

Gray. Spring.

Love will not be confined by maiſterie:
When maiſterie comes, the Lord of love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

E. on Man. 3. 33.

The painful family of death.

Gray. Eton College.

Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.

Pope.

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

Gray. Bard.

Intereſt that waves on party-coloured wings.

Dunciad 4. 538.

They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Gray. Elegy.

The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of Time.

All's well that ends well.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Gray. Elegy.

——He lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peep'd out
Upon the brook, that crawl'd along the wood.

Shakeſp. As you like it.

And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Gray. Elegy.

The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up.

Shakeſp. Hen. V.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Goldſmith. Edwin and Angelina.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Young. Night 4.

In

In May, p. 328, is a modern verſion of Eleanora and Juga, " by S. W. A." aged 16. What muſt have been the feelings of Chatterton, when he ſaw a boy take merit to himſelf for *ſpoiling* a poem, by a modern verſion, at the ſame age, or perhaps at a more advanced one, than that at which he *forged* it!

In July, p. 370. we read of Otway, that——

" When he died (which he did in an obſcure houſe, near " the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, " which it ſeems he had ſold for a trifle to Bentley, the " bookſeller. I have ſeen," ſays the author of this article, " an advertiſement, at the end of one of Leſtrange's " political papers, offering a reward to any one who ſhould " bring it to his ſhop. What an invaluable treaſure was " there irretrievably loſt, by the ignorance and neglect of " the age he lived in."

In this affecting picture it was impoſſible C. ſhould perceive his own features; but you will allow it required all even his ſtrength of mind, and conſcious genius, to work on upon Rowley after reading the following truth!—

" At preſent, were a man to endeavour to improve his for- " tune, or increaſe his friendſhip, by poetry, he would " ſoon feel the anxiety of diſappointment. The preſs " lies open, and is a benefactor to every ſort of literature " but that alone."

If C. did endeavour to catch the public by other baits, beſides genius, who can blame him?

What muſt have been the ſenſations of C.'s feeling mind when he read (July, p. 389) that

the number of ſlaves brought from the coaſt of Africa, in one year 1768, between Cape Blanco and Rio Congo, by the different European nations, amounted to one hundred and four thouſand one hundred! Great Britain (the ſeat of freedom) 53,100—France 23,500—Holland (after wreſting their own freedom from Philip) 11,300—Portugal 8,700—Britiſh *America* 6,300—Denmark 1,200. How muſt the genius of Rowley have fired at ſuch a ſum total of fellow creatures, made beaſts of burden, only becauſe the common Creator had made them of a different colour!

Ill-fated Chatterton! Why didſt thou not attend to *Oreſtes* "on the poverty of authors?" (Auguſt, p. 399.) How couldſt thou imagine that even thy parts would prevent thy adding one to his long but faithful liſt of the ſtarved children of Genius! Could thy penetrating ſight diſcover no truth in his borrowed obſervation, that——

"we more readily aſſiſt the lame and the blind than a poor "man of genius—for every one is ſenſibly affected with "the apprehenſion of blindneſs or lameneſs; but who is "in the leaſt dread of the accidents which attend on ge-"nius?"

——Here let me ſtop a moment to reſcue the world from blame it does not merit. The world is not accountable for the death of every man of abilities who has periſhed, however miſerably, in

in an alehouſe or a priſon. Profligacy and genius, ability and prodigality, are not, as many imagine, the ſame things. But genius too often thinks it neceſſary to be profligate, and profligacy often demands to paſs for genius. To behold genius confined in a priſon, or ſkulking in an alehouſe, and not to lend relief, were infamous; provided the ſpectator could be ſure he was lending *effectual* relief. But, if to reſcue from one priſon, be only to give an opportunity to viſit another—whoſe humanity is ſturdy enough to bear ſuch inſults even from a friend or from a child? Churchill reproached the world with ſuffering Lloyd to pine in the Fleet, and Johnſon has moiſtened many an eye with the ſufferings of Savage. But the world, if it be ever accountable, is only accountable for the death of ſuch a being as C. who (let his enemies or enviers perſiſt, as they chooſe, in aſſerting what they cannot prove) was not extravagant, was not profligate, was not unprincipled. All his profligacy conſiſted in quitting the attorney's office, and penning Ælla—"when he ſhould "have engroſſed." His own extravagance was viſhing upon unneceſſary preſents to his grandmother, mother, and ſiſter, a few ſhillings, the earnings of his genius, which might otherwiſe, perhaps, have ſaved him from ſtarving. Unprincipled belongs to thoſe who accuſe him of crimes without a ſhadow of proof.

In

In the Magazine for September, p. 497, is a *roundelay*, for the Jubilee in honour of Shakeſpeare. Let me juſt tranſcribe the firſt ſtanza of it, and the firſt ſtanza of the famous Minſtrell's Song in Ælla. Your muſical ear muſt judge whether the latter was ſuggeſted by the former.

Siſters of the tuneful ſtrain!
Attend your parent's jocund tree;
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

O! ſing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holyday,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

If your ear be ſtruck by the cadence, you will be ſtruck not a little, in the remainder of the ſong, by a ſtrong reſemblance or two of Shakeſpeare, to whom C.'s retentive memory muſt have been directed by the ſubject of the roundelay, and by the mention it makes of Deſdemona.

In Othello (4. 13), Deſdemona ſings, "*All* a "green *willow*," &c. which ſhe ſays her mother's maid Barbary "*died ſinging*." The burden of the ſong in Ælla is "*All* under the *willow* tree" —and it concludes with

I die;

I die; I come; my *true-love* waits.
Thus the damſel ſpake and *died*.

The original of Deſdemona's ſong ("willow, "willow") is in Percy's *Reliques*, 1. 192. One ſtanza (p. 193) is not totally unlike the Minſtrell's *firſt* which I have juſt tranſcribed——

The cold *ſtream ran* by him,
His eyes wept apace;
The *ſalt* tears fell from him,
Which drowned his face.

What follows is ſurely rather more than coincidence!

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his cheek as the ſummer ſnow.

Whiter is my true-love's ſhroud.
Ælla. 852. 873.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.
Hamlet. 4. 5.

His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his poll.
Hamlet. 4. 5.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid.
Ælla. 879.

Larded all with ſweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love ſhowers.
Hamlet. 4. 5.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed.
Ælla. Burden of the ſong.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed.
Hamlet. 4. 5.

One

One other line has the ſame turn and expreſſion as a line of Tickel.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing.

Ælla. 865.

And, at her window,——
The raven flapped his wing.

Lucy and Colin.

Have I tired you? But, pray, confeſs there is more in the ſimilarity of theſe paſſages, than if I were to argue that C. wrote all Rowley, becauſe in one of R.'s poems there is a line which is to be found, *word for word*, in two other poets ſince R.

And tears began to flow.

Sir C. Bawdin.

And tears began to flow.

Alexander's Feaſt.

And tears began to flow.

Edwin and Angelina.

So, in another bard——

Right againſt the eaſtern gate.

Gray. Deſcent of Odin.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate.

Milton. L'allegro.

This *might* happen without even having ſeen the lines which are ſo exactly the ſame. Then only it is that we can be ſure we ſee the ſtealing hand of memory, or catch the Proteus form of imitation, when the ſame idea is expreſſed in the ſame words.

Before we go any further, let me juſt ſhew you how the account ſtands between Chatterton and the Town and Country Magazine for 1769.

January

January.	- - - - - - - - -	0
February.	" Account of the tincture of Saxon he- " ralds;" and ſome lines " on Mr. Al- " cock," which do not from the ſignature appear to be C.'s though inſerted in his Miſcellanies - - - - - -	2
March.	" Ethelgar, a Saxon poem;" and a MS. by Rowley, on the court mantle -	2
April.	" Kenrick, a Saxon poem;" and an elegy, which does not from the ſignature appear to be C.'s though inſerted in his Miſcellanies - - - - - - - -	2
May.	" Cerdick, a Saxon poem;" Saxon atchievements, and Elinoure and Juga -	3
June.	- - - - - - - - - -	0
July.	Some lines to Mr. Holland - -	1
Auguſt.	Godred Crovan - - - -	1
Sept.	- - - - - - - - - -	0
Oct.	- - - - - - - - - -	0
Nov.	" The Hirlas;" and an elegy, which does not from the ſignature appear to be C.'s though inſerted in his Miſcellanies, where I *do not* find " the Hirlas," printed in the Magazine, p. 574, with his uſual ſignature, D. B. - - - - -	2
Dec.	" The antiquity of Chriſtmas Games," and " the Copernican Syſtem" - -	2
Supplement.	" The Hirlas," an elegy, and ſome lines to Miſs R. - - - -	3

You cannot, I am ſure, but obſerve, and with ſurprize, how few things he contributed during the ſpace of ſome whole months, from May to December. How are we to account for this? Was his active genius unemployed during all this time, and ſome of it the moſt poetical part of the year? Or did his

> ——————————ſpirit haunte
> ——————with his loved Rowley by his ſide,
> Where he might hear the ſwotie nightlark chaunte?
> B. of Haſtings, 2. 581.

It is certain that in December (p. 623 of the Magazine) there is a paſſage in a ſhort article of C.'s upon the "antiquity of Chriſtmas games," which ſeems clearly meant to prepare the world for *Ælla*, *Godwin*, and the *Apoſtate*—and who can tell for how many more of Rowley's plays?

"A regiſter of the nunnery of Keynſham relates, that, William, Earl of Gloceſter, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynſham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the twelvth day began the plays for the knights by the monks: with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and ſervants, by minſtrels.

Here is plainly a diſtinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble repreſentations comprehended under the name plays. The firſt were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons

rons were uſually family hiſtories, the monk, who repreſented the maſter of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without ſleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In theſe domeſtic performances abſurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges" (an error of the preſs, certainly, for Rowley's friend Gorges) " Conſtance, Counteſs of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three huſbands in the compaſs of an hour. Sometimes theſe pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monaſteries had the ſervice of the monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the ſame contained nothing againſt God or the church. The public exhibitions were ſuperior to the private; the plot generally the life of ſome pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. *I have ſeen ſeveral of theſe pieces,* MOSTLY LATIN, *and cannot think our anceſtors ſo ignorant of dramatic excellencies as the generality of modern writers would repreſent; they had a good moral in view:* and ſome of the maumeries abound with wit, which, though low now, was not ſo then."

So much for the Town and Country Magazine 1769.

Before I leave Rowley I muſt tranſcribe you a ſhort paſſage from the Gentleman's Magazine for Auguſt 1777, p. 363, which accounts for the following extraordinary lines in the epiſtle on Ælla:

Playes made from hallie tale I hold unmeete;
Let ſomme great ſtory of a manne be ſonge:
Whanne as a manne we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde we doe the Godhedde wronge.

 " I have

" I have hinted, that it is often impoſſible to diſtinguiſh between coincidence and imitation; nevertheleſs, I ſhould ſuppoſe the foregoing lines much more likely to have been written by one who had ſeen the following paſſage of Voſſius, than by one who had not. *I am of opinion,* ſays he, *that it is better to chuſe another argument than ſacred: for it agrees not with the majeſty of ſacred things to be made a play and a fable. It is alſo a work of very dangerous conſequence to mingle human inventions with things ſacred: becauſe the poet adds uncertainties of his own, ſometimes falſities; which is not only to play with holy things, but alſo to graft in men's minds opinions now and then falſe. Theſe things have place eſpecially, when we bring in God or Chriſt ſpeaking or treating of the myſteries of religion.* Now Rowley could not have ſeen Voſſius; for Voſſius was contemporary with Grotius, who was born in 1583. It may be thought very unlikely that Chatterton, the youth who is ſaid to have produced theſe poems as the compoſition of Rowley, ſhould have ſeen any work of Voſſius: it is, however, not unlikely that he had ſeen this paſſage in the place from whence I have quoted it; viz. Lives of the Poets (12mo. vol. ii. p. 14. Life of Francis Goldſmith); a book of which a young reader might very probably be poſſeſſed"--

—A book, I will add, which we may conclude our Magliabechi, juſt commencing the life of a poet, whether he poſſeſſed it or not, had certainly read.

One other queſtion remains to be anſwered—It may be aſked why C.'s own Miſcellanies are inferior to Rowley? Let me aſk another queſtion —*Are* they inferior? Genius, abilities, application we *may* bring into the world with us; theſe rare

rare ingredients *may* be mixed up in our compoſitions by the hand of Nature. But Nature herſelf cannot create a human being poſſeſt of a complete knowledge of our world almoſt the moment he is born into it. Is the knowledge of the world which his Miſcellanies contain no proof of his aſtoniſhing quickneſs in ſeizing every thing he choſe? Is it remembered when and at what age C. for the firſt time quitted Briſtol, and how few weeks he lived afterwards? C.'s Letters and Miſcellanies, and every thing which the warmeſt advocate for Rowley will not deny to have been C.'s, exhibit an inſight into men, manners, and things, for the want of which in their writings, authors, who have died old men, with more opportunities to know the world (who could have fewer than C.?) have been thought to make amends by other merits.

Again—in his own character, he painted for bookſellers and bread; in Rowley's, for fame and eternity. Why are a boy's *taſks* at ſchool inferior to what he writes for his amuſement?—Then it is not impoſſible that he might deſignedly under-write himſelf. He certainly did, when he wrote "Ladgate's anſwer to the ſong of Ælla."—After all, he was no modern; the boy was born an antient. And he knew mankind well

enough to ſee, that, in the preſent age, there was a greater facility of emergence from obſcurity to fame, through the channel of curioſity, for a monk of the 15th century, than for a ſexton's ſon of the 18th. Shame upon that age, which ſtill perſiſts in bearing teſtimony to his knowledge of it!

Suffer me to indulge my whim in running a ſhort parallel between this boy and our great Milton. Some ſimilitudes, and ſome diſſimilitudes, will not fail to ſtrike your nice eye.

Milton enjoyed every advantage not only of private, but of public, not only of domeſtic, but of foreign education.

Chatterton wanted every advantage of every poſſible education.

M. in his youth received ſuch inſtructions from teachers and ſchoolmaſters, that, in his age, he was able to become a ſchoolmaſter, and a teacher to others.

C. became his own teacher, and his own ſchoolmaſter, before other children are ſubjects for inſtruction; and never knew any other.

M.'s juvenile writings would not have juſtified a prophecy of Paradiſe Loſt. But the author of them flatters himſelf, by dating his life 15, till he had turned 16.

Few if any of M.'s juvenile writings would have been owned by C. at leaſt by Rowley, could he have paſt for the author of them.

M. did

M. did not produce *Comus* much earlier than in his 26th year, ſince it was firſt preſented at Ludlow in 1634; and he was born in 1608. In 1645, when he was 37, Allegro and Penſeroſo firſt appeared In 1655, when he was 47, after *long chuſing and beginning late*, he ſet himſelf to turn a ſtrange thing, called a myſtery, into an epic poem; which was not compleated in leſs than C.'s whole active exiſtence, ſince the copy was not ſold till April 1667, and then conſiſted only of 10 books. With all its glorious perfections, Paradiſe Loſt contains puerilities, to which C. was a ſtranger. In 3 years more, when he was 62, appeared M.'s Hiſtory of England. Paradiſe Regained and Samſon were publiſhed in the ſame year. Lycidas I had forgotten. It was written in his 29th year. That propriety of character and ſituation, which C. can ſeldom have

C. not ſuffered to be *long chuſing*, or to *begin late*, in 17 years and 9 months, reckoning from his cradle to his grave, produced the volume of Rowley's poems, his volume of Miſcellanies, and many things which are not printed, beſides what his indignation tore in pieces, the day he ſpurned at the world, and threw himſelf on the anger of his Creator.

violated

violated, or he would not to this moment deceive ſuch and ſo many men, M. ſeldom preſerves in Lycidas.—If in the courſe of an exiſtence almoſt four times longer than C.'s, this man *(fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, with leſs truth than C.) who bore no fruit worth gathering till after the age at which C. was withered by the hand of death—If, I ſay, this great man produced other writings, he will not quarrel that poſterity has forgotten them; if he ſhould, poſterity will ſtill forget them.

M.'s MSS. preſerved at Cambridge, bear teſtimony to his frequent and commendable correction.

What time could C. have found for alteration or correction, when I maintain that any boy who ſhould only have fairly *tranſcribed*, before his 18th year, all that C. before his 18th year invented and compoſed, would be conſidered to deſerve the reputation of diligence, and the praiſe of application.

M. as Elwood relates, could never bear to hear P. Loſt

If C. much earlier in life than M. was calculated either

P. Loſt preferred before P. Regained.——He is known to have pronouuced Dryden to be no poet.

M. more from inclination than want of bread, it ſeems, entered into party diſputes, whether a king might be lawfully beheaded, &c. with a ſervility and a virulence, and let out his praiſe to hire with a meanneſs, at all periods of his life, which the worſt enemies of C. cannot prove him to have equalled.

M. in affluence (if compared with others beſide C.) felt on his brows thoſe laurels which others could not ſee; and was perſuaded, that, "by labour and intenſe ſtudy, "his portion in this life, "he might leave ſomething ſo written to after-"times, as they ſhould "not willingly let it die."

P. Loſt produced the author and his widow only 28 pounds. The meaner, more ſervile, and more verſatile abilities of the author either to be an author or a critic, had not poſſeſſed a chaſter judgment, he would not ſtill impoſe on ſo many critics and authors.

C. in order to procure bread for himſelf, a grandmother, mother, and ſiſter, was ready to prove the patriotiſm of Bute or of Beckford, in writings, which older men need not bluſh to own, and in an age when older men did not bluſh at ſuch a *profeſſion*.

C. ſteeped to the lips in poverty, entertained, long before he had lived 18 years, ideas, hopes, perſuaſions (*by labour and intenſe ſtudy*, more truly *his portion in this life* than M.'s) of living to all eternity in the memory of Fame.

Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett muſt inform the world whether Rowley's poems and his own together procured C. 28 ſhillings.

thor

thor produced him indeed enough to be deprived of four thouſand pounds by ill fortune, and to leave 15 hundred pounds to his family.

Phillips relates of M. from his own mouth, that "his vein never happily "flowed but from the au- "tumnal equinox to the "vernal."——Richardſon writes, that "his poetical "faculty would on a ſud- "den ruſh upon him with "an impetus or æſtrum."

M. when a man, ſeldom drank any thing ſtrong—he ate with delicacy and temperance.

M.'s hiſtorians and grand-daughter admit his moroſeneſs to his children, and

What is ſaid of C. and of the moon's effect upon him, you have read.

C. when a boy, hardly ever touched meat, and drank only water: when a child he would often refuſe to take any thing but bread and water, even if it did happen that his mother had a hot meal, "becauſe he had a work "in hand, and he muſt "not make himſelf more "ſtupid than God had "made him."

C.'s mother, his ſiſter, and his letters can ſpeak beſt of his heart, and of his

and that he would not let them learn to write.

his wiſhes that his ſiſter might learn every thing.

Into this parallel C.'s literary impoſitions on mankind, and the circumſtance of his carrying the ſecret out of the world with him, are not taken.

Before I conclude this long ſcrawl, ſuffer me to obſerve, that the brother of him who wrote the eſſay on the genius of Pope (of whom both, whether deſervedly or undeſervedly, have received from the hands of literature that independence for which Chatterton courted her) might ſurely have concluded his criticiſm on Rowley, without ſtudying to heap ſo many epithets of abhorrence upon that *boy*, whom at the ſame time he ſeems to conſider as Rowley, i. e. as the moſt extraordinary inſtance of genius the world ever ſaw. Warton finiſhes with ſaying, that Chatterton was "an (1) adventurer, a pro-" feſſed (2) hireling in the trade of literature, " full of (3) projects and invention, (4) artful, " (5) enterprizing, (6) unprincipled, (7) indi-" gent, and (8) compelled to ſubſiſt by expe-" dients." (Addition to p. 164. Hiſt. of Eng. poetry, vol. 2.) That prophets are not honoured in their own country I have heard; but I never till now knew that poets are ſo litttle honoured

in their own country and in their own profeſſion. After all—of theſe epithets and phraſes beſtowed by the author of the *Triumph of Iſis*, in the moſt mature and charitable part of his life, upon the juvenile author of Rowley's poems, 1. 2. 8. do not convey very ſhocking ideas of criminality—3. 4. 5. may be conſtrued into praiſe—7. is not a very unpardonable fault in C. except that this, together with ambition and a deſire to provide for his grand-mother, mother, and ſiſter, laid the foundation of the ſix crimes already enumerated—6. is abſolute falſe.——

With regard to C.'s face and perſon, all agree that he was a manly, good-looking boy—that there was ſomething about him, which inſtantaneouſly prepoſſeſſed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, as well as all who remember him, ſpeak particularly of his eye. Catcott ſays he could never look at it long enough to ſee what ſort of an eye it was; but it ſeemed to be a kind of a hawk's eye, he thinks. You could ſee his ſoul through it.—Mr. Barrett ſays, he took particular notice of his eyes from the nature of his profeſſion. He never ſaw ſuch. One was ſtill more remarkable than the other. You might ſee the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you ſometimes do in a black eye, but never in grey ones, which his were. Mr. Barrett adds,

adds, that he uſed often to ſend for him from the charity-ſchool (which is cloſe to his houſe) and differ from him in opinion, on purpoſe to make him earneſt, and to ſee how wonderfully his eye would ſtrike fire, kindle, and blaze up.——

So ends what I have to ſay about Chatterton, when I ſhall have juſt obſerved that his *innocent* impoſition on the world is exactly the ſtory of M. Angelo's buried ſtatue of Cupid; and, finally, that Miſs More is oftener boaſted by Briſtol, and acquired more fame and wealth, for an *Ode to Garrick's dog*, than C. for all R.'s poems. Prefix to this letter, if you pleaſe, the *comforting* diſcovery of Lord Shafteſbury in his Characteriſtics, that—" *an ingenious man never ſtarves unknown.*" Such a being as C. ſhould not have been ſuffered to ſtarve at all. But *comfort* like this is to be expected from " Knights and Barons."

Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play as you will, to turn Lords into Bards.

The employment has been of the ſervice to me you meant it ſhould. In ſome meaſure I have forgotten myſelf, and, as much as it was poſſible, forgotten my M. during the hours I have ſpent upon this buſineſs. If the ſtory be not told as regularly as it might, the ſituation of my mind with regard to you muſt be my excuſe. Beſide, were I cold enough to tell ſuch a tale as Chat-

terton's with as much regularity as I put a common occurrence upon paper, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf. All I ſhall further add is, that I do not hold out Chatterton as the firſt character in the world. An army of Macedonian and Swediſh butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory ſupply me with any human being who, at ſuch an age, with ſuch diſadvantages, has produced ſuch compoſitions *. Under the heathen mythology, ſuperſtition and admiration would

* *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the uſual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the KORAN; which is to this day the moſt elegant compoſition in the Arabic language, and its ſtandard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man ſo illiterate ſhould compoſe a book ſo admired, *Mohammed* artfully reſted the principal evidence of his *Koran*'s divinity. (Sale's "Koran," P. Diſcourſe, p. 42. 60.) He who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's Poems, muſt go near to admit God to be the author of the *Koran*.——But, before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it ſhould be remembered that M. was *forty* when he commenced prophet.—Perhaps the moſt extraordinary circumſtance about M. is that even familiarity could not ſubject him to contempt; that he contrived to be a hero, and prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepſy he converted into proofs of his divine miſſion. It is probable, that, if *Mohammed* had been leſs ſalacious, and not ſubject to the falling ſickneſs, out of thirty equal diviſions of the known world, whereof Chriſtianity claims five, and Paganiſm nineteen, the inhabitants of ſix would not now believe in the *Koran*.

have explained all by bringing Apollo upon earth. Nor would the god ever have deſcended with more credit to himſelf. But, after all, the world is only indebted to Chatterton for a few inimitable poems. If barbarity and fanataciſm be ſuffered to deſtroy mankind, genius will write in vain, when there is none to read. To preſerve our fellow creatures is ſtill a greater praiſe than to inſtruct or to amuſe them. Perhaps, all circumſtances conſidered, the firſt character that ever exiſted was Bartholomew las Caſas.——

Let me conclude theſe tedious ſheets of paper with a moſt capital ſubject for a painter, from Chatterton's *tournament*, which you may add to the ſubjects I have before ſuggeſted to you. It will ſurprize you to find how *very* modern it is. The advocates for Rowley muſt explain this to you, if they can, and if R. has ſtill any advocates; for I do aſſure you, as you will find by turning to the poem, that I have only altered *four* words, and thoſe *only* by changing them for Chatterton's words of explanation in his notes to the poem.

When battle, ſteaming with new-quicken'd gore,
Bending with ſpoils and bloody † dropping head,
Did the dark wood of eaſe and reſt explore,
Seeking to lie on pleaſure's downy bed——

† "The helmet of Darydh dropped blood." The

Pleaſure, dancing from her wood,
Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,
From his viſage waſhed the blood.
Hid his ſword and gaberdine.

The note I riſqued yeſterday you got I hope. If you had not anſwered my laſt but one, I ſhould certainly have thrown this bundle of papers into the fire. Since you are now a good girl again, I ſend them to you. May they afford you any thing like entertainment! It was but laſt night I finiſhed them.—Adieu.—Much as I dread the expedition, to-morrow I believe muſt be the day.

17 February, 1779.

LETTER LII.

To the SAME.

At ſea—20 February, 1779.

My dear little angel! I wrote my laſt letter to you yeſterday at 11 o'clock, juſt when we ſailed. I dined

Hirlas, by Chatterton, Town and Country Magazine, November, p. 575.—To ſuppoſe C. to have intentionally imitated, or ſtolen from Rowley, is nonſenſe; becauſe then he would have ſtolen all R.'s poems, and paſt them off for his own. Stronger reſemblances than this might be pointed out between C.'s things and (what will not much longer, I truſt, be called) Rowley's. One I have mentioned before.

I dined at two o'clock, and, as for the afternoon, I had ſome muſic. I have my own ſervant on board that plays, and a couple of hands from London for the ſix weeks I am out. We were a good many at dinner. I had about nine people yeſterday, and ſhall have more when the reſt of my ſquadron join me. They ſtaid with me till near ſeven. I got to ſupper about 9 o'clock; but I could not eat, and ſo got to bed about 10 —I then prayed for you, my deareſt love; kiſſed your deareſt little hair; and lay down, and dreamt of you; and had you on the dear little couch ten thouſands times in my arms, kiſſing you and telling you how much I loved and adored you; and you ſeemed pleaſed; but, alas, when I woke I found it all *dilluſion*—no body by me but myſelf at ſea. I roſe by time, at half paſt five, and went upon deck. There I found my friend Billy, and walked with him for about an hour, till Barrington came to me. We then breakfaſted about 8 o'clock, and by 9 I began and exerciſed the ſhips under my command till 12. It is now one, and when I finiſh this letter to you, my dear love, I ſhall dreſs and go to dinner at two o'clock. It is a rule on board to dine at two, breakfaſt at 8, and ſup at 9—always, if nothing hinders me, I ſhall be abed by 10, or ſoon after,

and up by half paſt five in the morning, in order to have, if there is any occaſion, orders ready for the fleet under my command before I begin to exerciſe them.—I am ſure the account of this day's duty can be no pleaſure to you, my love; yet it is exactly what I have done; and as I promiſed you always to let you know my motions and my thoughts, I have now performed my promiſe this day to you, and always will until the very laſt letter you ſhall have from me, which will be between 5 and 6 weeks hence. I ſhall ſend the Admiralty word that I am arrived at Spithead. Then I ſhall only wait for their anſwer, which will be with me in a few hours, to ſtrike my flag ——and then I ſhall return to you that inſtant. O' my love, mad and happy beyond my ſelf to tell you how I love you and have thought of you ever ſince I have been ſeparated from you! The wind being contrary to-day about one, I put off dinner till three o'clock, in order to anchor ſhips for this night in Portland road, juſt off Weymouth, about 2 miles. I hope to ſail to-morrow by 5 in the morning. I hope you are well. I am ſure I need not tell you I have had nothing in my thoughts but your dear ſelf, and long for the time to come back again to you. I will, all the while, take care of myſelf becauſe you deſire, my dear little friend does, the angel of my heart!

pray do you take care of your dear ſelf for the ſake of your faithful ſervant, who lives but to love you, to adore you, and to bleſs the moment that he has made you generous enough to own him. I hope, my dear, nay I will dare to ſay, you never will have reaſon to repent it. The wind was not ſo contrary but we could have ſailed on: but I told Barrington that as it was not fair, I would anchor, eſpecially as I could ſend one of my frigates in, for that I had diſpatches of conſequence to ſend to London. Indeed, my dear angel, I need not tell you. I know you read the reaſon too well that made me do ſo. It was to write to you, for God knows I have wrote to none elſe, nor ſhall I to any other but to the King. God bleſs you, moſt amiable and deareſt little creature living—aimons toujours mon adorable petite amour.

Je vous adore pluſque la vie meſme.

I have been reading for about an hour this morning in Prior, and find theſe few lines, juſt now, applicable to us.

How oft had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love,

Till

Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Harriet's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.

Such is my amuſement to read thoſe ſort of things that puts me in mind of our mutual feelings and ſituations. Now, God bleſs you, till I ſhall again have an opportunity of ſending to you. I ſhall write to you a letter a day as many days as you miſs *herein* of me when I do they ſhall all come Friday 16 June. God bleſs—I ſhan't forget you. God knows you have told ſo before I have your heart, and it lies warm in my breaſt. I hope mine feels as eaſy to you, thou joy of my life. Adieu.

Well, my M.—how like you my pen to-day? Don't you think I am improved? In time I ſhall come to write ſuch letters as may appear in print. Were you not ſurprized to read a letter dated at ſea; and to find me write about my ſquadron, and the King, and the Lord knows what? when we parted but yeſterday within the bills of mortality.—Come, I'll now put off my maſk. The hopes you gave me yeſterday of ſo ſoon

calling

calling you mine, and to-day's uncommon fineneſs, had quite inſpired me with good ſpirits. A copy of the letter I have juſt tranſcribed was given me laſt night; and, as I promiſed to write to you to-day, I thought it would amuſe you more than any thing I could ſay. It has blood royal in it, I aſſure you; and I'll take my *bible oath* of its authenticity. When you have *nobody by you but yourſelf*, I think it will make you laugh. Compare this King's brother with my ſexton's ſon; who, during the compoſition of this letter, was writing Rowley's poems. Where I could make it ſenſe by ſtopping it, I have. The original is all written poſt. Cupid never ſtops to bait. Then he has no eyes, you know; which is an excuſe for bad ſpelling, and confuſion in the ſenſe. Poor blind boy! It's very well he can contrive to write at all. With regard to ſome of it, we are ſtill in the dark; but Lady G. made it out, I dare ſay. Oh Love, almighty Love! with what eloquence does adoration of thee inſpire thy votaries!

Now, in my own character.—What you deſired ſo earneſtly ſhall certainly be done. As to the diſparity of our years, what you ſaid about it yeſterday did honour to your heart, but was all nothing to the purpoſe. My mind is made up. Beſides, I knew your age all along. Do you remember

member ſome ſufficiently bald poetry, with the reading of which I taxed your patience when I was quartered at * Huntingdon, I believe? May I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I did not, at the time I wrote it, know as well as yourſelf how many years you were older than I! But I well knew you were not acquainted with *my* age; which, by thoſe lines, I hoped to conceal from you. Then I thought, if you ſhould ſuſpect or come to know I was younger than you, that though the idea (as you will ſee, unleſs you have committed them to the flames they merit) turns, in fact, upon our being *born* in the ſame year, on the ſame day almoſt——yet, that you *might* take it to turn upon the circumſtance of our *birth-days* happening almoſt together; and ſo overlook, in conſidering the nearneſs of our birth-days, the diſparity of our ages.

But it's uſeleſs to ſay a word more to me on this ſubject—all you pointed out I ſee—and I am determined. Remember *Ninon*. You are not quite old enough to be my *mother*.

* See Letter XVII. The Editor cannot but obſerve, that if Mr. H. had not, in this ſubſequent letter, by the mereſt accident in the world, explained thoſe lines, they would have thrown an unjuſt ſuſpicion of ſuppoſitiouſneſs on this whole volume, and few people would have believed thoſe letters to have been genuine, from one of which it was ſo clear, that H. was ſo very ignorant of Miſs ——'s age.

By the day after to-morrow I hope to be able to tell you your buſineſs is done.—Of that ſong which I gave you ſome time ago, and with which you are often kind enough to treat me, I have diſcovered the author. You know what I mean ——" When your beauty appears, &c." It was written by the elegantly-ſimple Parnell.

Let me to-day ſend you another, which as I never heard you ſing it, I ſuppoſe you have never ſeen—otherwiſe, from what I know of your taſte, it muſt have been your favourite.

The moans of the foreſt after the battle of Flodden-field.

I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,
A' the laſſes lilting before break of day;
But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away:

At

Lilting] Singing chearfully, with a briſk lively air, in a ſtyle peculiar to the Scots; whoſe muſic, being compoſed for the bagpipe, jumps over the diſcordant notes of the 2d and 7th, in order to prevent the jarring which it would otherwiſe produce with the drone or baſs, which conſtantly ſounds an octave to the key note. Hence this kind of compoſition is commonly ſtyled a Scotch *lilt*.—'*A'*] All.—'*Ilka*] Each.—'*Loning*] Lane; a word ſtill in uſe in the northern parts. The word *green* is peculiarly emphatical; grown over with graſs, by not being frequented.—

'*Bughts*

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are ſcorning,
Our laſſes are lonely, and dowie, and wae:
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but ſighing and ſobbing,
Ilka laſs lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'ſt at the ſhearing, nae ſwankies are jeering,
Our banſters are wrinkled and lyard and grey:
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleetching,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

At e'en in the gloming, nae youngſters are roaming
'Bout ſtacks with the laſſes at boggles to play;
But ilka laſs ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

Dool and wae fa' the order—ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for once by a guile won the day:
The flowers of the foreſt, that ſhone aye the foremoſt,
The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the clay!

We'll ha' nae mair lilting, at the ewes milking,
Our women and bairns now ſit dowie and wae:
There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

'*Bughts*] Circular folds, where the ewes are milked.—'*Scorning*] Bantering, jeering.—'*Dowie*] Dowly, ſolitary.—'*Wae*] Full of woe or ſorrow.—'*Daffing*] Waggiſh ſporting.—'*Gabbing*] Jeſtingly prating, talking gibble-gabble.—'*Leglin*] Can, or milking-pail.—'*Swankies*] Swains.—'*Banſters*] Bandſters, binders up of the ſheaves.—'*Lyard*] Hoary: being all old men.—'*Apreaching*] A preaching in Scotland is not unlike a country fair.—'*Fleetching*] Fawning, flattering.—*Glooming*] Glimmering, twilight.—Do you remember Chatterton's note on *glommed*, in my letter about him?—'*Dool*] Dolour, ſorrow.—'*Wae fa'*] Woe befal, evil betide.—'*Ligs*] Lies.'

LET-

LETTER LIII.

To the SAME.

24th February, 1779.

Since we parted yeſterday I have thought a good deal of what we talked about. Though I did not promiſe to write to you till to-morrow, I take up my pen you ſee this morning. The buſineſs that is to forward our marriage (which can alone make me happy, and remove that melancholy you obſerve) cannot be done till the evening—ſo I may as well ſpend this morning in talking to you upon paper.

The manner in which you account for the ſelf-deſtruction of that moſt wonderful boy Chatterton is phyſical, I aſſure you, as well as ſenſible. Tiſſot, in his eſſay on the diſeaſes incident to literary perſons, ſtarts ſome ideas very much like your's; only they are wrapped up in harder words. You ſhall ſee:

When the mind, long time occupied, has forcibly impreſſed an action upon the brain, ſhe is unable to repreſs that forcible action. The ſhock continues after its cauſe; and, reacting upon the mind, makes it experience ideas which are truly delirious. For they no longer anſwer to the external impreſſions of objects, but to the internal diſpoſition of the brain, ſome parts of which are now become incapable to receive the new movements tranſmitted to it by the ſenſes.

The brain of Paſchal was ſo vitiated by paſſing his life in the laborious exerciſes of ſtudy, thought, and imagination, that certain fibres, agitated by inceſſant motion, made him perpetually feel a ſenſation which ſeemed to be excited by a gulph of fire ſituated on one ſide of him; and his reaſon, overpowered by the diſorder of his nerves, could never baniſh the idea of this fiery abyſs. Spinello painted the fall of the rebel angels, and gave ſo fierce a countenance to Lucifer, that he was ſtruck with horror himſelf; and during the remainder of his life, his imagination was continually haunted by the figure of that dæmon, upbraiding him with having made his portrait ſo hideous. Gaſpar Barlæus, the orator, poet, and phyſician, was not ignorant of theſe dangers. He warned his friend Hughens againſt them. But, blind with regard to himſelf, by immoderate ſtudies he ſo weakened his brain, that he thought his body was made of butter, and carefully ſhunned the fire, leſt it ſhould melt him; till at laſt, worn out with his continual fears, he leapt into a well. Peter Jurieu, ſo famous in theological diſpute, and for his commentary on the apocalypſe, diſordered his brain in ſuch a manner that, tho' he thought like a man of ſenſe in other reſpects, he was firmly perſuaded his frequent fits of the cholic were occaſioned by a conſtant engagement between ſeven horſemen who were ſhut up in his belly. There have been many inſtances of literary perſons who thought themſelves metamorphoſed into lanterns; and who complained of having loſt their thighs.

No one can deny that Chatterton muſt have gone through as much wear and tear of the imagination as any perſon Tiſſot mentions. But I would give a good deal, were it poſſible for

me never again to think about Chatterton, or about his death, as long as I live——for I never do without being miſerable.

What you let fall about the propenſity of the Engliſh to ſuicide, is not true; though a very popular idea. And yet I will relate to you, in the words of another perſon, an inſtance of Engliſh ſuicide much more cool and deliberate than any you ever heard, I dare ſay. It is a fact, and happened in 1732.

Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and priſoner for debt within the liberties of the King's Bench, perſuaded his wife to follow his example, in making away with herſelf, after they had murdered their little infant. This wretched pair were in the month of April found hanging in their bed-chamber at about a yard's diſtance from each other; and in a ſeparate apartment the child lay dead in a cradle. They left two papers incloſed in a ſhort letter to their landlord, whoſe kindneſs they implored in favour of their dog and cat. They even left money to the porter who ſhould carry the incloſed papers to the perſon to whom they were addreſſed. In one of theſe the huſband thanked that perſon for the marks of friendſhip he had received at his hands; and complained of the ill offices he had undergone from a diſferent quarter. The other papers ſubſcribed by the huſband and wife contained the reaſons which induced them to act ſuch a tragedy on themſelves and their offspring. This letter was altogether ſurprizing for the calm reſolution, the good humour, and the propriety with which it was written. They declared, that they withdrew themſelves from poverty

and rags; evils that, through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable. They appealed to their neighbours for the induſtry with which they had endeavoured to earn a livelihood. They juſtified the murder of their child, by ſaying, it was leſs cruelty to take her with them, than to leave her friendleſs in the world, expoſed to ignorance and miſery. They profeſſed their belief and confidence in an Almighty God, the fountain of goodneſs and beneficence, who could not poſſibly take delight in the miſery of his creatures: they therefore reſigned up their lives to him without any terrible apprehenſions; ſubmitting themſelves to thoſe ways, which, in his goodneſs, he ſhould appoint after death.—Theſe unfortunate ſuicides had been always induſtrious and frugal, invincibly honeſt, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

This tragedy I have ſhown you, becauſe I think France, lively France, in whoſe language ſuicide is an *Angliciſm*, can ſupply me with an anecdote, as authentic, of ſomething ſtill more cool, and more deliberate; ſince the motives to the crime (to which no motive can be ſufficiently ſtrong) were ſo much weaker.—

On the day before Chriſtmas-day 1773, about eleven o'clock, two ſoldiers came to the Croſs-Bow inn at St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the ſoldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, obſerving to the perſon who ſold them to him, that St. Dennis ſeemed to be ſo pleaſant a place,

he

he ſhould not diſlike to ſpend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion paſſed the day together very merrily. On Chriſtmas-day they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, ſitting on the oppoſite ſides of a table, whereon were three empty champaign bottles, the following will and letter, and a half crown. They were both ſhot through the head; two piſtols lay upon the floor. The noiſe of the piſtols brought up the people of the houſe, who immediately ſent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the marechauſſée at St. Dennis.

The will I tranſlated myſelf from a formal copy which was taken for a friend of mine at St. Dennis in 1774.

The WILL.

A man who knows he is to die, ſhould take care to do every thing which his ſurvivors can wiſh him to have done. We are more particularly in that ſituation. Our intention is to prevent uneaſineſs to our hoſt, as well as to lighten the labours of thoſe whom curioſity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us viſits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the leſſer of the two.

He is drum-major of meſtre de camp des dragons, and I am ſimply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a paſſage. I addreſs to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his firſt clerk as aſſiſtant, muſt come hither for the ſake of juſtice) the principle, which, joined to the reflexion that every thing muſt have an end, put theſe piſtols into our hands. The future preſents nothing to us but what is agreeable—Yet that future is ſhort, and muſt end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four luſtres. No particular reaſon forces us to interrupt our career, except the diſguſt we feel at exiſting for a moment under the continual apprehenſion of ceaſing to exiſt. An eternity is the point of re-union; a longing after which leads us to prevent the deſpotic act of fate. In fine, diſguſt of life is our ſole inducement to quit it.

If all thoſe who are wretched would dare to diveſt themſelves of prejudice, and to look their deſtruction in the face, they would ſee it is as eaſy to lay aſide exiſtence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which diſpleaſes. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could ſtill procure to ourſelves gratifications. But all gratifications muſt have a period. That period is our poiſon. We are diſguſted at the perpetual ſameneſs of the ſcene. The curtain is dropped, and we leave our parts to thoſe who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will ſoon break the ſprings of this moving maſs of fleſh which our haughty fellow-creatures ſtile the King of Beings.

Meſſrs. the officers of juſtice, our carcaſes are at your diſcretion. We deſpiſe them too much to give ourſelves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we ſhall leave behind us——for myſelf, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the mare-

narechauſſée at St. Dennis, my ſteel-mounted ſword. He will recollect that, laſt year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a perſon of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the ſilk ſtockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The reſt of our effects will be ſufficient to pay the expence of the uſeleſs law proceedings of which we ſhall be the ſubject.

The half crown upon the table will pay for the laſt bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis, Bordeaux.
Chriſtmas-day, 1773. Humain.

Of the following letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, I have not ſeen the French; I cannot therefore anſwer for the tranſlation, which does not appear to have been done carefully. Another friend ſupplied me with it. You ſhall have it as I had it from him.

" Sir,

During my reſidence at Guiſe, you honoured me with your friendſhip. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared diſpleaſed with my ſituation. It was ſincere, but not abſolutely true. I have ſince examined myſelf more ſeriouſly, and acknowledge myſelf entirely diſguſted with every ſtate of man, the whole world, and myſelf. From theſe diſcoveries a conſequence ſhould be drawn:

drawn: if diſguſted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In ſhort, I am on the point of putting an end to the exiſtence that I have poſſeſſed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will deſtroy this moving maſs of fleſh, which we vain mortals call the King of Beings.

" I owe no one an excuſe. I deſerted, that was a crime; but I am going to puniſh it; and the law will be ſatisfied.

" I aſked leave of abſence from my ſuperiors, to have the pleaſure of dying at my eaſe. They never condeſcended to give me an anſwer. This ſerved to haſten my end.

" I wrote to Bord to ſend you ſome detached pieces I left at Guiſe, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain ſome well choſen literature. Theſe pieces will ſolicit for me a place in your remembrance.

" Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your eſteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the reſt, ſkip from flower to flower, and acquire the ſweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleaſure.

" Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
" Qui n'echappe ni ſage ni fou,
" Pour aller je ne ſçais où.

" If we exiſt after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permiſſion, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I ſhould adviſe all thoſe who are unhappy, which is by far the greateſt part of mankind, to follow my example.

" When you receive this letter, I ſhall have been dead at leaſt 24 hours.

With eſteem, &c.
Bordeaux."

Is

Is there any thing like this in Engliſh ſtory?

If we exiſt after this life—Ah, my brave Bordeaux, that is the queſtion; and a queſtion which even you could not anſwer in the *negative*.

——————There's the retroſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life,
For who would bear the whips and the ſcorns o'th' time,
The pangs of deſpiſed love,
(which I could never bear),
——————— The law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes?
But that the dread of ſomething after death
Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

The pains theſe two poor fellows took (or rather Bordeaux, for he ſeems to have been the principal) to prevent any trouble or uneaſineſs to their ſurvivors, lead me to reflect how very uniformly the contrary is the conduct of ſuicides with us. One would ſometimes almoſt fancy that they ſtudied how they might commit the abominable crime ſo as to be found by thoſe whom the diſcovery would moſt affect. Have they wives, children? It muſt be done ſometimes in their preſence, in bed with them; often in their hearing; almoſt always in ſuch a manner that they may be the firſt ſpectators of it. Mr. Y. Lord F. Mr. S.

S. Lord C. Mr. B. are cruel inſtances of this. Oh for Omnipotence to call ſuch ſavages back to life, and chain them to the hardeſt taſks of exiſtence! Is not the crime of ſuicide ſufficient, without adding to it the *murder* of a heart-broken wife or child? Hence you may, perhaps, draw an argument that every ſuicide is a madman. For my part, I have no doubt of it; and if Humain had fallen into the hands of a friend leſs mad than Bordeaux, he might have lived to have fought another day.

And here ends a long, dull letter, about a ſhort, entertaining converſation (on your part at leaſt). Don't ſtay long out of town, or I ſhall write you *madder* notes than you received during the week I was employed on the letter about Chatterton. When I think of you, I am mad——What muſt I be when I have reaſon to think (or fancy ſo) that you don't think of me? G. is gone.

LETTER LIV.

To the SAME.

1 March, 1779.

Though we meet to-morrow, I muſt write you two words to-night, juſt to ſay, that I have all the hopes in the world ten days, at the utmoſt, will compleat the buſineſs. When that is done, your

your only objection is removed along with your debts; and we may, ſurely, then be happy, and be ſo *ſoon*. In a month, or *ſix weeks at furtheſt*, from this time, I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my *character*, now I have taken orders, makes expedition neceſſary. By to-night's poſt I ſhall write into Norfolk about the alterations at *our* parſonage.—To morrow.—G.'s friendſhip is more than I can ever return.

LETTER LV.

To CHARLES —— Eſq.

20 March, 1779.

Your coming to town, my dear friend, will anſwer no end. G. has been ſuch a friend to me, it is not poſſible to doubt her information.—— What intereſt has ſhe to ſerve? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have ſo peſtered you for theſe two years, about this buſineſs. Look at what I have written to you about G. ſince I returned from Ireland. She can only mean *well* to me. Be not apprehenſive. Your friend will take no ſtep to diſgrace himſelf. What I ſhall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exiſt. Yet I will be, you ſhall ſee, a *man*, as well as a lover. Should there be a rival,

rival, and ſhould he merit chaſtiſement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of every thing before I believe.

Your's ever.

LETTER LVI.

To the SAME.

6 April, 1779.

It ſignifies not. Your reaſoning I admit. Deſpair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yeſterday, you muſt ſee my reſolution was taken. Often have I made uſe of my key to let myſelf into the A. that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of love—Little did ſhe think it would ever prove the key of death. But the loſs of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it poſſible for me to doubt G.'s information? Even you were ſtaggered by the account I gave you of what paſſed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when ſhe loved me, but to ceaſe to live now ſhe ceaſes to love? The propriety of ſuicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing to do with them. All I pretend to prove or to diſprove is my miſery, and the poſſibility of my exiſting under

der it. Encloſed are the laſt dying words and confeſſion of poor Captain J. who deſtroyed himſelf not long ago. But theſe lines are not the things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reaſoning of them, though none in the poetry.——His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducements, poor fellow! But I refuſed to allow them. Little did I imagine that I ſhould ever have inducements, as I now have, which I *muſt* allow. Theſe extraordinary lines are ſaid to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am ſlow to believe it. They ſtrike me as the production of abilities far ſuperior to his; of abilities ſent into the world for ſome particular purpoſe, and which Providence would not ſuffer to quit the world in ſuch a manner.

Till within this month, till G.'s information, I thought of ſelf-murder as you think of it. Nothing now is left for me but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our paſſions, I muſt ſtand the trial and the puniſhment. My invention can paint no puniſhment equal to what I ſuffer here.

Think of thoſe paſſions, my friend——thoſe paſſions of which you have ſo often, ſince I knew

Miſs ——, ſpoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my miſery, will you not let me fly from my paſſions? They are a pack of bloodhounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My careleſſneſs has ſuffered them to overtake me, and now there is no poſſibility, but this, of eſcaping them.—The hand of Nature heaped up every ſpecies of combuſtible in my boſom. The torch of Love has ſet the heap on fire. I muſt periſh in the flames. At firſt I might perhaps have extinguiſhed them——now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be ſmothered, they can never be got under. Suppoſe they ſhould conſume any other perſon beſide myſelf. And who is he will anſwer for paſſions ſuch as mine?—At preſent, I am innocent.

Did you ever read D'Arnaud? Let me tell you a ſtory I found in him the other day. It made me ſhudder at the precipice on which I ſtand. It determined me to ſhut the adamantine gates of death againſt poſſibility.

Salvini, an Italian (no Engliſhman *could* commit his crime), in whoſe mind my mind diſcovered its relation, becomes intimate with Adelſon, an Engliſhman of fortune, at Rome. Salvini accompanies him to England, and is introduced by him to Mrs. Rivers and her daughter, his intended wife. Adelſon introduced a rival and a——but you ſhall hear. Love, who had never before been able to conquer Salvini, now tyrannized over him, as cruelly as he has tyrannized

rannized over me. The tale is well worked up. Love leads his victim by degrees, from one crime to another; till, at laſt, on the day fixed for Nelly's marriage with Adelſon, Salvini murders her, and endeavours to murder himſelf. The attendants preſerve him, a further victim to juſtice. He is committed to Newgate—condemned to death. Adelſon bribes a jailor to afford Salvini that opportunity to eſcape, which he twice refuſes. He ſatisfies *human* juſtice by ſuffering at Tyburn. Aldelſon and Mrs. Rivers increaſe his crime, by dying of grief in conſequence of it. *

Oh Charles—Charles——as yet thy H. is no Salvini. Nor will I murder any but myſelf.—As yet the devil has not tempted me to plunge my

* When firſt I read this letter I had never heard of D'Arnaud. I now enquired for ſuch a writer. Still I could not credit Mr. H. Who could believe that poor H.'s ſtory ſhould be related, ſo many years before it happened, under the name of Salvini? But ſo it is. (Epreuves du ſentiment par M. D'Arnaud. Maeſtricht, 1774. Tome 3. 101.) The circumſtance is ſo remarkable, that a note an hour long might be written upon it. If H.'s ſtory be more compleat than Salvini's, it does but ſhow that nature is a better writer than D'Arnaud. He yields, yet yields only to her pen; and even nature appears to have borrowed from D'Arnaud.—— "What a compliment!" the reader ſays.—— "What a "writer, to deſerve ſuch a compliment!" adds the Editor.

Before poor H. concludes this letter there is an alluſion to the moſt ſingular ſcene which Rouſſeau has ſo wonderfully painted. *La nouvelle Heloiſe*, Lettre 17.

my *Eloiſe* along with me into the unfathomable depths of deſtruction.——Take the lines I mentioned. They are too good for the bad cauſe they were written to defend.—My watch I have ſealed up for you: Wear it for my ſake. Crop has been a faithful ſervant to me, accept of him; and when he is too old to carry you, let him have the run of your park. He once (how happy was I that day!)—he once bore the precious burden of her for whom I die. Already have I bid you ſolemnly farewel. It ſhall not be repeated. While I *do* live, Your own

H.

Averſe from life, nor well reſolved to die,
Uſed but to murmur, I retain my breath—
Yet pant, enlarged from this dull world, to try
The hoſpitable, tho' cold, arms of death.

What future joys ſhould bid me wiſh to live?
What flattering dreams of better days remain?
What proſpect can obſcure exiſtence give,
A recompence for penury and pain?

Is there an hope that o'er this untoned frame
Awaken'd health her wonted glow ſhall ſpread?
Is there a path to pleaſure, wealth, or fame,
Which ſickneſs, langour, and remorſe can tread?

Then wherefore ſhould I doubt? what ſhould I fear?
Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
Behold! my great deliverer is near!
Immediate as I wiſh, his prompt relief.

O inſtance

These lines are the production of John Dawson Esq
M.S. Note by Ritson.

O inſtance ſtrange of free, but blinded will,
Diſcuſs'd ſo much, ſo little underſtood,
To bear the certainty of preſent ill,
Before the uncertain chance of ill or good!

But what that chance? Why, be it what it may;
Still 'tis a chance: and here my woes are ſure.
Yet think theſe woes are ſorrows of a day,
While thoſe to all eternity endure.----

Think on the horrors of eternal pain!
Imagination ſtartles at the name;
Nor can impreſs upon the labouring brain
Duration endleſs ſtill, and ſtill the ſame.----

Well haſt thou ſaid,---nor can it be impreſs'd.
Hath blind credulity that abject ſlave,
Who thinks his nothingneſs, for ever bleſs'd,
Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave?

When oceans ceaſe to roll, rocks melt away,
Atlas and Ætna ſink into the plain,
The glorious ſun, the elements decay,
Shall man, creation's flimſieſt work, remain?

What ſhall remain of man?----this outward frame?
Soon ſhall it moulder to its native duſt-----
Or haply that unbodied ſubtle flame
Which occupies and animates the buſt?

Let but a finger ache; the kindred ſoul
Its intimate alliance ſhall perceive:
Let ultimate deſtruction graſp the whole;
The ſoul immortal and unchanged ſhall live.

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is loſt ;---
But burſt each pipe, and tear up every key,
Then ſhall the decompoſed organ's ghoſt
Swell the loud peal of endleſs harmony.----

So ſhall that quality, whoſe powers ariſe
From various parts by niceſt art arranged ;
With every ſhock they ſuffer ſympathize ;
But after their deſtruction live unchanged.---

So much for argument---the legends vain
Of prieſtly craft reach not th' ingenuous mind---
Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain
The wildeſt ſyſtem that deludes mankind.

Did there exiſt the very hell they paint ;
Were there the very heaven they deſire ;
'Twere hard too chooſe, a devil or a ſaint,
Eternal ſing-ſong or eternal fire.

Ye idle hopes of future joys, farewel !
Farewel ye groundleſs fears of future woe !
Lo, the ſole argument on which to dwell.
Shall I, or ſhall I not this life forego ?

I know the ſtorm that waits my deſtin'd head,
The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap,
The momentary pang I have to dread,
The ſtate of undiſturbed, undreaming ſleep—

Then all is known---and all is known too well,
Or to diſtract, or to delay my choice :
No hopes ſolicit, and no fears rebel
Againſt mine ultimate, determined voice,

Had I ſuſpicions that a future ſtate
Might yet exiſt, as haply I have none----
'Twere worth the coſt, to venture on my fate,
Impelled by curioſity alone.

Sated with life, and amply gratified
In every varied pleaſure life can give,
One ſole enjoyment yet remains untried,
One only novelty,----to ceaſe to live.

Not yet reduced a ſcornful alms to crave,
Not yet of thoſe with whom I lived the ſport,
No great man's pander, paraſite, or ſlave---
O Death, I ſeek thy hoſpitable port.

Thou, like the virgin in her bridal ſheet,
Seemeſt prepared, conſenting, kind, to lie:
The happy bridegroom I, with haſty feet,
Fly to thine arms in rapt'rous extaſy.

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. B——.

7 April, 1779.

My dear F.

When this reaches you I ſhall be no more, but do not let my unhappy fate diſtreſs you too much. I ſtrove againſt it as long as poſſible, but it now overpowers me. You know where my affections were placed; my having by ſome

means

means or other loſt her's (an idea which I could not ſupport), has driven me to madneſs. The world will condemn me, but your heart will pity me. God bleſs you, my dear F. Would I had a ſum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You were almoſt my only friend. I have hid one circumſtance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. W. of Goſport one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houſes; but I hope in God, when they are ſold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to ſettle your account. May almighty God bleſs you and *your*'s, with comfort and happineſs; and may you ever be a ſtranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of miſery I have long endured! Oh! if it ſhould be in your power to do her any act of friendſhip, remember your faithful friend, J. H.

LETTER LVIII.

To CHARLES ——, Eſq.

Tothill-fields.
8 April, 1779.

I am alive—and ſhe is dead. I ſhot her, and not myſelf. Some of her blood and brains is ſtill upon

upon my cloaths. I don't aſk you to ſpeak to me, I don't aſk you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poiſon. Such as is ſtrong enough. Upon my knees, I beg, if your friendſhip for me ever was ſincere, do, *do* bring me ſome poiſon.

LETTER LIX.

To the SAME.

9 April, 79.

Your note juſt now; and the long letter I received at the ſame time, which ſhould have found me the day before yeſterday, have changed my reſolution. The promiſe you deſire, I moſt ſolemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I ſhould, I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poiſon. Indeed I am too compoſed for any ſuch thing now. Nothing ſhould tempt me. My death is all the recompence I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has ſent me ſome excellent advice, and Mr. H. has refuted all my falſe arguments. Even ſuch a being as I finds friends.

Oh,

Oh, that my feelings and his feelings would let me ſee my *deareſt* friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

LETTER IX.

To the SAME.

Newgate.
14 April, 1779.

My beſt thanks for all your goodneſs ſince this day ſe'nnight. Oh Charles this is about the time. I cannot write.

My trial comes on either Friday or Saturday. It will be indeed a trial. God (whom I have ſo outraged) can alone tell how I ſhall go through it. My reſolution is not fixed as yet about pleading guilty. The arguments, by which they tell me I may eſcape that death ſo much my due, I certainly will not ſuffer to be uſed. My preſent ſituation of mind you may collect from the encloſed copy of what I mean to ſay, if I continue in the reſolution, in which I yeſterday wrote you word I was, of pleading not guilty.

" My Lord.

" My Lord,

I ſhould not have troubled the Court with the examination of witneſſes to ſupport the charge againſt me, had I not thought the pleading guilty to the indictment would give an indication of contemning death, not ſuitable to my preſent condition; and would in ſome meaſure, make me acceſſary to a ſecond peril of my life. And I likewiſe thought that the juſtice of my country ought to be ſatisfied, by ſuffering my offences to be proved, and the fact to be eſtabliſhed by evidence

I ſtand here the moſt wretched of human beings! and confeſs myſelf criminal in a high degree. I acknowledge *with ſhame and repentance* that my determination againſt my own life was formal and compleat. I proteſt with that regard to truth, wich becomes my ſituation, that the will to deſtroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine until a momentary phrenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore.---The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law, after my deceaſe, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.

Before this dreadful act, I truſt, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not readily excuſe. I have no wiſh to avoid the puniſhment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a puniſhment in death, or a ſatisfaction in life, I ſubmit myſelf to the diſpoſal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the conſequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intention."

Whatever the world may think, you, I know, believe that I had no intention againſt her till the *very inſtant*. The account I wrote to you of the ſhocking

buſineſs ſince it happened, was the real truth. All Tueſday after I had finiſhed my letter to you, I in vain ſought for an opportunity to deſtroy myſelf in her preſence. So, again, on the Wednesday, all the morning. In the afternoon, after dining at poor B.'s, I ſaw Lord S.'s coach paſs by the Cannon Coffee-houſe, where I was watching for it. I followed it to G.'s (inhuman, and yet not guilty, G!). From her houſe I ſaw it take them to the play. Now, I was determined; and went to my lodgings, for my piſtols, where I wrote a letter to B. which I put into my pocket, intending to ſend it; but, as I forgot it, the letter was found there. When I returned to Covent-Garden, I waited for the concluſion of the play, in the Bedford Coffee-houſe. What a figure muſt I have been! Indeed, I overheard one gentleman ſay to a friend, that I looked as if I was out of my ſenſes. Oh, how I wiſhed for the play to be over. I had charged my piſtols with the kindeſt letter ſhe ever wrote me; a letter which made me the happieſt of mortals, and which had ever ſince been my taliſman. At laſt, arrived the end of the play, and the beginning of my tragedy. I met them in the ſtone paſſage, and had then got the piſtol to my forehead, but ſhe did not ſee me (nor did any one, I ſuppoſe), and the croud ſeparated us. This accident I

conſidered

conſidered as the immediate intervention of Providence. I put up my piſtol, turned about, and ſhould (I moſt firmly believe) have gone out the other way, and have laid aſide my horrid reſolution, had I not looked round and ſeen Mr. M. (whom I immediately conſtrued into the favoured lover deſcribed by G.) offer her a hand, which I thought was received with particular pleaſure. The ſtream of my paſſions, which had been ſtopped, now over-whelmed me with redoubled violence. It hurried me after them. Jealouſy ſuggeſted a new crime; and nerved anew the arm of deſpair. I overtook them at the carriage, and ——————and, at about the time I am now writing this, felt more than all the tortures of all the damned together.

What ſhall I not feel at the neceſſary recital of the tragedy, at my trial!

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. ——, in Newgate.

17 April, 79.

If the murderer of Miſs —— wiſhes to live, the man he has moſt injured will uſe all his intereſt to procure his life.

LETTER LXII.

The Condemned-cell,
in Newgate, 17 April,
1779.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, ſuſpects the hand from which he has juſt received ſuch an offer as he neither deſires nor deſerves. His wiſhes are for death, not for life. One wiſh he has. Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has moſt injured—Oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed ſpirits are ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

J. H.

LETTER LXIII.

To CHARLES ——, Eſq;

What follows, in ſmall type, was written upon different papers which he ſealed up for his friend on the fatal morning. The dates are preſerved, but the contents of the papers are here put together as one letter.

Newgate, Saturday night,
17 April, 1779.

My dear Charles!

The clock has juſt ſtruck eleven. All has, for ſome time, been quiet within this ſad abode. Would that all were ſo within my ſadder breaſt!

That gloomineſs of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*, which was always ſo congenial to my ſoul, would have been ſtill heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the ſtill ear of night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The ſound is truly ſolemn—it ſeems the ſound of death.

O that it were death's ſound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet— but one day more. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit, till then.

And then———

My God, my creator, my firſt father! Thou who madeſt me as I am; with theſe feelings, theſe paſſions, this heart! —Thou, who art all might, and all mercy!---Well thou knoweſt I did not, like too many of thy creatures, perſuade myſelf there was no God, before I perſuaded myſelf I had a right over my life.---O then, my father, put me not eternally from thy paternal preſence! It is not puniſhments, nor pains, nor hell, I fear: What man can bear, I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful to thy goodneſs, to be thought unworthy thy preſence, to be driven from the light of thy countenance.

Well thou knoweſt I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in thy creation; to a dog, a horſe: almoſt to things inanimate; a tree, a book. And thinkeſt thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to thee!

And, might---O might I reſign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can ſee, nor tongue can ſpeak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal exiſtence of love and bliſs with her, whom———

Preſumptuous murderer! The bliſs you aſk were paradiſe.———

My father, who art in heaven, I bow before thy mercy; and patiently abide my ſentence.

Theſe papers which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters. Nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been your's more than any other man's.

How have I ſeen the poor ſoul affected at that recitative of Iphis in her favourite Jephtha!

" Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtained
" With human blood!"

To think that I ſhould be her prieſt, her murderer! In one of her letters, ſhe tells me, I recollect, that ſhe could die with pleaſure by my hand, ſhe is ſure ſhe could. Poor ſoul! Little did ſhe think——

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air which follows it, " Farewel &c." were the laſt words ſhe ever ſung. Now I muſt ſay, and *may* ſay, *experimentally*---

" Farewel

" Farewel, thou buſy world, where reign
" Short *hours* of joy, and *years* of pain!"
I *may not* add———
" Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
" In the realms of peace and *love*."

Love!—gracious God, this word in this place, at this time!

Oh!

Newgate, Sunday,
18 April, 79.
4 in the morning.

O, Charles, Charles——torments, tortures! Hell and worſe than hell!

When I had finiſhed my laſt ſcrap of paper, I thought I felt myſelf compoſed, reſigned. Indeed, I was ſo—I am ſo now.

I threw my wearied body---wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's, with the workings of my mind-- upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more compleatly curſed.

This world was paſt, the next was come; but, after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal ſentence of mental miſery (from which there was no flight), of baniſhment from the preſence of my father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakneſs feared, was paſt, irrevocably paſt.

Her verdict too of puniſhment was pronounced. Yes, Charles---ſhe, ſhe was puniſhed---and by whoſe means puniſhed?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never ſaw, ſince Omniſcience, it ſeemed, could hardly diſcern them. O, Charles, theſe foibles, ſo few, ſo undiſcernable, were ſtill, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my hand ſent her to Heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I ſaw the expiation---theſe eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly puniſhment.

That paſt, ſhe was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thouſand virtues.

Then, in very deed, began my hell, my worſe than woman ever dreamed of hell. Charles, I ſaw her, as plainly as I ſee the bars of my dungeon, through which the eye of day looks upon me now for almoſt the laſt time. Her face, her perſon were ſtill more divine than when on earth—they were caſt anew, in angel moulds. Her mind too I beheld, as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the ſame---that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But, what ſaw I elſe? That mind, that perſon, that face, that angel---was in the boſom of another angel. Between us was a gulph, a gulph impaſſable! I could not go to her, neither could ſhe come to me.

No---nor did ſhe wiſh it. There was the curſe.

Charles, ſhe ſaw me, where I was, ſteeped to the lips in miſery. She ſaw me; but without a tear, without one ſigh.

One ſigh from her, I thought---and I could have borne all my ſufferings.

A ſigh, a tear! She ſmiled at all my ſufferings. Yes, ſhe, even ſhe, enjoyed the tortures, the wrackings of my ſoul. She bade her companion angel too enjoy them. She ſeemed to feaſt upon my griefs; and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than bleſt companion.

Flames and brimſtone---corporal ſufferance---were paradiſe to ſuch eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! How I rejoiced, how I wept, ſobbed with joy, when I awoke, and diſcovered it was only a dream, and found myſelf *in the condemned cell of Newgate.*

Mr. H. and Dr. V. neither of whom you know, I believe, are exceedingly kind to me. The latter writes to me, the former ſees me, continually. Your poor H. finds more friends than he merits.

Among my papers you will ſee ſome lines I wrote on reading *Goethe's* * "Werther," tranſlated from German into French,

* Behold the marrow of Werther's inconſiſtent ſtory.

On the 4th of May 1771 we find him ſeperated from his family and his boſom friend, and retired to ſolitude, on account of a lady's death (l'amie de ſa jeuneſſe), whoſe attachment he ſeems to have returned; but, with regard to whom, he ſeems to confeſs he was *entierement innocent.*

Before the 16th of June he contrives to fall moſt violently in love with Charlotte, notwithſtanding he knows, both from her friend and herſelf, that ſhe is very ſhortly to marry Albert. In ſpite of his boſom's friend's advice, either to endeavour to marry Charlotte himſelf, or to let her marry Albert without making himſelf miſerable, he very quietly waits the arrival of Albert, whom he finds *le meilleur homme du monde*, without any diſcovery of his paſſion, but in mad, gloomy letters to his friend. In the beginning of September, he is perſuaded by his friend to tear himſelf from Charlotte's ſociety, to leave her quietly to marry Albert, and to accept of an appointment to an embaſſy; but not before a farewel between the three, in which it appears that Charlotte's mother, on her death-bed, conſigned her to Albert. Before Werther has ſpent much time in his new appointment, he talks of a pretty ſtrong penchant for the *très-aimable* Miſs B.

On

French, which, while I was in Ireland, ſhe refuſed to lend me. When I returned to England, I *made* her let me read it. But I never ſhowed theſe lines to her, for fear they ſhould make her uneaſy.—Unhappy Werther! Still leſs pretence hadſt thou for ſuicide than I. After quietly ſeeing thy Charlotte marry another man, without ſo much as *offering* to marry her thyſelf; hadſt thou a right over thy exiſtence becauſe ſhe was not thy wife? Yet waſt thou leſs barbarous than I, for thou didſt not ſeek to die in her preſence—but neither didſt thou doubt her love.---We can neither of us hope for pardon.

Lines found, after Werter's death, upon the ground by the piſtol.

If chance ſome kindred ſpirit ſhould relate
To future times unhappy Werter's fate;
Should, in ſome pitying, almoſt pardoning age,
Conſign my ſorrows to ſome weeping page---

And

[1] On the 20th January 1772 he writes to Charlotte and mentions Miſs B. but *his attachment to her is only upon account of her reſemblance to Charlotte. Adieu!* concludes this unaccountable madman,—"Albert eſt-il près de "vous, et en quelle qualité?—Inſenſé!" (true enough) "Devroi-"ſtu faire cette queſtion"? Or ſhould you not long before have ſaid more?

On the 20th of February he writes formally to congratulate Charlotte and Albert on their marriage. In April his German pride is diſguſted at a piece of etiquette revealed to him by his dear Miſs B. with tears and a *vous qui connoiſſez mon cœur.* After trying and quitting another deſirable eſta-bliſhment, he finds himſelf in July, contrary to his friend's entreaties, at the abode of Charlotte and Albert. After effectually deſtroying their domeſtic happineſs in this world, he forfeits all his own hopes of happineſs in another, by determining on ſuicide; and, leaving behind him a cruelly affectionate letter to Charlotte, he borrows her huſband's piſtols, and when

the

And ſhould the affecting page be haply read
By ſome new Charlotte, mine will then be dead---
(Yes, ſhe ſhall die---ſole ſolace of my love!
And we ſhall meet, for ſo ſhe ſaid, above)---
O, Charlotte, M-----, by whatever name
Thy faithful Werter hands thee down to fame---
O be thou ſure thy Werter never knows
The fatal ſtory of my kindred woes!
O do not, fair one---by my ſhocking end
I charge thee!---do not let thy feeling friend
Shed his ſad ſorrows o'er my tearful tale:---
Example, ſpite of precept, may prevail.

Nay, much loved M. though a fond deſire
To prove thy huſband, prove thy childrens' ſire;
Tho' theſe, and other duties, would, you know,
Withhold his hand from death's forbidden blow---

the clock ſtrikes twelve, on the 22d of December, ſhoots himſelf through the head.

Werther was clearly a bad man. Had he not died by his own hand, he did not deſerve to live. The writer who either relates or feigns his dangerous ſtory, is not a much better man. The beſt that can be ſaid for the work is ſaid by the French tranſlator. (Werther, traduit de L'Allemand. Maeſtricht. 1776. Second partie, p. 229).

Jeune homme ſenſible! quand tu éprouveras la premiere atteinte de la plus violente des paſſions pour un objet qui ne peut être à toi, tu diras: tel étoit l'état de Werther, le premier jour qu'il vit Charlotte. Ah! ſi je revois cet objet qui porte le trouble dans mes ſens, je l'adorerai tous les jours davantage; bientôt je ſouffrirai les tourments que Werther éprouva, bientôt la langueur ou le déſepoir termineront ma malheureuſe carriere! Ou plus infortuné encore, peut être la vertu s'éloignera de mon cœur; je cherai à ſéduire cette femme; & ſi mes efforts ſont vains, je maſſacrerai ſon époux...*elle même*...Fûyons! évitons le crime, ou l'infortune: allons chercher dans d'autres climats l'oubli d'un objet trop dangereux, & la jouiſſance de plaiſirs moins funeſtes.

And yet, *Ellememe* had no effect on H.

Yet

Yet might my gloomy tale full ſurely ſhroud
His brighteſt day in melancholy's cloud;
Yet might thy H. lead, to his laſt breath,
A life more ſhocking than even Werter's death.

Newgate.
Sunday, 18 April, 79.
5 o'clock in
the afternoon.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleaſure than writing to ſuch a friend as you are, and have been, to me?

Pleaſure! Alas what buſineſs has ſuch a wretch as I with ſuch a word as that! However, pouring myſelf out to you thus upon paper is, in ſome meaſure, drawing off my ſorrows---it is not thinking.

Cruel G.! And yet I can excuſe her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wiſhed to preſerve a treaſure which any one would have prized. G. was employed to preſerve the treaſure. And ſhe ſuſpected not that my ſoul, my exiſtence, were wrapped up in it.

O, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourſelf to viſit this ſad place! And yet---our mutual feelings would render the viſit uſeleſs. So---it is better thus.

Now, perhaps, you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happineſs and comfort, for the preſent, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happineſs.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy! While I——

How

How many, again, with every thing to make them otherwiſe, are, at this moment, miſerable!

The meat is done too little, or too much---(Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I ſhould not be ſuffered to write to you thus, becauſe it would ſeem *unnatural*. Alas---they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himſelf)---The ſervant, I ſay, has broken ſomething---ſome *friend* (as the phraſe is) does not make his promiſed appearance, and conſequently is not eye witneſs of the unneceſſary diſhes which the family pretends to be able to afford---or ſome *friend* (again) drops in unexpectedly, and ſurprizes the family with no more diſhes upon the table than are neceſſary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye ſuffer you ſelves to be ſowered and made miſerable, for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by ſome trifle or another, which does not deſerve the name of accident, look here---behold, indeed, that miſery of which your diſcontentedneſs complains!

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houſes and country-houſes. Look into my ſoul ---recollect in how few hours I am to die, die in what manner, die for what offence!

Now, go, be croſs and quarrel with your wives, or your huſbands, or your children, or your gueſts---begin to curſe and to ſwear-- and call Almighty God to witneſs that you are the moſt miſerable, unlucky, wretches upon the face of the earth---becauſe the meat is roaſted half a dozen turns too much, or becauſe your cooks have not put enough ſeaſoning into your pyes.

I was

I was obliged to lay down my pen. Such a picture as this, in which myſelf made the principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God---to look back over the dreadful interval between to day and laſt October two years. What a tale would it make of woe. Take warning from me, my fellow creatures, and do not, do not love like H.!

Still, Sunday.
7 o'clock.

When theſe looſe, incoherent papers ſhall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you ſome conſolation to know my temper of mind at laſt.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myſelf more, and more, and more compoſed, and calm, and reſigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that man could bear a great load of affliction better than a ſmall one. thought ſo then-- now I am ſure of it. This day ſe'nnight I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildneſs.

This day ſe'nnnight!---To look back is death, is hell. 'Tis almoſt worſe than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myſelf.

In proof of that opinion which you always ridiculed---go to the gaming table---obſerve that adventurer, who is come with the laſt 50 he can ſcrape together. See---how he gnaſhes his teeth, bites his fiſts, and works all his limbs!

He

He has loſt the firſt throw---his 50 are reduced to 40. Obſerve him now—with what compoſure his arms are wrapped about him! What a ſmooth calm has ſuddenly ſucceeded to that dreadful ſtorm which ſo lately tore up his whole countenance! Whence the reaſon think you? Has fortune ſmiled on him?---Directly the contrary. His 40 are now dwindled to 5. His all, nay more, his very exiſtence, his reſolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him—how calmly, how careleſsly he eyes the box. I am not ſure he does not almoſt wiſh to loſe, that he may defy ill-luck, and tell her ſhe has done her worſt.

See---

—On a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death ſpins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up---death.

I'll ſurrender my opinion for untenable, if a common obſerver, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated perſon yonder who really has won.

——Since I wrote what you laſt read, I caught myſelf marching up and down my cell with the ſtep of haughtineſs; hugging myſelf in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, "What a *compleat wretch* I am!"

But---is there not a God! Did not that God create me? Does not that God know my heart, my whole heart? Oh! yes, yes, yes!

To-morrow then---And let to-morrow come—I am prepared.

God (who knows my heart, and will judge me, I truſt, by that heart) knows it is not with a view to diminiſh my own guilt, the magnitude and enormity whereof I acknowledge ---but—let not thoſe, who ſurvive me, flatter themſelves that all the guilt of mankind goes to the grave, to the gallows (gracious Heaven!) with H.

I ſhall leave behind me culprits *of the ſame kind as myſelf* —culprits who will not make my trifling atonement of an ignominious death. Oh may they ſee their crimes, and weep over them before they are confronted with the injured parties at the footſtool of the throne of the God of Heaven!

Theſe are crimes (as indeed are all the crimes of men, however noiſeleſs or inaudible) with which the liſtening angel flies up to Heaven's chancery—but theſe are not they upon which the recording angel drops a tear as he notes them down. The pencil of Eternity engraves ſuch crimes as theſe on adamantine tablets, which ſhall endure to the end of time. Mine, mine, perhaps, may head the liſt.

Be merciful, O God! be merciful!

Reflexion in this world is almoſt worſe than the worſt which offended Omnipotence can inflict upon me in the next. I muſt fly from it.

And are there not crimes as bad as mine? It is little my intention to argue away the badneſs of my crime—but there ſurely are, and worſe.

Let that gallant, gay, young gentleman yonder hold up his hand. Yes, ſir—you I firſt arraign. Not for breach of friendſhip, not for falſe oaths to credulous virgins, not for innocence betrayed—theſe are no longer crimes; theſe are the accompliſhments of our age. Sir, you are indicted for

ſlow and deliberate murder.—Put not on that confident air, that arrogant ſmile of contempt and defiance. Demand not with a ſneer to have the witneſſes produced who were preſent when you ſtruck the ſtroke of death. Call not aloud for the blood-ſtained dagger, the dry-drawn bowl, the brain-ſplaſhed piſtol. Are theſe the only inſtruments of death? You know they are not. Murder is never at a loſs for weapons.

Sir, produce your wife.——See, ſee!—what indignation flaſhes in his eyes! A murderer, and the murderer of his wife! May the calumniator——I—Sir, no imprecations, no oaths; thoſe are what betrayed that wife. You did not plant a dagger in her breaſt; but you planted there grief, diſeaſe, death. She, ſir, who gave you all, was deſtroyed, was murdered by your ill uſage. And not ſuddenly, not without giving her time to know what was to happen. She ſaw the lingering ſtroke, ſhe perceived the impoſſibility to avoid it; ſhe felt it tenfold from the hands of a much-loved huſband.

Were theſe ſcraps of paper to be ſeen by any other eye than your's, common people would wonder that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myſelf. It may be contrary to the rules of criticks, but ſo it is.—To think, or to write about myſelf, is death, is hell. My feelings will not ſuffer me to date theſe different papers any more.

Let me pay a ſmall tribute of praiſe.—How often have you and I complained of familiarity's blunting the edge of every ſenſe on which ſhe lays her hand? At her bidding, beauty fades even in the eye of love; and the ſon of pity

ſmiles at ſorrow's bleeding breaſt. In her preſence, who is he that ſtill continues to behold the ſcene of delight, or that ſtill hears the voice of mourning? What then is the praiſe of that gaoler, who in the midſt of miſery, and crimes, and death, ſets familiarity at defiance, and ſtill preſerves the feelings of a man? The author of the life of *Savage* gives celebrity to the Briſtol gaoler, by whoſe humanity the latter part of that ſtrange man's life was rendered more comfortable. Shall no one give celebrity to the preſent keeper of Newgate. Mr. Akerman marks every day of his exiſtence, by more than one ſuch deed as this?—Know, ye rich and powerful, ye who might ſave hundreds of your fellow creatures, from ſtarving, by the ſweepings of your tables---Know, that, among the various feelings of almoſt every wretch who quits Newgate for Tyburn, a concern neither laſt nor leaſt is that which he feels upon leaving the gaol of which this man is the keeper.

But I can now no longer fly from myſelf. In a few ſhort hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand which——

I will not diſtreſs either you or myſelf. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd! Well,---you ſhall hear that I died like a man and a chriſtian. I cannot have a better truſt than in the mercy of an all-juſt God. And, in your letters, when you ſhall theſe unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the paſſage, 'tis in Othello.

You muſt ſuffer me to mention the tenderneſs and greatneſs of mind, of my dear B. The laſt moments of my life cannot be better ſpent than in recording this complicated act of friendſhip and humanity. When we parted, a taſk

too

too much for us both, he aſked me if there was any thing for which I wiſhed to live. Upon his preſſing me, I acknowledged I was uneaſy, very uneaſy, leſt Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of 50 pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," ſaid B. ſqueezing my hand, burſting into tears, and hurrying out of the room, "I I will allow it him." The affectionate manner in which he ſpoke of my S. would have charmed you. God for ever bleſs and proſper him! and my S. and you! and

(The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preſerved, though the ſenſe is incomplete).

LETTER LXIV.

To the SAME.

Tyburn.

My dear Charles,

Farewell for ever in this world! I die a ſincere chriſtian and penitent and every thing, I hope, that you can wiſh me. Would it prevent my example's having any bad effect if the world ſhould know how I abhor my former ideas of ſuicide, my crime, ... , ... will be the beſt judge. Of her fame I charge you to be careful. My poor S. will . . . . . .

Your dying H.

LETTER LXV.

From CHARLES —— Eſq.

To General ——.

20 Auguſt, 1779.

My dear friend,

The —— coach, which paſſes through —— to-morrow, will leave a large packet for you at the George. When your ſervant goes to the poſt, he may enquire for it. The contents are copies of ſuch letters as explain the incredible tale of that poor friend of mine, whom you were kind enough to patronize while he remained in your profeſſion, and to aſſiſt in promoting after he quitted it. Your's of the latter end of laſt month on the ſubject of his death, convinces me you will not be angry with me for giving you a ſight of theſe letters. There were *many* more among the papers which he ſealed up for me on the morning of his death; but as they are more private, and leſs neceſſary to the ſtory, I have deſtroyed them.

Your

Your memory will, I know, recollect Rochefoucault's reflection—*Si on juge de l'amour par la plû-part de ſes effets, il reſemble plus à la haine qu' à l'amitiè.*

One very important fact ſtruck me on conſidering this melancholy buſineſs. In our recollection three perſons, either extemporaneouſly or deliberately, have determined to ſhoot, firſt the objects of their fury, and then themſelves—Stirn, who killed Mathews in 1761; Ceppi, whom H. mentions; and poor H. himſelf. They all three ſucceeded in the firſt inſtance, and all three failed in the ſecond.

If what I am told be true, what a ſcene muſt have been exhibited at the Shakeſpeare, ſoon after the cataſtrophe! H. was indulged with a ſight of her body. While he was contemplating the effect of his madneſs (for madneſs it ſurely muſt have been), two or three people ruſhed in, who, arriving too late for the entertainment, heard of the murder, and came to learn the name of the victim. One of theſe immediately recollected H.—— immediately recognized Miſs ——, was, in fact, Lord S.—What a groupe for painting!

Were

Were it not unneceſſary, when his picture is drawn at ſuch full length in theſe letters, I would give you a ſketch of the amiable man, whom, in ſo many years, and in ſo many different ſcenes, I never had occaſion but to love till the moment he abhorred himſelf. To make reflexions on his ſtory, would be to write a volume. The pamphlet called "Caſe and Memoirs" is a miſerable buſineſs; and may do that very miſchief of which H. was aware.

"*It is true*," we are told by the author, "that in his own "life, he had a property; and, by the laws of nature, he "might have diſpoſed of it, if he pleaſed——but, *it may* "*be ſaid*, he had none in Miſs ———'s, and, *as ſuch*, "that he had no right to take it from her. Reaſon *may* ſup- "port this argument; but is nothing favourable to be ſaid "for a man who prefers death to life, becauſe that life is "made wretched by a capricious and an ungrateful wo- "man?" Page xi.

How very differently does the poor man himſelf talk in one of his Newgate papers to me, which I have not ſent you!

"The torture of my ſituation is this, that not a word can "be ſaid in my favour, unleſs you will ſay I am mad. But "God knows I poſſeſs all my ſenſes and feelings much too "exquiſitely. Yet this is not the part of my crime for "which I am always moſt ſorry. Often, very often, I con- "ſider my crime with reſpect to the influence it may have "upon the world. An example repreſented in life by vice, "has more effect than a precept preached by virtue. No "one will imitate me in murdering the object of his love,

but

" but I may be conſidered by deſpair, or by folly, as ano-
" ther precedent in favour of the propriety of ſuicide. Per-
" haps, if theſe inſtances of deſperate cowardice did not go
" out to this country, through the channels of our papers,
" by which means they are ſtored up as authorities againſt
" a diſappointment or a gloomy day, ſuicide would, with
" leſs propriety, be termed an *angliciſm*. Oh Charles,
" could the imperceptible, but indiſputable, magnetiſm of
" this part of my ſtory be deſtroyed, could my countrymen
" know how I abhor this part of my crime, how tho-
" roughly I was ever convinced (except during my phrenzy),
" and how perfectly I am now perſuaded, that *our own*
" *lives are no more at our diſpoſals, than the lives of our fel-*
" *low creatures*, I ſhould expire in ſomething leſs of men-
" tal torture!"

Worthy ſoul! While we abhor, we pity and reſpect: And ſo will poſterity. That juſtice which condemned thee to death cannot refuſe a ſigh, a tear to thy virtues. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit! Thy Charles, when time ſhall have a little healed the wound made in his friendſhip, will find ſome way to tell the world thy dying wiſh.

My dear General

Ever your's

Charles ——.

How

How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder he who made him ſuch!
Who centered in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From different natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſht link in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, ſullied and abſorpt!
Though ſullied and diſhonoured, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! Inſect infinite!
A worm! a God!——I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt!

Night Thoughts.

FINIS.

4 N 061

ON READING

"LOVE and MADNESS."

O LOVE! thou powerful guider of the ſoul,
Why mix with anguiſh thy endearing bow;
Why wound alike two fond, two tender hearts;
Or why with poiſon taint thy barbed darts?
Reaſon replies: "'Tis Heav'n's ſupreme decree,
"That pleaſures unalloyed never be;
"Leſt we forget our hopes of bliſs above,
"And ſhould from crime to crime with raſhneſs rove."

4 N061